

# *The* **A** **AMERICAN** **L** **LEGION** *Monthly*

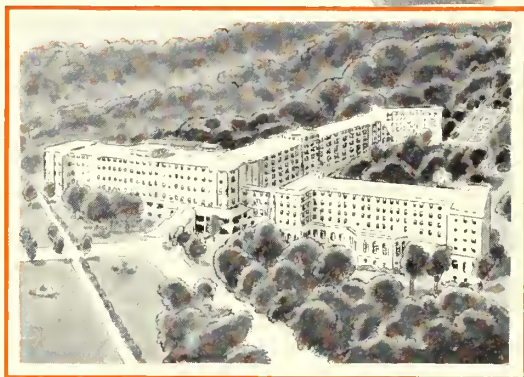


SENATOR DAVID A. REED *on* IMMIGRATION  
KNUTE K. ROCKNE *on* FOOTBALL *and*  
*PRIZE WINNING WAR NOVELS*



# America's greatest Spa

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**E**ACH year thousands of not-really-sick-but-not-really-well people make the pilgrimage to French Lick Springs, to drink the health-impregnated waters that abound here. Yearly the same people return to their homes, health and vitality restored by the magic of Nature's own medicine.

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at Aix, Vichy, Baden, Carlsbad, in Europe.

Unfortunately, a trip to French Lick Springs is not within the reach of all. And so, years ago, the medical staff at the spa decided to make the health-giving waters available to everyone.

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Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at French Lick, Indiana, is sold at drug stores everywhere, and at fountains.

# PLUTO WATER

*America's Laxative Mineral Water*



# Do Your Friends Feel Sorry for Your Wife?

Like it or not, your friends and neighbors size you up by what you EARN—judged by your home and family. Why not surprise them by making good in a big way? Tell them nothing, but on the quiet fit yourself for a bigger place!



ONLY a woman knows how much a wife can suffer when her husband fails to "make the grade"—

When she dreads to meet her old school friends—when she skimps on her own appearance "so John can make a good showing at the office"—when she can't give her children things as good as the other children have, *and they ask her why*—when she almost wishes she could "go away somewhere and never come back!"

Brave, loyal woman, she would be the last to reproach her husband because he doesn't earn as much as other men whose wives she is thrown with constantly.

"Money isn't everything," she tells him—yet how she longs for his promotion—for that bigger salary that means better clothes, greater advantages for the children, a new car, *more of the comforts and luxuries of life!*

What can you, as an ambitious husband, do to help?

No need to ask your wife to put up a brave front—she's already doing that. No use to ask for a "raise" on the ground that you "need more money"—"raises" aren't secured that way. No big gain in devoting longer hours to your work—chances are you are already giving loyal and conscientious service—

Only one thing, then, is left for you to do—so important to success that it may indeed prove the very turning point in your career: *you can and should pursue specialized business training and thus compel those larger opportunities that quickly lead to bigger income, real success!*

But let's get down to cases—so that you may see exactly what we mean—

## Assistant Superintendent Made Production Manager

Out on the Pacific coast lived a factory man, 30 years of age—assistant superintendent of a growing industrial plant.

Determined to save the years so many of his friends were wasting, he enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training in Modern Foremanship—and shortly after his enrollment he got together an informal class, made up of factory executives, for discussion and study. His general manager learned of this and stepped him up to production manager with a salary-increase of 125 per cent.

What would a 125 per cent increase in salary mean to your wife?

## Salesman Becomes Sales Manager

In a middle western city lived a salesman, 50 years of age. For 35 years he had sold—and sold successfully. Indeed, on nearly every sales force with which he had been connected he had been at or near the top of the list in point of sales—but *he had never been able to sell himself as a sales manager or executive.* He was earning between five and six thousand dollars a year.

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What do you suppose that increase meant to his wife?

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Training in Traffic Management led to a better job—then further training in Business Management helped him make good as sales manager—with a resultant salary 500 per cent larger than when he started training. Now he operates his own successful manufacturing concern.

Would it not mean much to your wife and family if you could increase your income even 50 or 100 per cent—or could acquire and manage a successful business of your own?

## These Cases Not Exceptional

And so we could go on, with case after case—yes, thousands of them—and every man could tell of a salary-increase better than 100 per cent which he directly credits to LaSalle home-study business training—

Are you, then, so different from these thousands of other men who—faced with the problem, how to make more money—recognized their need and got the necessary training? *Have you less ambition? Do you lack the will power or the stamina to "see it through?"*

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# The AMERICAN LEGION

Monthly



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## THE STARS IN THE FLAG

**T**EXAS: The 28th State, admitted to the Union Dec. 29, 1845. The French in 1685 claimed Texas as a part of Louisiana, but attempts to settle at Matagorda Bay failed. The Spanish in 1600 began settlements in the region as a province of New Spain (Mexico). The United States in 1803 claimed Texas as a part of the Louisiana Purchase, but at the time of the Florida purchase in 1810 signed a treaty with Spain relinquishing all claims to Texas west of the Sabine River. Texas became a state in the Republic of Mexico, which proclaimed its independence from Spain in 1810 and effected it in 1821. In 1836 American settlers under General Sam Houston, by a victory at the battle of San Jacinto over the Mexicans under Santa Anna, established the Texas Republic. The United States annexed Texas in 1845 and claimed the Rio Grande as a southern boundary, an act which brought on war with Mexico. At the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, Feb. 2, 1848, Mexico gave up all claims to Texas. The present state boundary was established on Sept. 9, 1850, when Texas sold for \$10,000,000 its claims to territory east of the Rio Grande in what is now the State of New Mexico. Population,

1850, 212,592; 1928 (U. S. est.), 5,487,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 17.1; 1910, 24.1; 1920, 32.4. Area, 265,806 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 17.8 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 5th in population, 1st in area, 35th in density. Capital, Austin (1928 U. S. est.), 45,133. Three largest cities (1928 U. S. est.), Houston, 275,000; Dallas, 217,800; San Antonio, 213,100. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$9,850,888,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), petroleum refining, \$344,586,806; cottonseed products, \$60,365,035; slaughtering and meat packing, \$58,776,046; merchandise exports (1924), \$737,218,927; mineral products (1925), \$351,211,629, coal, petroleum, mercury; the total return from all crops (1920 U. S. Census), fruit, livestock, cotton, wheat, oats, rice, sorghum, lumber, oil and minerals, \$1,500,000,000. Texas had 191,656 men and women in service during the World War. Texas has no state motto. Origin of name: Named for the Texas Indians. The word meant friends or allies. Nickname: Lone Star State; sometimes called the Beef State.



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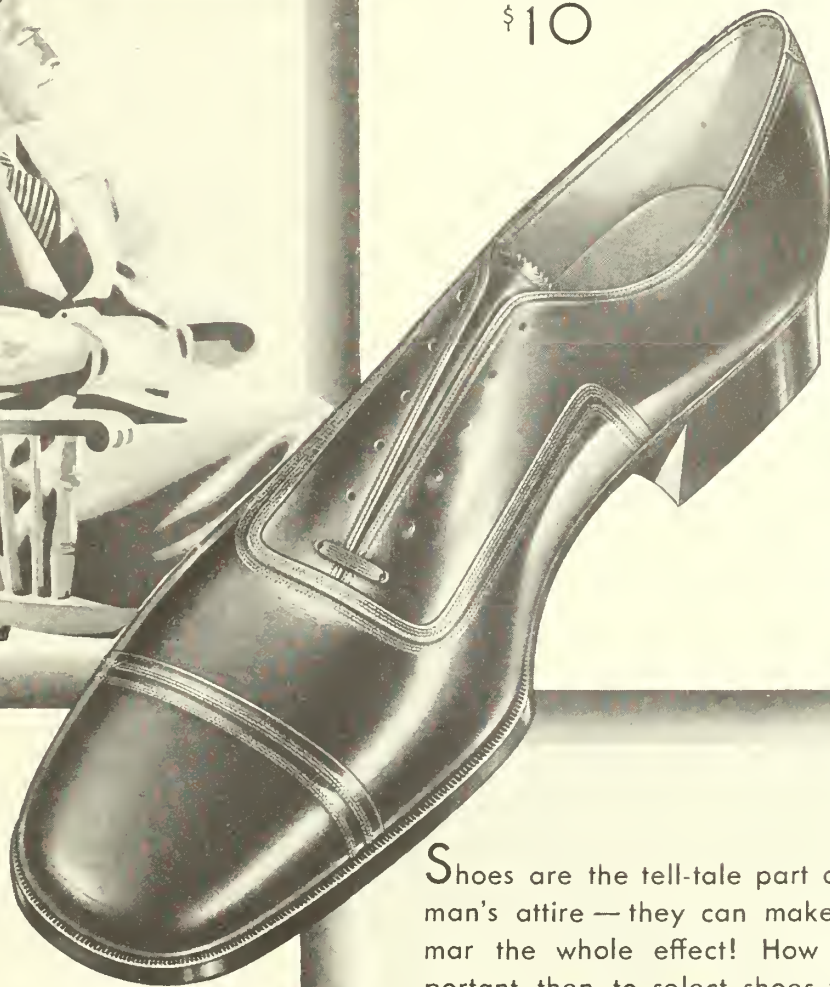
THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1929, by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Postoffice at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents; yearly subscription, in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2, in other countries \$2.50. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new. Publication Office, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eastern Advertising Office, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



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## ANCHORAGE

*By Walter J. Wood*



*Photograph by John Kabel*

THERE comes an end of roving  
When the harsh task is done,  
The storm track forsaken,  
The long journey run.

Rest comes with end of roving,  
Ere sails snap taut again;  
For rest is sweet and needful  
To ships as to men.



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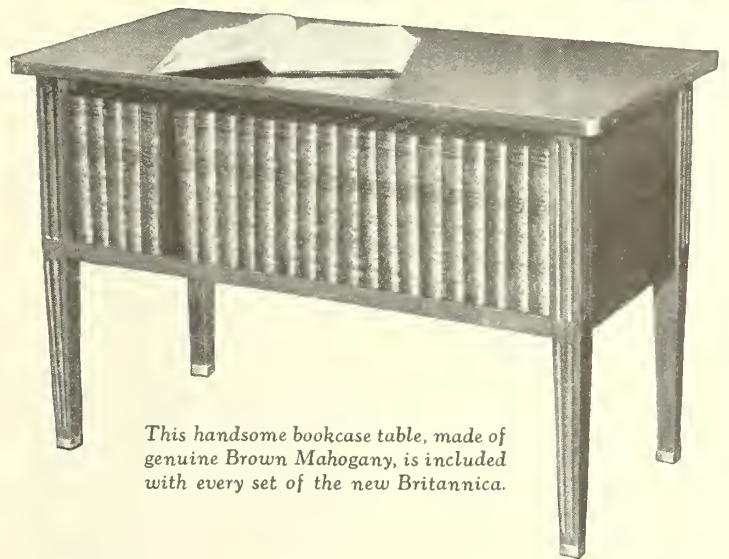
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# FLYING

## *Without a Bankroll*

*By Reed G. Landis*

EVERYONE wants to fly. Formerly millions couldn't because they didn't have the price. Today it's different. The high cost of flying—or the cost of high flying—now applies only to motored flying, and even that is getting cheaper every day. It emphatically does not apply to motorless flying. Who hasn't heard of gliding?

The members of The American Legion are largely responsible for gliding as we know it today. But for the presence of some couple of million Yanks in Europe in 1918 and 1919, and the presence of two million at home who were rarin' to go, it is doubtful if the Treaty of Versailles would have been signed, thus limiting the use of motored aircraft in Germany so as to compel our versatile former enemies to turn their talents to the design, production and piloting of motorless airplanes to an extent that has startled the world.

As a matter of fact, gliding is older than motored flying. Lilenthal of Germany was killed in 1895 after making successful glider flights. The experiences of Chanute in Chicago not only were an inspiration to the Wright brothers but furnished a military address for many of the readers of this article eleven years ago. The Wrights flew a glider successfully before they installed a gasoline engine and gave the first demonstration of successful motored flight. Powered flight contrived to steal all the romance, however, and this condition continued through the war and for most of a decade thereafter.

But in 1920 things have changed. Motored flight is no longer sensational, at least as a spectacle from the ground. In fact it's rather commonplace. A few people still get a kick out of their first flight or two, but this number is steadily dwindling. Motored flying has become an every-day affair of carrying your mail or yourself. Even the pilots can and do become quite bored by it, just as the rest of us often are bored by our daily jobs.

These experienced pilots take a peculiar slant on the gliding business. Most of them do not show much interest at first. They are afraid you are trying to sell them something or that you are trying to make a fool of them, like asking Barney Oldfield to manipulate a toy automobile.

But entice them out to a little hill somewhere. Show them a little airplane with a vacuum where the motor is usually installed. The fuselage looks like a section of bridge girders. The seat for the pilot is out in front—over nothing. The stick and rudder bar are present; in fact, to the pilot that is the only familiar thing

about the fuselage. The wings are better. The ship is a monoplane. There are the familiar flippers, and the tail looks fairly normal, only somewhat swollen.

I took my first flight in a glider last year. They made me get in from the left, although it was just as easy to get in from the right, though it appears it is not done that way. They had me brace my feet on the rudder bar, and told me for heaven's sake not to kick it. They told me to grip the stick firmly but not to move it.

Then six husky youngsters got out in front and firmly grasped the two ends of a rubber rope which was fastened to the nose of the little ship in the middle by a metal loop over an inverted hook. Three got on one end and three on the other and walked out so that the shock-cord became a large V with the glider



*Legionnaire Edward S. Evans of Detroit, president of the National Gliding Association, explains to Miss Amelia Earhart, transatlantic flier, the terms which will govern the award of his trophy (shown in background) for motorless flight. In circle, Legionnaire Reed G. Landis, American wartime ace, sets out and up on his first glider flight*



at the point with its nose into the wind. Other huskies took a firm hold on a short rope fastened to the tail.

Then a hoarse-voiced lad from North Germany gently grasped the tip of the wing and sang out "Valk!" The rope-men walked quite a way while the tail-men held us (the glider and me) in our tracks. "Run!" and the rope-men started on a Marathon. "Turn loose!"—and I shot up in the air.

I flew. The shock-cord fell off. At first I was startled. It did not seem possible to fly so slowly (not over twelve to fifteen miles an hour). There was no noise, just a gentle swish as the wind found its way through the rigging. Then I became quite pleased. I was doing so well. Surely I was (Continued on page 76)



# "I GAMBLED 2¢ and WON \$35,840 in 2 YEARS"

*A Story for Men and Women  
who are dissatisfied with themselves*

**T**HIS is the story of a gamble—a 2c risk—which paid me a profit of \$35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

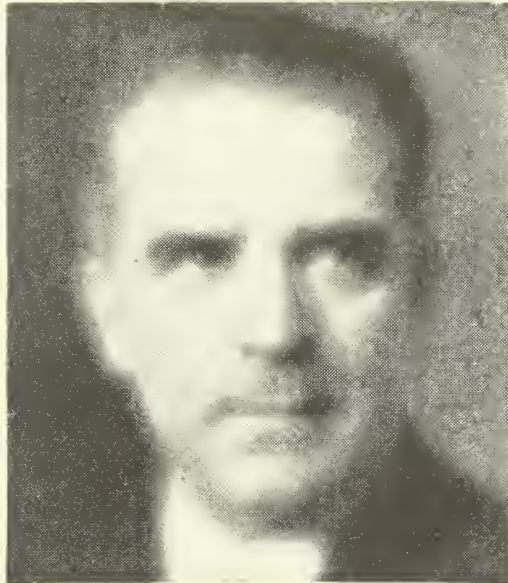
Almost any \$40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago, I too, was in the \$40-a-week rut. My earnings were \$2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising cost of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of \$20,000 a year. That's exactly \$17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of \$35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do.



When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the will to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a \$5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a \$100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a \$40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2c on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old \$40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate—how to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2c as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2c and I am \$36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

\* \* \* \* \*

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# NATIONAL ORIGINS and HORSE SENSE

*By Senator David A. Reed*

**T**HERE can be no disagreement among Americans over the wisdom of restricting immigration. In the earlier years of our development as a nation there may have been doubt as to the desirability of regulating the flow of new immigration to our shores. Now there can be none, nor is it conceivable that we shall ever again open the gates to all those who would like to partake of our prosperity. The differences which divide us, therefore, relate to the method of restricting immigration and not to the principle of restriction.

It is very much like a consultation over a sick patient. Everyone knows he is sick. The physicians are called in to diagnose the illness and prescribe a course of treatment. That is what Congress has done in dealing with immigration. The diagnosis showed that we were getting more immigrants than we could digest. They were pouring into our ports in such numbers as to endanger the national health. It was apparent that unless something were done to check it, the flow of immigration would soon cause complications of an even more serious character than those we faced in the past.

But before entering upon a discussion of the remedy prescribed by Congress in 1924, and administered for the first time on July 1st of the present year, let us examine the general subject briefly. Then we may better understand the significance of the steps which we as a nation have taken to deal with what I regard as our most pressing problem.

History teaches us that nations may be destroyed from within or from without. The great civilizations of the past have declined and disappeared from one or two causes. They have either fallen victim to conquest by a stronger foe, or else internal degeneracy, due to changes in population or the abandonment of those ideals and interests which accounted for their rise, has led to their disintegration. As a nation we have nothing to fear from without. No rival is sufficiently strong to attack us or do us permanent harm. Our danger is internal, arising from the peaceful penetration of unassimilable elements in our own population.

Although the situation is hardly analogous to the conditions which hastened the fall of Greece and Rome, it is well to remember that these civilizations of the ancient world, as history is measured, likewise were weakened by the infusion of alien blood and alien interests, making them finally easy prey to more virile and better disciplined foes.

Today we are in somewhat similar position among the peoples of the world. We know our success and prosperity in a material sense. We believe that we are also as happy, and get as much out of life, as any other nation. It is natural that those who are less fortunately situated should turn their eyes longingly in our direction.

From the earliest times, men have sought the most fertile fields and ranged the world for wealth. It has been so from the beginning. The Israelites spent forty years in the desert to realize a promise that they would come to a land flowing with milk and honey.

Alaric the Goth marched into Rome at the head of a barbarian host which coveted its wealth. It was the wealth of the Indies which led Columbus to set sail on the journey which brought white settlers for the first time to the shores of the New World. Our own country was colonized by men and women who came here to better their condition.

The alien who applies to an American consul abroad for a visa which will admit him to the United States pursues the primitive quest. We are the magnet which attracts the modern world. There are applicants on the waiting lists in our foreign consulates who would have to live twelve hundred years to stand a chance of entering this country. There are hundreds of thousands who are willing to wait years for the opportunity to come. Prospective immigrants are backed up behind the quota barriers in almost countless numbers—a great reservoir of humanity which, unless held in check, would rush upon us with a force sufficient to smash ideals and institutions which we have been hundreds of years in building.

Let us remember, too, that unless the dykes

hold, we shall face an unemployment problem worse than that of any country in Europe, where millions of men and women are receiving doles under an economic system which ultimately must collapse under its own weight. As for our own situation, it must be apparent to the most superficial student that if this country should be suddenly forced by free trade or unrestricted immigration to compete on equal terms with the low-paid labor of other countries, it would be the darkest hour in our history. Because of the greater heights to which we have climbed in our economic advance, the resultant readjustment would entail more suffering than we have ever known in the infrequent flurries caused by financial stringency or industrial deflation. These would be as the gusts before a cyclone.

So much for economics.

There is an additional aspect of the problem which we must



*"America is the magnet which attracts the modern world"*





*"The principle on which the National Origins Law rests is that, so far as possible, each year's immigration ought to be, in miniature, a counterpart of the population already here"*

not overlook. With our entry into the World War, we discovered with disagreeable suddenness that the theory of a melting pot was unsound, and that for many years we had cherished a pretty illusion as to our ability to assimilate alien groups irrespective of origin. More recently we have had corroboration of the alien character of these groups in the campaign waged by their spokesmen and to some extent by the rank and file for the repeal of the National Origins Clause of the Immigration Act. Out of these and similar experiences comes the conclusion that we still harbor foreign colonies in our midst, animated by alien ideals, owing first loyalty to some other country, and giving only lip service—and not always that—to the land to which they have come to make their homes.

In at least a dozen States and in practically all of our great industrial centers there are groups of varying size in which English is rarely heard, or in which some other language is the common tongue of the people. Nor is this circumstance attributable to the fact that the members of these colonies represent the first generation in this country. This is true only in part. There are districts in which a foreign language has been spoken as a matter of habit for several generations, and in which there is hardly more loyalty to the obligations of American citizenship than could be found in a foreign country. Fortunately they are few. In the aggregate, however, they supply excellent evidence of the breakdown of the theory that we could bring such groups into the United States, play "The Star-Spangled Banner," give them free schools and an opportunity to achieve economic independence, and thus make them good Americans. It simply doesn't work, and we may as well admit it.

This, then, was the problem:

1. To restrict immigration.
2. To do so in a manner calculated to develop a greater homogeneity and encourage the early assimilation of new arrivals, both in the interest of national security and to preserve those institutions on which our greatness rests.
3. To find a solution so sound in conception and so fair in operation that it would stand as a permanent protection against changes made under pressure from particular groups selfishly seeking special favors under our immigration laws; and above all one which would give the same consideration to our own people as to the foreign-born in our midst.

It is unnecessary here to refer except briefly to the preliminary steps leading to the final solution in the enactment and eventual application of the National Origins Law. To refresh our mem-

ories, let it be recalled that the question of immigration has agitated Congress for twenty years; that the first restrictive measure was vetoed by President Taft in 1913; that a second bill including provision for a literacy test was vetoed by President Wilson; and that it was not until 1921 that Congress, confronted with predictions that five million persons would seek admission to the United States in the following year, passed another measure restricting immigration which President Harding signed. It took a World War, with its aftermath of poverty and suffering, to impress upon the Executive as well as Congress the thought that it was vitally necessary that the unlimited flow of aliens from every country be stopped if American prosperity and American standards of living were to be maintained.

This law, hastily enacted to meet an emergency, temporarily limited immigration from other countries to three percent of the number of foreign-born persons enumerated in the 1910 census. It was a crude measure, and provided for quotas which bore no resemblance to the makeup of the United States as it then stood. How could it, when it considered only the foreign-born, and gave no thought to those of us who were born here, and whose ancestors in many cases helped to win our freedom from England? But in this law were the germs of a later enactment, the Immigration Act of 1924, under which we are now operating, and which seems likely to stand until such time as it seems necessary or desirable to shut off immigration entirely.

It was my privilege and good fortune to introduce this measure in the Senate. A similar bill was presented by Congressman Albert Johnson at the same time in the House. The Senate bill was the unfinished business of that body for more than six weeks, and was constantly under debate during that time. It was passed finally by an overwhelming vote, testifying to the belief of Congress that immigration must be more sternly limited and that, so far as possible, each year's immigration ought to be, in miniature, a counterpart of the population already here. That is the principle on which the National Origins Law rests, and the reason why it cannot be successfully attacked. For the first time it introduces into our consideration of this subject the element of impartiality, of complete freedom from racial or national bias. It puts the nations of Europe on exactly the same basis with respect to arriving immigrants, and says to each one: "We will accept your people in the proportion in which they are represented in our present population."

Its enactment was hailed with approval by every student of biology and of population problems, by every patriotic organiza-



tion and every labor association, and it was regarded by many persons as America's second Declaration of Independence. If throughout the future the law can be kept impartial so that we may say to every man who challenges it, "We have restricted immigration for the national good, but we have done it impartially, according to the statement of the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal," then its permanency is more assured than if great groups of people can say that the stock from which they sprang is discriminated against. It is important to remember that the national origins law, which limits our annual immigration to 153,714 persons of all nationalities, reduces by about 11,000 the number allotted on the 1890 census basis, in effect from 1924 to 1929. But much more important is the element of impartiality which serves as an armor for its protection in decades to come.

This brings us to the interval between the time of the enactment of the Immigration Act of 1924, containing the National Origins Clause, and the actual application of that clause to the immigration quotas on July 1, 1929.

In that interval it was necessary to arrive at an accurate approximation of our own population, that we might apportion the quotas accordingly, and to provide a temporary basis for the regulation of our immigration while this study was in progress. The temporary plan decided on provided for quotas equal to two percent of the number of foreign-born in the United States, based on nationality, but instead of taking the enumeration of 1910, which had governed the quotas from 1921 to 1924, it substituted the census of 1890. No one could foresee at that time that this action would give the hyphenate elements in the United States, and particularly the professional German-Americans of the type which gave us so much trouble during the World War, the ammunition with which to attempt to have the National Origins Clause repealed.

It should be understood that the 1910 basis gave an undue advantage to immigrants from the Mediterranean region, including Italy, for the simple reason that there were more foreign-born persons of Southern European origin in the United States in 1910 than foreign-born of other stocks. The explanation is found in the fact that the heaviest immigration from Italy occurred in the two decades from 1890 to 1910. The 1890 basis, on the other hand, greatly reduced the representation of Italian and Slavic groups in our immigration, but gave a corresponding advantage to the Germans, and a smaller but still disproportionate advantage to the Scandinavians. The explanation was identical: the immigration from Germany and the Scandinavian countries reached its peak during the decades immediately preceding 1890. As I recall the figures, the movement of immigrants from Germany to the United States attained its high-water mark during the ten-year period from 1880 to 1890. As there were more persons of German birth in the United States

in 1890 than from any other European country, Germany was the chief beneficiary of the 1890 basis.

It was thoroughly understood at that time that this was a temporary arrangement. It was simply an expedient. Immigration had to be restricted in some manner until the National Origins basis could be worked out. The 1890 census was considered as satisfactory as any which could be used for that purpose. Inaccurate as it was—and doubly so in view of the adjustments necessitated by the World War—it more nearly approximated our present population in racial makeup than any other census based on our foreign-born population alone. Congress therefore provided that the 1890 basis should stand for three years, on the assumption that the experts assigned to ascertain and report on our national origins could complete their studies within that period. Three years later, in 1927, they were not yet ready to report, so the 1890 quotas were continued by joint resolution of Congress for another year. In 1928 there still was sufficient doubt as to the accuracy of the figures to lead Congress to consent to a further postponement for twelve months.

Finally, in 1929, the experts reported an agreement. Their figures had been checked and rechecked. Studies undertaken by different groups—historians, biologists, statisticians and others—all produced substantially the same result. We knew at last from what stock we sprang, with a margin of error so

small that it would not mean a difference of more than a few hundreds in the quotas of the countries which supply the bulk of our immigration. And Congress, notwithstanding the activities of foreign groups and hyphenate Americans, supplemented by a campaign of misrepresentation and attempted intimidation, to its everlasting credit refused to be stampeded and stood firm for the principle embodied in the National Origins Law. The final vote in the Senate on the Nye resolution to repeal the clause was 43 to 37. It came after weeks of debate in which the whole question of restriction was reopened. And with the vote the attempt to repeal the law collapsed completely.

Up to that time I had been receiving each week letters and resolutions by the score, some of them favoring the National Origins Law and others opposing it. Since the vote I have received several hundred congratulatory communications from its friends, and not a single protest that I recall.

I am told by the Commissioner General of Immigration, Judge Harry E. Hull, that his experience has been the same, and that those charged with the administration of the law have heard neither criticism nor protest of any kind since the Senate decided in favor of the law as it stood. The campaign stopped the moment the vote was taken. The fight was ended, and the opponents of the law knew it and settled down to make the best of it.

It is worth remembering that the new quotas are based on percentages worked out by a committee representing three departments of the Federal Government. At their head  
(Continued on page 62)



*With all their worldly goods*





# GOD HAVE

*By William  
T. Scanlon*

XXIV

THE next day we pulled out of Villers-Cotterets Wood, and we sure went out faster than we had come in and nobody cared whether we stopped for rest or not.

We dropped back to a place called Nanteuil-le-Haudeuin. There was a large delousing plant here and the first thing we did after arrival was line up. A bag was given to us. We put all our clothes into it, blankets and all. We took a hot bath while our clothes were being steamed. Our clothes were a nice wrinkled mess when we took them out of the bag.

A few days later we left Nanteuil-le-Haudeuin and moved via box cars to the region of Nancy in the Toul sector. We landed in Nancy, but the town was too big for us so we hiked out. We reached Liverdun, which lies between Toul and Nancy but to the north. This was to be our home for some time—this was about August 1, 1918.

There was a big ammunition plant at Liverdun and the Germans knew it. Every night they would fly over and drop a few tons of bombs. There were small cafés perched away up on the sides of the hills, really mountains. Streets led up to the front doors and in the rear were rooms that were built out over the precipice. Here we would sit and drink beer and wine. Soon we could hear the hum of the airplanes. From the neighboring hills would flash forth powerful beams from searchlights that searched the sky for planes. There would be fifty or more of these lights shooting up at various angles. The anti-aircraft guns would put on an air barrage and you could see their shells bursting in the light beams.

Once in a while one of the lights would locate a plane. Immediately more lights would concentrate at that spot and the plane would seem to hang in air like a great white spider. Then you could hear the motor roar—up and down the plane would go, trying to escape from the lights. The shells would be bursting all around. Only once did I see them actually bring down a plane. He was caught in this mesh of lights. Suddenly he seemed to turn on his side with his tail up and disappeared in the darkness. A jet of fire shot into the sky and we watched it race to the ground leaving a trail behind it like a comet. It disappeared in the valley without a sound.

XXV

NOT long after this McElroy called me and told me that I was to go to a grenade and bomber school. Sergeant Webb and myself packed up and left that same day. We arrived at regimental headquarters and found quite a bunch of non-coms and officers from the other companies gathered there. We had to move in open army trucks to the station and the officers were hesitating about climbing into the trucks. I guess they expected touring cars or something. Then an officer came along the sidewalk and he let loose on the bunch of officers and told them to hurry up and get aboard—that they'd have to learn to take care of themselves.

I asked a fellow standing near me who the officer was that was raising all the hell.



He said, "That's Colonel Bayes—they call him Johnny-the-hard."

I said, "Wasn't he wounded at Soissons?"

"Yes, but you can't kill some people."

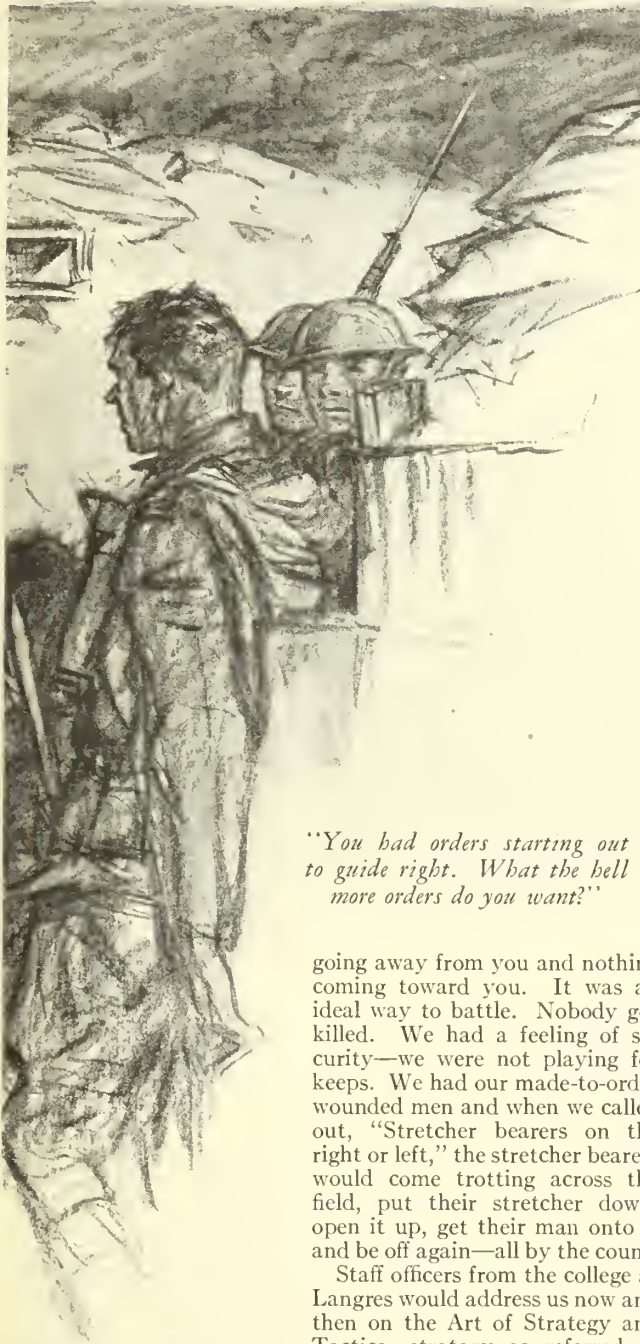
THE grenade school was located at Fort Plesnoy near the city of Langres. We dissected grenades, made home-made bombs or "petards." We learned the secrets of detonators and exploded caps in our hands while counting. We had instructions on the use of every kind of grenade, including the German potato mashers. It was an interesting school and well conducted in every way.

Like all French forts, Fort Plesnoy had a deep moat around it. There were small towns around and they had cafés to which we would travel now and then. After one session in the cafés a bunch of us decided to capture the fort. We went up as a line of skirmishers and two men fell into the moat which was at least twenty feet deep and twenty-five feet across. They tried to make it in two jumps but failed. One broke a leg and the other several ribs. They were the only casualties.

During our stay at Fort Plesnoy mimic battles were put on. We would move upon the imaginary enemy under a heavy barrage furnished by machine guns. Stokes mortars and one-pounders, sometimes even a few French 75's would join in. But there was always something missing in these attacks. Everything was



# MERCY *on* US



*Illustrations by  
Raymond Sisley*

*"You had orders starting out  
to guide right. What the hell  
more orders do you want?"*

going away from you and nothing coming toward you. It was an ideal way to battle. Nobody got killed. We had a feeling of security—we were not playing for keeps. We had our made-to-order wounded men and when we called out, "Stretcher bearers on the right or left," the stretcher bearers would come trotting across the field, put their stretcher down, open it up, get their man onto it and be off again—all by the count.

Staff officers from the college at Langres would address us now and then on the Art of Strategy and Tactics—strategy as referred to

the general movements of troops to the battle zone and tactics in relation to troops actually engaged under fire.

One day the staff officer in giving us an illustration of what he was talking about, quoted the battles around Belleau Wood and Bourèsches as examples of what not to do—as bad examples of modern warfare.

"The attack of June 6th was made without any artillery preparation," he said.

A Marine hollered, "There wasn't any artillery there!"

Cries of "Sit down!" were heard.

The officer rapped for order, saying, "This is not an open forum."

The staff officer continued: "The question we are concerned with is how to properly conduct a battle, and a battle is more than

half won if there has been the right preparation made in advance. The old system of infantry charges will not work in this war . . . Man against machine and man loses . . . It is necessary to work machine against machine. I am not finding fault in any way with the men and officers who participated in the Belleau Wood battle. There are many able, far-seeing officers who hold the opinion that this was a real turning point in the war. It may not be approved by scientific military experts but the far-reaching effects it had on the morale of the soldiers and civilians may be of greater value than the greatest piece of strictly military strategy . . .

"It is a recognized fact that the battle lines extend a long ways back—back to your very homes across the sea . . . The home exerts a strong influence upon the front lines and what comes from the front is molding the opinions back home . . . We are out to win the war and if influences outside of regular military practice can help us, by all means let them . . . The newspaper is the natural medium between the front and your homes and it is having a decided influence on the outcome of the war . . ."

When the class was over we filed out. Cries arose:

"Where were the Marines at Château-Thierry?"

Answer: "In the newspapers!"

Then the Marines would yell back, "America's selected men! Yah, you got patriotic as hell after they tied a rope around your neck and dragged you in!"

Back they would come with "Draft dodgers! Draft dodgers!"

Then we would all line up together and eat.

## XXVI

THE school lasted a month and then we started back to our outfits. We liquored up good while waiting for the train to make up at Andilly-en-Bassigny. A bunch of us were out turning hand-springs and somersaults alongside the station. The officers were with us. One officer was good. He could make the standing back and front springs without touching with his hands. We all had to have another drink on that.

The French chef de gare finally told us the train was ready so we walked down the track and found two cars hooked to an engine. This was our train—one car for the officers and one for the men—but we decided that one car was not enough for us. Farther down the track was a string of coaches. We got out and went down to the coaches and when the railroad men were not looking we pushed a coach down and coupled it on in back of ours. So we had two coaches all the way.

Our destination was Toul, and it was dark when we drew into the Toul terminal. An officer came through to where we were and addressing me said, "Sergeant, I want you to pick out a detail of men to handle the officers' baggage from the car ahead up to the station waiting room."

I said, "Yes, sir." But my thoughts ran different.

The train slowed down. All the fellows had their packs on. We jumped off, crossed over to another track and beat it for the station. The poor officers had to carry their own baggage for a change. Webb and I slept in the Toul station for the rest of the night.

Next morning we went outside to look things over by daylight. The main part of the town lay off to our left. The only entrance was through a large gate. We decided to go up town so we hit for



the gate. Two M.P.'s were standing there and as we started in they stopped us.

"Show your pass."

"We haven't any pass."

"Then you can't pass this gate."

We weren't so crazy about going in to see the town anyway.

"Let's see if we can find out down at the depot where the Second Division is at. There must be somebody around here who knows."

There was an officer sitting in the chef de gare's office.

"Could you tell us where the Second Division is at?"

"The Second Division is up north of here some place but I don't know the exact location."

"How should we get up there?"

"There's a dinky road runs up that way. The station is just west of here. The best thing you can do is to try and get aboard some train that is pulling out. They all go the same way. It's a single track. But you may have a hard time getting a ride as the line is very busy just now."

"Thank you, Lieutenant."

We found the station and there was quite a mob around it—soldiers from all outfits. A train was being made up and along in the afternoon the gates were opened and we all flocked in. No one asked you where you were going or what outfit you belonged to—the train was going north and that was where the front was.

Webb and I got into an empty gondola car along with a bunch of other fellows. None of us had any idea where we were headed for. The train pulled out around five p. m. As soon as it grew dark we crawled into a corner and tried to get some sleep.

Early the next morning we were awakened by the sound of heavy firing. The train was stopped. It was the morning of the big drive on St. Mihiel—September 12th. The firing was the first all-American million-dollar barrage and they were giving full value. The car we were in rocked from the vibration. As the daylight increased the barrage slackened and we knew the troops were advancing. We had heard rumors a month back that this drive was being planned.

We got out of the car and went up to the head end to see if we could find out when the train was going forward. All we could find out was, finish. It was evident that they did not intend to go any farther. We started hiking down the tracks headed north. After awhile a road crossed the tracks and headed off in a northeasterly direction. We took it, as it was hard traveling along the track. Besides, the French towns were seldom located on the railroad and we were looking for a town.

That afternoon we reached Manonville, which was twenty-two kilometers north of Toul. We were able to buy some cheese, beans and wine. We had some hardtack with us so we made out a meal. We then cut back for the railroad tracks, which were to the west of the town, but there was no train reported. We slept in an empty shed in Manonville that night.

The next day we ran into men from the Second Division. They were headed for the south. They said the Sixth Marines were close behind some place. We went on and by and by we found the rolling kitchen, shook hands with a lot of the fellows and reported in to the company commander, Captain McElroy—he'd got promoted.

We heard that our outfit had attacked the morning of September 12th at St. Mihiel and that they had reached their objective, Thiaucourt, before noon. They were released that same day or night and started back. We lost no men in that attack but had a few casualties caused by our own shells.

The troops were resting in the day time and marching at night. We hiked all the way back to the town of Choley, five kilometers west of Toul, and from Choley we went to Vitry-le-François by train.

The next morning in Vitry-le-François we were looking for a place to wash and four of us located a French washhouse with a stream running down the middle of it. We stripped and were splashing around when in came five Frenchwomen with their baskets of clothes. They stopped short when they saw us. They looked at each other and started jabbering, then laughed, humped their shoulders and put down their baskets of clothes. Then they got down on their knees along the cement slab that extended down into the water and pretty soon they were pounding away on their clothes with paddles.

We stood in the water for awhile like a bunch of September



*It was bayonets now. One*

Morns wondering what to do. The women didn't pay any more attention to us so at last we dashed out, piled into our clothes and were on our way.

## XXVII

FROM Vitry-le-François we went via camion through Châlons-sur-Marne to Suippes. We unloaded just south of Suippes, formed column of twos and marched north.

Suippes was a city of the past and now, in the dark, the ruined buildings loomed up like so many tombstones in a graveyard. Among the ruins French soldiers with their pale blue uniforms were moving about like so many ghosts.

We moved on in silence. The only sound was the ringing of our hobnails on the stone pavements. Orders had been passed: "No lights . . . Gas masks in the alert position."

Out of the town we marched. It was like coming out of a long-closed-up tomb. Along a broad road we traveled for a short distance, then swung off to the left across an open field and over to a wide ditch-lined trench lined on both sides with trees. We were ordered to get into this trench.

Lieutenant Marco, a new officer, spoke to us in a low voice telling us not to remove packs and to be ready to move out at a moment's notice.

We passed the rest of the night huddled up together and talking in hushed whispers. When morning came I looked out over the trench. It looked like "No Man's Land" all right. Nothing but shell holes and old broken rusty barbed wire.





*German came lunging. He tripped clumsily and fell to his knees*

Across the way, in a dugout, I saw a French soldier. I crept out of the trench and crawled along the ground over to him and slipped down in the dugout. He was boiling coffee.

I asked him in a low voice, "How far from us are the German lines?"

He said in a natural voice, "Six kilometers."

"But," I said, "this is the front line, isn't it?"

He laughed and said, "No—six kilometers," and pointed up north.

He poured out two tin cups of coffee and gave me one. After drinking it I crawled back to the trench again and got in. The men were still sitting in silence.

I said to Weed and Benson in a low voice, "Do you know how close the Germans are?"

"No," they whispered.

I whispered back, "Six kilometers."

Weed said, "Six kilometers!" Then in a loud voice, "Then what the hell are we sitting here like a bunch of dummies for?"

## XXVIII

**N**IGHT . . . and we are moving up toward the front in single file. We pass through the ruined towns of Souain and Somme-Py. Our line is traveling along the right side of the road . . . The artillery is moving with us. They have the middle of the road. The French are on the left of the road. But they are moving the other way.

The artillery halts but we go on. At a crossroad our line is

halted by a French outfit that is moving to our right across from us.

On the same road with us is a line of French wine carts, each drawn by one horse. (The French soldiers always had their wine ration.) Shells started dropping around us. The French soldiers that were leading the horses ducked over to the bank. One of our men sneaked across and captured a French wine cart and horse. Our line moved up and so did the wine and horse. At the next stop the wine was run off into canteens and the horse turned around and started off. Away he went back to join the French.

We swung out across the open country and crossed a large basin-like area that had been scooped out. Boards had been laid out to form a road. The ground was white and in the moonlight it looked like snow. It was chalk. We were crossing the chalk fields of the Champagne Sector. This sector was called the "race-track of the war" because the French and German armies had been chasing each other back and forth across these chalk fields for the last four years.

After some distance we halted and word was passed back for the sergeants to report at the head of the column. I reported. Stores of ammunition were piled up and each sergeant was allotted so much for his platoon—one bandolier of rifle ammunition for each man, chauchat ammunition and grenades.

While I was getting my stuff I saw somebody I hadn't seen since we were at Parris Island—MacDowell. He had been a sergeant in the 97th Company.

I said, "Hello, Mac."

And he said, "Why, hello, Sergeant . . . Where have you been



all this time? I've looked for you time and again . . . I wanted to give you that thirty-five bucks I owe you . . ."

I said, "See me when we come out of the line . . ."

IT was midnight. The long column of men would move forward, halt, move forward and halt again. From the nature of these jerky stops and goes we could tell that the men ahead were going into positions. Our turn was next.

Captain McDevitt was now in charge of the company on the line, and he said to Lieutenant Marco: "Lieutenant, have your men take up positions on this slope of the hill. They can use the holes that are already dug." Then he added, "Wait—the sergeant here"—indicating me—"can take care of it. You come along with me."

And the lieutenant said to me, "Have the men get located as quickly as possible. I will send you any orders that may come up."

Then I said to the men, "Pass the word back for all corporals to report at the head of the platoon . . ."

Corporals Howell, Benson, Squire and Acting Corporal Weed and Sergeant Cronier reported.

I said, "We are taking up position here on our left. My hole is here"—pointing to one. "The first squad will take the first eight holes—the second squad the next eight and so on . . ."

Benson was first to get his men located. Each man took the first hole he came to. The holes were not in an even line but zig-zagged. I went along with each corporal and saw each man holed. I had to have some idea where the men were at.

I had a hard time finding my way back to my own hole in the dark. The hole was not very deep or wide so I decided to trim it up a bit. It was raining, so I piled the dirt up along the high end and down both sides. This would keep the water from draining in on me. I also left a mound down the middle of the hole to lie on. This left small ditches at the bottom which would hold the water that seeped in or fell in directly.

It looked like an early morning attack, so I decided to sleep with my full equipment. It is just as easy to sleep in this manner after you get used to it. The straps, the cartridge belt, gas mask and combat pack, all tend to keep you warm. I took the automatic from the holster on my right side and put it in the left pocket of my blouse. I slept on my right side and it is not comfortable to lie on a gun. Besides, it would get wet and muddy. The rifle with bayonet fixed was placed standing up near my head. I put my shovel back on my pack. When I lay down I was all set to get up and go at a moment's notice.

The dirt at the bottom of the hole was soft and rather mushy, but as soon as I got snuggled down in it and my body formed it did not feel half bad. Mud is not bad to sleep in if you are not too fussy. It holds the heat pretty well once you get it warmed up. I slept with my helmet on, using it for a pillow.

The area in back of us glowed like a red ember. The roar of guns was constant.

I lay for a few moments in my hole reviewing my present situation. I always did this in a new position. I said to myself,

"You are lying with your head to the enemy . . . You are facing your own platoon . . . (I knew I would not turn over.) You have all your equipment on . . . Your gas mask is part way out . . . Put the mouthpiece in first and hold your nose in case of sudden gas attack . . . Your rifle is before you at your head . . . The artillery is behind you raising hell . . . Do not make any sudden moves . . ."

By understanding definitely my position before falling asleep and figuring what to do in case trouble arose, I felt secure. I knew when I woke up in the morning I would have an idea of where I was at.

To go down a line of men in the early morning and wake them up after a four-hour sleep gives one an idea of the workings of a confused mind. Some men get up sound asleep and go walking away. Others wake up with a start and draw back like snarling animals. Others just open their eyes and say "All right—" and they are all right.

With this review of things passing through my mind, I fell asleep.

The first thing that came to me when I woke was, Where am I? Gradually the thoughts of the night before came back. The roar of the artillery was still going on. Was it night or day? I kept my eyes closed, as opening them seemed to break the stream of thought.

In a few moments I had myself located. I opened my eyes. My rifle was right before me. It was breaking day. It had stopped raining. I had a watch in the small pocket of my breeches on my right side and I rolled over a little in order to get at it. My combat pack would not let me roll very far.

Just as I was about to draw out the watch my eyes suddenly fastened on a hand sticking out of the mud from the side of my hole. My first impulse was to jump up and get out of that hole quick, but the thought—"Do not make any sudden moves" got possession of me before my muscles got in action. I lay still. I could not keep my eyes off that hand. I could not imagine how it got there. It was not there when I lay down. If it had been I should have felt it. I remembered leaning up against that bank. Still, there it was. It was fully exposed from the wrist. The hand was turned down, the fingers drawn, giving it almost the appearance of a claw. The hand had a peculiar mottled dirty color due to the chalky ground it had been lying in. It was not decayed.

Who did the hand belong to—German, Frenchman or American? Hardly the last, as we were the first Americans in this sector. Was it part of a buried man? He must be lying face down judging from the way the hand was turned. Perhaps it was a hand that had been cut off.

My own right hand was still at my watch pocket. That brought my attention back to the question of time. I took the watch out and saw that it was twenty minutes to five. Better get up, I thought, and find out if we are to make an attack this morning.

I squirmed around so I could get on my feet without bumping the hand. Standing in the hole I looked over our position. It was

a barren pock-marked hill. No sign of life on it. The valley below was hidden in a blanket of fog. I crawled out of the hole and started up the hill to find the lieutenant's dugout. Part way up I saw a man moving toward me. It was Frenchy, our company's runner. I stopped and waited for him.

"What's the dope you've got for us, Frenchy?"

"No attack this morning. The company will remain in the positions they now hold. They must keep under cover at all times."

"Is there any chow in sight?"

"No. The galleys are back at Somme-Py and will not move up today."

The no-attack news sounded good to me. It was like a reprieve. I went back to my hole and stood looking down at it. It was a good hole, and deep, but I did not like that dead hand.

I looked around for another hole but couldn't see any vacant ones. I could dig another, but that was work and took time. A shell busted close by and a piece of shrapnel went zowie over



*I asked him in a low voice, "How far away are the Germans?"*





*Just as I was about to draw out the watch my eyes suddenly fastened on a hand sticking out of the mud from the side of my hole*

my head and plunk! into the mud. I got down into the hole. Dead hands were forgotten. More shells fell and I stayed down.

The shelling lasted half an hour. By that time I hadn't got to like the hand any better but I had worked out a plan to get rid of it. First I had to find out if it was a loose hand. I took hold of it and gave it a good pull. No movement. I could tell a dead man was at the other end of it. Then I took off my combat pack and removed the shovel and got busy pulling down dirt from the top and letting it fall down alongside the hand. I also filled up from the bottom. Luckily the mud was soft and wet. The hand was about a foot and a half from the bottom of the hole so it was not much of a job to pull in enough mud to cover it up. Then I took a lot of the soft mud and plastered it thick over the hand and smoothed the whole thing out in nice shape. It narrowed the hole somewhat but I still had room.

I could figure out now how the hand got loose. The dead man must have been rolled into a hole and covered up. I had shoveled down alongside him, enlarging my hole, and then the rain came in the night and washed down the rest of the dirt, thus releasing the hand. I could see the marks where the water had run down.

## XXIX

AT SIX-THIRTY A.M. I went down the line and told the men we would remain where we were for the day and that they were to keep under cover. No fires were to be lighted and

they were to go easy on their reserve rations as there was no more food in sight and no more water.

After I got back to my hole I took off my combat pack again and broke out a package of hardtack and the bacon can. I sliced off a thin slice of the raw issue bacon, nice and fat, and put it between two hardtacks and ate it for breakfast.

The sun gradually broke through the mist and chased the fog out of the valley below us to the rear. This brought to view a lot of French batteries. They were covered with canvas camouflage. Every so often off would go the camouflage, there would be a burst of fire, and on would go the cover again. The French gunners would disappear into their holes. These were 75's. Farther back could be heard the boom of the 155's and still farther back were the giant United States naval guns. These bigger guns were shelling the back areas of the German lines. Far in the distance we could see a long line of observation balloons. It was very evident that plans for a big attack were being laid. Usually balloons did not appear in such numbers unless an actual battle was on.

We did not know why the attack was called off that morning and we did not care. It looked to us as if everything was in readiness, but another day of life, even in a mud hole, seemed good to us.

At noon we heard the distant hum of airplanes. We did not know whether they were our planes or the Germans'. We crouched in our holes out of sight. Soon, from out (Continued on page 50)





# BED *and* BOARD

*By John Palmer Cumming*

*Illustration by William Heaslip*

**I**T WAS last spring that the T.B. curtain fell across my little stage of activity. Bodily I was swept from a world of home and business into the United States Veterans Hospital at Oteen, North Carolina.

With that sudden transfer everything was sacrificed for the cool white sheets of a hospital bed, and I was told that from that day forward I was to have no more worries, and that with religious ferocity I must do nothing but eat and rest—to learn to be lazy and like it—to eat until my jaws ached—and to do it all again and again through an indefinite stretch of time.

I offer no heroics when I tell you that life within my own four white walls is high adventure. That adventure began on the day that the doctors of a famous New York hospital told me that I was at last well enough to be transferred to Oteen. Uncle Sam was to house, feed and doctor me along with any other veteran who needed medical attention. So, on April Fool's Day, 1929, I told the private hospital that some day they might get paid and the United States Veterans Bureau took me in charge.

By ambulance on Broadway! Picture the thrill of it! One fellow stepped on the gas and another worked the siren, and off we went at high speed through, in and out of traffic, the shrill ambulance signal screaming all the way, pedestrians jumping back and just in time, an old woman dropping a bag of apples, people stopping to stare, cops whistling, all traffic halting for us, great heavy cross-town trucks grinding their brakes and swerving out of the way in the nick of time, rushing through the red lights, now on the right side, on the wrong side, on the right side of the wrong side, on the wrong side of the right side, the ambulance swinging, careening, speeding on New York's greatest highway

from 168th Street right into the 33rd Street entrance to Pennsylvania Station. One hundred and thirty-five city blocks without a traffic stop!

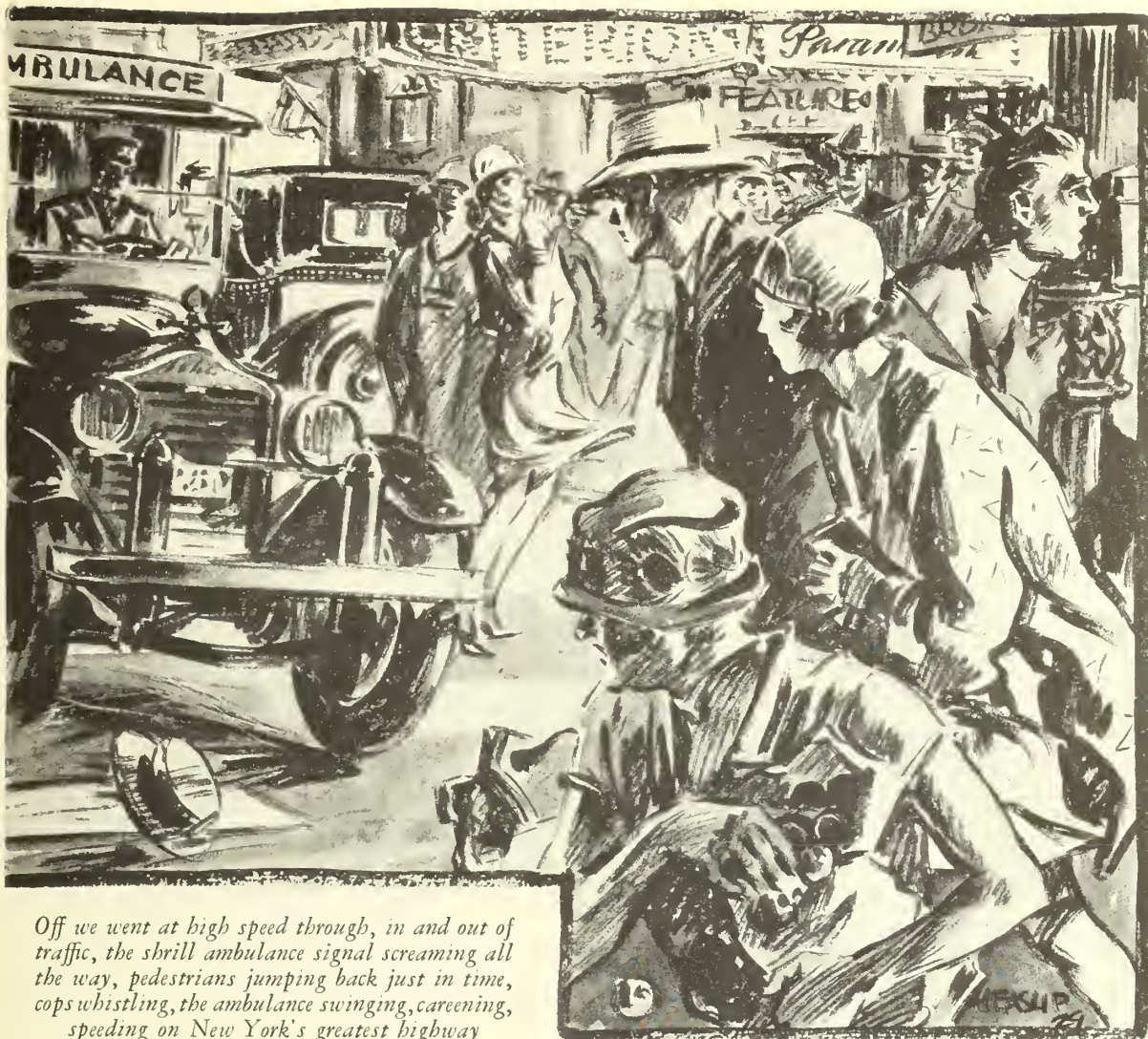
It never occurred to me that I was weak or sick; I missed nothing on either side, behind or in front of us. If I had ever wanted to ride on one of those old-fashioned, spark-belching, horse-drawn fire-engine boilers of boyhood, my longing was now more than satisfied. I had split the biggest town in the world wide open in an ambulance.

But every silver lining has to have a cloud. Having made the trip in about fifteen minutes, it was necessary for me to lie on my stretcher for an hour before the train was made up. I lay there staring back at the impudent starers who stared at me, the subject of New York curiosity. Motherly old women said many things with their eyes. School-girls suddenly coming upon me shuddered, jumped back, held their breath and passed the other way. A little East Side Jew, with one of last year's dirty straws upon his head, stood by eating a huge loaf of bread, and he didn't take his eyes off until a hasty attendant shoved him along with the crowd.

"I'll bet one of his legs is hurt. He doesn't look sick," someone whispered, and I accommodately raised both knees in answer.

"He doesn't look sick!" If you have never visited a sanatorium for the tuberculous you can hardly realize how true this statement is. Walk through the wards of the Oteen hospital where I am and you can pick out a carload of healthy specimens who could step into a Tom Mix or John Gilbert picture and carry off all the honors in looks—but unfortunately in looks alone, not strength.





*Off we went at high speed through, in and out of traffic, the shrill ambulance signal screaming all the way, pedestrians jumping back just in time, cops whistling, the ambulance swinging, careening, speeding on New York's greatest highway*

Don't kid yourself about how a T.B. patient looks. The fellow who looks so thin and scrawny that he might slip through a crack in the floor and whose color and complexion must have stuck to him while he was having his picture taken under a street-fair arc-light—he is probably troubled with indigestion or just corns and callouses and a cough. But that handsome, full-faced, magnificent chap who looks like a football star with enough lungs and chest to make a bellows for a country blacksmith, he may have T.B., may have it for years before he knows it.

Well, I was elected, and here I was leaving the old world behind me. It was like that night in 1918 spent in the realization that we were on our way to war. I knew I was entering upon an adventure from which many never return. Night-time and the stars, a jerky railroad train, and a mind that ran on and on with its rattlebrain, random thoughts. Suddenly I was awake. The stars were gone. Morning light was creeping over those distant hills. I had evidently been asleep after all, for at last we were climbing into the Blue Ridge Mountains. Now I could see the engine far ahead of us, now I could see the rear of the train with another engine pushing us up, up and up.

There's just time for the porter's story of his own T.B. some twenty years before—how he went off in the mountains and loafed and forgot he had it and hasn't had it since. We are nearing Asheville—where they sometimes discharge prospective patients for Oteen—and the trained nurse who accompanied me is gathering our baggage together.

In Asheville at last, but there is no ambulance to meet us, no stretcher with which to take me off the train. I lie there helpless, waiting and wondering, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, while nurse and porter scare up a roller chair from the Travelers' Aid.

My fears that the train would carry me on without nurse or baggage are at last allayed by the arrival of a great shouldered colored station attendant whose laugh rings loud and long beneath the railroad shed. He picks me up bodily, blankets and all, and puts me in the roller chair. I have been sick a long time

and they are sitting me up in a chair. How strange it feels to be sitting up!

They want to put me in the emergency room near the fire. I see a woman there with a sweater on and she is rubbing her hands as if they were cold. Outside I see the open air and the sunlight. No, I want to go there, out there in the sunshine, and they roll me there. How much nearer that Southern sun seems to be! A warm glow, as we pass from the shade to the sunlight, sends a thrill all over me. The air is warm and soothing. I take a long, deep breath. I'm on top of the world. Already I am growing better. Already I am at home.

What on earth has happened to the Oteen ambulance? Telephones are busy. There has been a mistake. Telegrams must have been missent. But at last the new bus makes a special trip and the new patient swings through the streets of Asheville at a funereal pace on a jumpy road in a juggy ambulance.

At last we are swinging up a hill. A wire enclosure is at our left. Into the gates we go. A little shack at our right proclaims itself as the Oteen post office, and the guard shuts the gates behind us.

How long will it be before we pass those gates again? Will we be riding then?

The grounds are filled with long three-story buildings. The grass is greening early. The ambulance driver is turning me over to two white uniformed but black-faced Southern darky orderlies. They lift me to another roller chair, carry me down some steps to a basement, up the elevator to the first floor and down a depressing looking hallway with offices of nurses and doctors on either side. They leave me at a doorway.

The New York nurse who accompanied me on the trip, who ordered my meals and helped me manage them, who bought me oranges and candy from her own money, is now getting a receipt for my incapacitated carcass.

"Room 3," she tells the orderlies. I am at last a government tuberculous patient in the Receiving Ward of United States Veterans Hospital No. 60, Oteen, North Carolina. (Continued on page 58)



# IT'S A GREAT



## Part Two

**T**HE American Hospital was a large brick building standing back from the street. Before it, ambulances were drawn up in a square of gravel. It was a hot Saturday afternoon, and the French people, making for the Bois, had paused in groups to look through the iron grilling of the fence at something inside. Anne slipped down from her bicycle and pushed it, slowly, among the crowd of people. The ride out from Paris had made her hot, in spite of her white dress. The Red Cross coif that Mademoiselle Duffot had lent her stuck to her brow. ("Tiens! Laissez passer l'infirmière.") The French people pulled their children aside to let her go through. Things, lying on the gravel of the courtyard . . . Things packed so closely that, Anne thought, she couldn't make her way among them. The things were stretchers—stretchers with men on them. Men lying there, on the ground, packed close together . . . American men . . . Lying there and talking odd, homely talk to one another . . . Laughing, joking . . . Some of them lying very still, their eyes shut . . . The speckled sunlight falling through the trees, touching their faces . . .

In the corridor of the hospital, stretchers lay along the floor by the wall, one man's feet against the next man's head. As far as one could see. Anne stood, in the open doorway, looking. So it had hit America? They were one's own, these . . . The smell of ether met you in the doorway, choked you. The corridor, hot. Sun beating on the faces of the men, who lay on stretchers. "Say, nurse!" A boy with a tanned face, smiling there, below her. Why, it was you, Anne, that he was saying "nurse" to . . . "Push in my elbow, will yer?" he was asking. "Everyone's kickin' it as they go past." Anne stooped over and pushed his arm. He winced.

*Rain spattered on the book's small, thin pages . . .  
"I am the Resurrection and the Life"*

A boy sat up in bed on the stair landing, talking to everyone who came past. "Hello," cheerfully, to Anne. "Where were you wounded?" she asked. "In the knee," he said. "Bayonet stuck me . . ." "But at what place?" "Oh," he said, "I dunno. One o' those places out there by the river. This mornin', it was. Come in here on a truck—with all them fellers groanin'. Say, where am I now? I don't know."

"And what did you do to the person who stuck the bayonet into your knee?" The boy looked up at Anne, his bright eyes shining. Very young in his white hospital shirt—a little boy, whose mother had put him to bed, but could not make him lie down . . . "Stuck mine into him," the child was saying, "'n'say, I had to stand on him to get the bloomin' thing out. Say, nurse," eagerly, "d'you think I'll get back to my outfit? Hate to think o' the boys goin' on 'thout me."

Anne stepped past, into the upper corridor. Beds lined the wall. People in white walked among them, bending over. Through the high windows, hot summer sun poured down. A smell of ether and of disinfectants . . .

A man sat up in bed, gazing intently at something he was holding. As though he had had a pet in his lap there, that was amusing . . . Anne could not see his lap till she came near. The man held a basin. In it—Anne stopped. That was a wrist, an arm that ended in red flesh and bits of bone, an end of something whitish, dangling downward. Blood, in the water. Black sickness, coming before one's eyes. One's hand, groping, holding a bedstead. One must not faint . . . Had come here to help, to be



# WAR

By MARY LEE



*Illustrations  
by  
Wallace Morgan*

useful . . . Must help . . . The man himself was watching it with a dazed, faintly amused smile. "By the next bed a nurse stood doing something. Anne would ask her . . . "I came," Anne talked to the nurse's back. Same familiar uniform that nurses had worn at a hospital where Anne had lived once upon a time, ages ago.

"I came—" The nurse turned around.

"Hold this!" Part of an arm. Like meat that Anne had seen in markets somewhere . . . It was lying on a board, and the nurse was putting little pads against it, soaked in something. Green, sickness . . . Blackness, falling before your eyes. "Hold this!" The nurse spoke sharply, wiggling a finger of her left hand. Anne held the pad under the moving finger. Black sickness coming, going, like a great cloud . . . Must watch the nurse, winding the bandage . . . If one let go everything would be spoiled . . . The nurse was cool and skilful. "There," she was saying quietly, while she rolled. "That'll keep it till the doctor comes round. That's all right. Thank you very much," she said to Anne.

"Is there something else I might do? I—"

"Yes," The nurse beckoned. No time to listen to explanations . . . "The beds in this tent," Anne followed her through a door to where a great tent had been put up on the roof. The summer heat beat mercilessly on the canvas, turning the place light yellow. Furious heat. Men in uniforms lying on mattresses on iron cots here. "You see, they've put these men in here, and we haven't had time to make up the beds. You might just make these beds," the nurse was saying. She turned from Anne to a passing orderly. "I think I'd take that man in the corner next.

He seems to be suffering a good deal," she said. The nurse saw everything, it seemed, and still was calm, efficient, never losing her head. It was in action that one should see nurses . . . But she was gone.

Beds. No sheets. One got them from some sort of house-keeper or something. There were eighteen beds. Did she know how to make beds with people lying on them, the matron asked? No, not at all. You rolled the sheet, like this, and then you put it under his shoulders, so, and then you lifted, shoved it down, lifted the legs, smoothed it. Begin at the head. The pile of sheets was heavy . . .

A huge man lay on a small bed, sun-burned, healthy looking. The blouse of his uniform was buttoned about him, one arm and shoulder all bound up inside. He smiled up at Anne, a broad smile, gleaming white teeth. "I'm going to make your bed." Must talk as if one knew how, as if one had made beds all one's life with men lying on them . . . "Can't get up, lady. Got a bad shoulder, and somethin' took me in the laig." "That's all right," said Anne. "I fix the sheet like this. Now, you put your other hand round my neck, like this and while I lift, you pull." The strength of a young bullock pulled her downward. Her back, cracking under pressure of the man's taut muscles. But the sheet was down now, as far as his waist. His legs she must lift herself, white sausages, rolled up against a board. Queer satisfaction in having got the sheet there, in smoothing it out and tucking it in firmly . . . Easy to put the other one across the top now . . . "That's great," the man said. He let his head drop back on the clean pillow, closed his eyes . . .

From the next bed orderlies hauled and pushed and pulled a man to the ward carriage. "Je-es-s-s Christ!" the man hissed. His face went white. Anne dashed at the bed and made it up, rapidly, folding the corners of the sheets as she had seen Angelina do them, folding the blanket under at the end, so it would hang slantwise, rolling the sheet back so that the bed lay open, smooth and white. Perspiration dripped along her eyebrows, down her cheeks. The man on the next cot watched her every movement. Anne could feel his eyes as she worked. "Say, nurse, could you get me somethin' to eat?" he said. "We ain't had anything to eat since, since—well, I guess it was day before yesterday. Anyway, since before we marched all night and then went into them machine guns."

"I'll try." Anne found a closet at the end of the corridor. On a shelf stood a tray with a pitcher of milk. A nurse came bearing down on her. Anne explained, respectfully, to the nurse. "They aren't supposed to be fed out there," said the nurse. "They haven't been operated." The nurse rushed off. Anne took the milk. There was enough for three of the fifteen . . . She toiled, pulling and struggling, until the eighteen beds were somehow made. Every fifteen minutes an explosion. No time to listen to the Bertha today . . . The air in the tent hot, fetid, filled with the odor of sweat from unwashed soldiers.

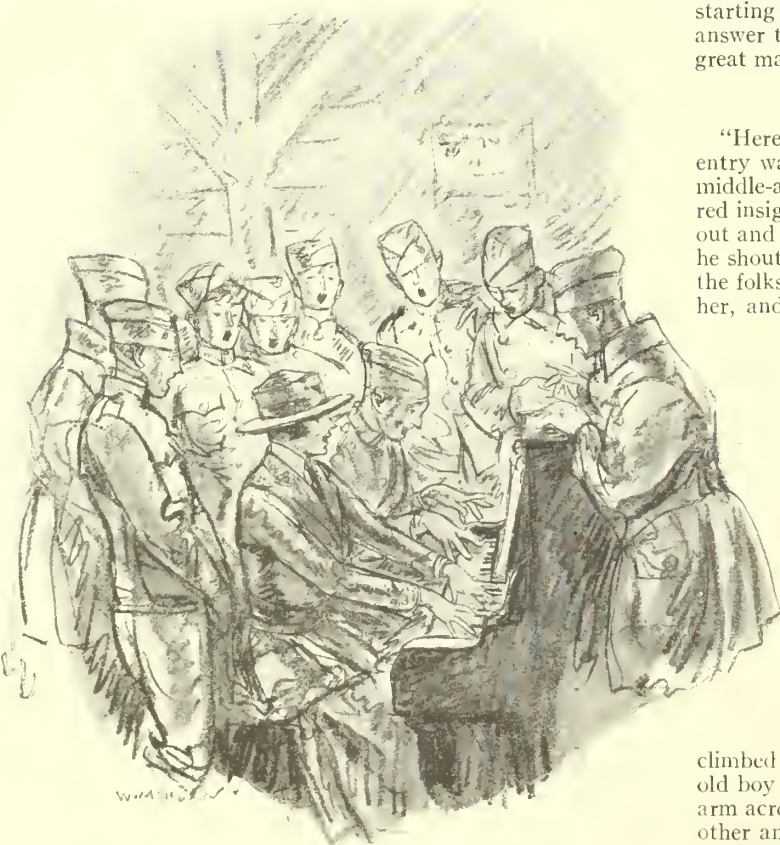


In the corner of the tent a young boy wept. A nurse looked at him. "Only his nerves," she said. She went on. Anne bent over the boy. He wept on, careless, sobbing . . . Through the swaying window in the tent wall opposite a square of setting sun fell on his face. "You have pain?" "Yes," piteously. He looked so very young . . . "Where?" "All over." He turned his thin face to the pillow. One nervous, brown hand clutched miserably at the sheet's edge. Anne went and got some rubbing vinegar from the matron. She lifted the boy's sheet and began rubbing, slowly, at his back. She moistened her hands with vinegar, and rubbed on, gentle, clumsy. Why had she not learned somewhere how to do this? Hands, moving up and down along the row of ridges on the boy's spine. How beautiful, a man's back . . . The Greeks, long ago, had made a statue in bronze of a young boy—a picture of it hung in the study at home . . . Little ridges, on either side, strong curving muscles, under smooth skin. Anne's hands, moving up and down the muscles. From outside there came the explosion of another Bertha. Not more than six o'clock then . . . The sun had left the boy's face and was sinking over the roof of the hospital. Cries, echoing from the courtyard. Men's voices, screaming . . . Anne tried not to hear them. Tried to turn her mind off. Rub . . . Rub . . . Up, and down, till your hands ached . . . At last the boy slept. A tear lay on his cheek, caught in soft down that grew there. Anne pulled the sheet across the slender back and tucked it.

"This one next?" The stretcher bearers were edging their way among the beds. Sweat trickled down their faces. They grinned at Anne. The great man with two bad legs and a broken shoulder . . . Anne bent over him. "You can push yourself with one arm?" "Yes, ma'am." There was a moment of waiting, of gathering courage. The sunburned face looked worried against the pillow. Last night he'd been luggin' a goddamn heavy pack on his back—"Now!" He raised himself, pushed, his face twisting suddenly. Anne lifted with all her might. It was like pushing on a mountain. "God!" he said sharply with the outgoing of his breath. Suddenly the great frame went limp, the rosy face was yellow under its tan . . . "Fainted!" The orderly was cheerful. "Now we've got him. All together!" Somehow the great frame was on the stretcher. Anne turned away. Another job, done badly . . .

\* \* \*

There was a tenseness, a strange quiet about the office. The



*"But the smiles that fill my heart with gladness  
Are the smiles that you give to me"*

major sat upright, in his corner, papers piled round him, worried expression on his face. Barry Caldwell stood, holding the telephone receiver, feverishly "allo mademoiselling." In the chair beside Anne's desk sat a strange lieutenant sorting over papers. Anne hung her hat up quickly. General must be here . . . The door of the inner office opened and a pleasant, elderly gentleman in gold rimmed glasses looked out. Hard to think of this man as a general. "Ask Henderquist to come down, Nelson. Try to get Chaumont on the wire, Caldwell. I'll dictate some telegrams, please, Miss Wentworth."

Anne stood behind him, note book ready, looking at the pink muslin scalp of his grey wig. "Won't you sit down?" A telegram being dictated, clear, coherent. Another and another and another. Why, he was planning a campaign, this mild man. "That's all." Anne hurried to the outer office. Strange to be working . . . Working at top speed, furiously. Typewriter clacking . . . Telephone ringing. Telegrams, one after another, being sent out. Colonels arriving, puffing, from the stairway. Anne, ushering them in to see the general. Still another general from the front, tall, slim, black haired, laughing as he strode through. Not out of breath, that one . . . "The Flying General," muttered Barry Caldwell. The white door closed behind them.

Anne went in with a letter—heavens, generals and colonels squatting on the general's floor about a big map. Sticking in pins with little colored flags on their tops. "The 97th better go here, sir." The Flying General's long fingers moving a small flag. The general's pen moving, handing her back the letter. "Let me see, you said . . ." Anne closed the white door. It opened. The general, talking to a lieutenant. "You'll go to the front just south of Dormans. Find out . . ." Anne pounded at the keys. Mustn't listen. Must finish this report to go to England. "Expect you back at four o'clock," the general saying . . . Heavens, eleven o'clock now . . . Anne tapped on . . . "Yes, sir," said the lieutenant . . .

\* \* \*

Anne ate a raw egg, a piece of cheese, drank a glass of milk at an epicerie across the street, and ran back. No time to go home. The general, apparently, never stopped to eat things . . . The major had a letter to be copied. "Confidential" written across its top in great red letters. A lieutenant, who had brought it, waited, strolling casually about the office. "But this is dated London, written today," Anne said. "How did it get here?"

"I flew over with it this morning," said the lieutenant. "I'm starting back from Orly Field at half past three. You have the answer there, I believe." Anne's fingers careened on. Part of a great machine. Moving . . . Moving at last, thank God . . .

\* \* \*

"Here we are." The girl from Iowa steered Anne into the low entry way of Number 12 Rue d'Aguesseau . . . Odd looking middle-aged men stood in the hallway, in wrinkly uniforms, the red insignia of the Y.M.C.A. on their caps. One of them dashed out and seized the girl from Iowa by the hand. "Hell-lo, sister!" he shouted. "Where did you blow in from? How's Billy and all the folks?" "Hello, hello . . ." More men shaking hands with her, and talking. "Say, where have I seen you before? Say, wasn't that the filthiest hole . . ." Two girls in Y.M.C.A. uniform pounced on the girl from Iowa from behind, clapping her shoulders, shaking her by the hand.

"We're fired, Emily," they shouted, laughing. "We got sent to a little dump up near Toul. There was an old Y man up there. He had a rule nothing could be sold in the hut before eleven in the morning—said the colonel told him not to. Well, the Twenty-Sixth Division marched through on its way to the front about five a. m. one morning. Each outfit stopped to rest right outside our hut. They cursed the Y, of course, for not being open. We went and asked old Gottshalk for the key." "He told us," said the other girl, "that nothin' wasn't goin' ter be sold outa that there hut before eleven o'clock noon. Looking specially pretty, he was, too, beard growing, and a long white nightshirt"—"Shut up," said the first girl, "you will be fired! So we climbed in the window. We'd given everything away before the old boy got up." "Mad, whew!" The other girl stood with her arm across her companion's shoulder, one foot twisted across the other ankle. "Bursting! Told us to take the next train!" "So here we are!" The three laughed, merrily.

The Y.M.C.A. man who had greeted the girl from Iowa shook his head behind them. Queer type of girl the Y sent over . . .



They sent 'em to do cooking, yet clearly most of these young women had never seen a cook stove . . . Inconceivable how these girls could have been brought up, to know so little of ordinary work about the home . . . Yet he'd seen girls of this type chop wood, or ride a horse, or walk ten miles without a sigh . . . Husky young creatures! Took life as a joke, that was the trouble . . . Including the men secretaries . . . He cleared his throat, and spat, and walked off . . .

"Come on." The girl from Iowa pulled Anne's arm. Anne went, slowly. Like to just stand there, watch 'em . . . Like standing in the corner store of some home town in the U. S. You could almost smell the coffee. "A FRIENDLY PLACE FOR FRIENDLY FOLKS." A huge sign blazoned on the wall of an enclosed courtyard. A balcony ran round it. Desks lined the side walls, under the balcony. "DON'T FORGET THE FOLKS AT HOME!" Placard, printed in red, on purple background. Two rows of large, stuffed armchairs, stood back to back down the center of the hall. In each chair a man secretary was sitting. There were a few plain wooden chairs left empty. On one of these a Y.M.C.A. girl sat down, sighing. "I've been waiting one solid hour for my Worker's Permit . . ."

Anne and the girl from Iowa edged past lines of men and women secretaries in uniform, waiting before windows. "Orders of Transport," "Travel Orders," signs said . . . The talk was all of hardships . . . Of mud and rain, of nights spent traveling, or regiments that were moving . . . They laughed, and joked with one another . . . It was as though they'd just come back from camping . . .

On the stairs people passed them. All cheerful, all in uniform. All wanting to get back "out" . . . The work these people were doing was not here . . . Not in this crowded building . . . It was "out" somewhere . . . War, to them, was still a great Adventure . . . The Director of Women was a large, pleasant faced, gray-haired woman. She held her hand out to Anne. "A friend of Evelyn Tollet's? Good! We want more people like her." Her keen eye watched Anne.

"I've had no experience," said Anne.

"Experience doesn't matter," said the woman. "Judgment and willingness to work are what count. Especially judgment. You've got to know how to handle situations. Got to be level-headed. This is a great experiment we're trying, Miss Wentworth. Never before have armies taken decent women with them. This is the first time. It's up to us to see it doesn't fail." This girl's eyes met you squarely . . . You could trust this girl . . . "You think you'll come with us?"

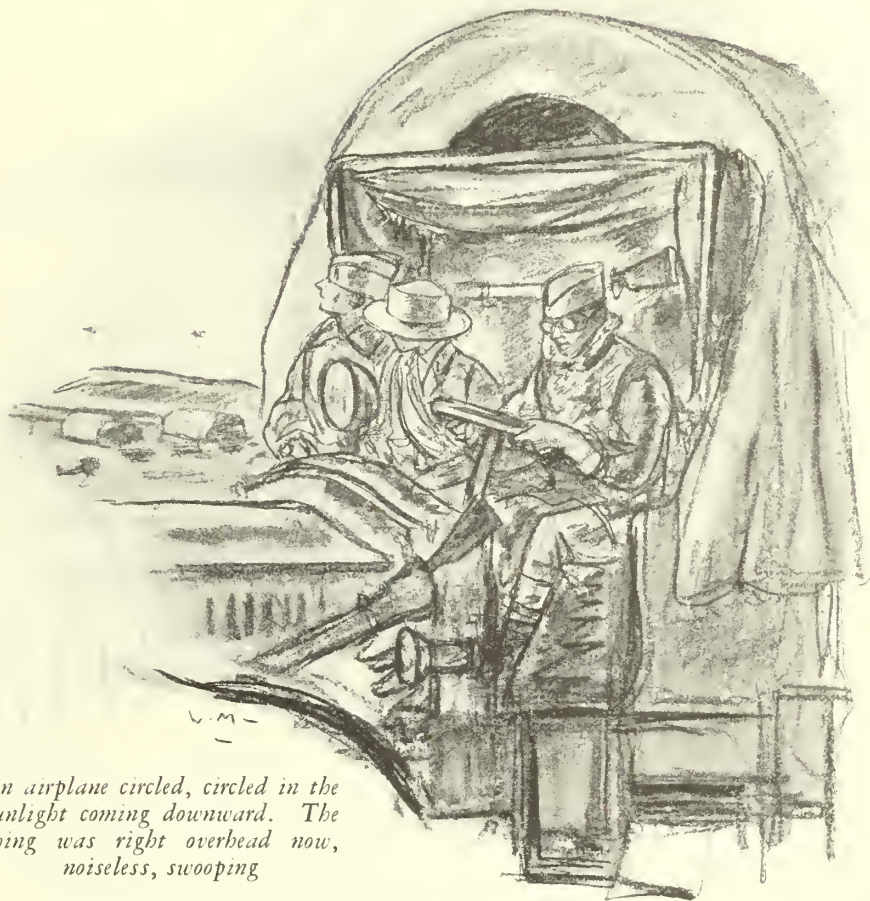
"If you'll send me toward the front," Anne said.

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Toward the front, toward the front . . . Flat cars, winking past the window, covered with guns. French soldiers sitting, patient, on them. Tiny freight cars, "Hommes 40" painted on them, and "Chevaux 8." In the open doorways of the cars red, weather-beaten faces, American faces, grinning, waving at Anne, yelling, "Hello!" She jumped up, leaned out the window, waved. "Des galants soldats!" said the French officer, opposite. Anne leaned back again. Hot . . . Outside, scarlet poppies, blue-gray oats, cornflowers . . . Tiny red-roofed houses. The carriage, getting hotter every minute. "Il est dangereux de se pencher en dehors." One of the silly, cautious signs of peacetime . . . And underneath it "Non sporgersi." And next to that, carefully scratched out, "Nicht hinauslehnen." Germans, it seemed, were now encouraged to lean out . . . The Zone of Advance . . . At last . . . Ker-bump, ker-bump . . .

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A narrow, white-walled street . . . A clattering of hoofs,



*An airplane circled, circled in the sunlight coming downward. The thing was right overhead now, noiseless, swooping*

somewhere, growing louder . . . Round a corner, suddenly, a chestnut horse came, huge, proud, taking up the whole street reaching the roofs of the white houses. On his back, way up there, sat a young man. He should have been in armor. But he was in the uniform of the United States, a red band round his sleeve, with black letters, A.P.M. Anne set down the wheel barrow. Hoped the great horse would not step on it . . . The officer leaned down, taking his cap off. "How do you do, Miss Silsby?" he was saying. He and the Y.M.C.A. girl shook hands. In the narrow street their laughter echoed. "We were just going to report to the Provost Marshal," said Miss Silsby.

"That's me," the lieutenant got down. "I'll take you to the hotel . . ." He smiled, delighted, leading the great horse. "Gee," he said, "it certainly is good to see a woman."

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A straight, white road, up along a river valley, between two rows of tall trees. The truck jiggled, bounced, banged. On the front seat Anne sat wedged between Lieutenant Fitzpatrick of the Air Service and Kuntz, the soldier driver. Her legs dangled. She faced the swift breeze. On a truck nothing stuck up in front . . . You were being hurled into space . . . "That town over there," the lieutenant pointed, "is called Dom Ramy. They say it's where Joan of Arc came from." The truck jiggled, snorted.

Wind coming up at you. A river valley lay there, green and smiling. Across the fields the square tower of a little church rising from a cluster of red roofs, stood silhouetted against the oak woods. Sun gleamed from the tiny, winding river. Joan's father—Anne's history, almost lost now, had said he would rather throw his daughter in that river than that she should go





out with the soldiers . . . "You're comfortable?" the lieutenant next Anne, asking . . . Anne smiled.

"Yes," she said. "Thanks."

\* \* \*

The truck slowed.

A narrow, muddy street, lined with low, plaster houses. Broad doors ajar. Houses with one room. Beside each door a great pile of manure, steaming. Brown juice from the manure trickling to the street, mingling with the mud that filled it. Mud, frothy, sloppy, churned up by a thousand truck wheels. Walking in the mud, American soldiers. French peasants, in wooden shoes, and more American soldiers. A soldier leading a cow for an old woman. Soldiers standing in doorways, looking out of windows. Bending their heads, as if French doors were too small . . . A café, with little tables on the mud before it. Through the open window, American soldiers sitting at tables, drinking, talking to a girl with red hair.

In the street a soldier in a tin hat blew a whistle. The truck lurched. They turned into a side street, down through a valley, out of the town, toward the sunset. Up a low hill, with little wooden shacks along it, painted in blotches of green and buff and yellow, divided by black lines. Gears crunched as the truck rolled out along the hilltop. Then, suddenly, below Anne lay a broad plain, all tawny yellow in the slanting sunshine. In a half circle at her feet stood airplane hangars, huge tents, opening generous doors toward the great field. On the field airplanes, poised like magic insects, a double row of them along the worn grass. Beyond, in the far distance, two great purple hills with

flat tops. And near these hills dim shapes, cigar-like, floating.

"See, the sausage balloons out on the lines." Fitzpatrick pointed. Anne was looking upward, head back. An airplane circled, circled in the sunlight coming downward. She held her breath. The thing was overhead now, noiseless, swooping. A man waved a white flag somewhere out on the golden stubble of the great field. The plane passed overhead, swiftly, darting downward. It touched the field and bounded, like the light seed of a milkweed, touched it again, bounding, slower, slower, rolled over to the hangar.

The truck turned up a low hill through a street lined with barracks. Stopped, at the edge of an enormous wheat field. Out in the middle of the field, a building, like a big barn, painted in curious splotches of brown and green and yellow . . . "Here we are!" The lieutenant led Anne across a field toward the barn thing. They dodged behind a sort of board screen at the entrance. "To keep the light in," the lieutenant was explaining . . .

The place smelt of damp boards and stale tobacco. The great, dank, boardy place was full of soldiers. Mud, trodden onto the floor, a solid, brown coat. On top of the mud lay bits of greased paper, screwed up, and cigarette butts. Soldiers sat in piazza chairs, talking, smoking. Soldiers sat on benches, looking at the ground, and doing nothing. Soldiers who could not find a bench stood, smoking. "HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO MOTHER TODAY?" a sign said. Anne walked past, following the lieutenant. There was a broad opening in the wall, behind a counter. Through the opening Anne could see a kitchen. The lieutenant took her through a door into the kitchen. "Mrs. Scott?" he was calling.





*Walking in the mud, American soldiers. French peasants in wooden shoes, and more American soldiers. A soldier leading a cow for an old woman. Soldiers standing in doorways, looking out of windows*

his franc down, taking his mug of cocoa. Anne smiled. So you had to make change in centimes? Heavens . . . And pour out cocoa and push out sandwiches at the same time? In Paris they had silver . . . How much was this worth? Heavens . . .

The men in line watched her. New girl didn't know a franc from fifty centimes . . . Neat, but not pretty . . . And inefficient . . . Didn't savvy how to keep the cocoa from dripping on the oilcloth . . . It was getting all over the counter in a brown pool . . . Slow about the change, too . . . Didn't know any better than to grab your money before she shoved your drink.

Anne worked, bewildered. Cocoa almost finished. . . Ten sandwiches left. The crate at her feet, that had been full of packages of cookies, empty. She looked out into the hut. The line of khaki-colored figures still stretched round the corner. Still they came. She felt them looking at her. "You ain't goin' to leave us?" they shouted, anxiously, at Mrs. Scott . . . The sandwiches were gone. Disappointment clouded the face before Anne. "Too late again!" The soldiers turned. She would make twice as many when she was boss here . . . The cocoa was gone. She would make two barrels instead of just one. She would clear up that filthy floor there . . . Soldiers spitting on it. How they stared at you over their mugs of cocoa . . . Made you feel like an actress, on a stage here . . .

An aviation mechanic sat down before a battered old piano. It jangled out a tune under his clever fingers. A hundred men's voices caught the tune up:

Good ma-a-awning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip,

they sang. Anne went over to the piano. You couldn't help singing . . .

With your hair cut just as short as,  
Hair cut just as short as . . .

The mechanic at the piano pushed over, still playing, and made room for her on the piano stool. He looked down at her, smiling, singing, banging the keys. Life, his eyes saying, just a joke. A thousand voices seemed to have joined in, booming from dark corners. The whole smoky hut vibrated with sound. Everything closed—you were shut in here with it. Soldiers all about you, light from the sputtery kerosene lamp touching their faces. Faces, bodies, swaying gently in cadence with the music. The eyes of all of them on your face. Men's feet, pounding the floor, in time . . . Men laughing as they sang . . .

But the smiles that fill my heart with gladness  
Are the smiles that you give to me.

And so—an evening . . .

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Straw mattress . . . No sheets . . . Blankets, fuzzy, all about your chin . . . Anne turned over. Your hips stuck in when you turned over, jolted the cot, and made the floor creak. You didn't mind discomfort. That was what you once thought war would be like. Only you didn't sleep very well just at first. Get used to it . . . Tin hat and gas mask on top of (Continued on page 68)

"Come right in," a pleasant voice came from a little room beyond the kitchen. A tiny room, with gray walls. On benches at either side of a narrow table officers sat, with tea cups, talking, laughing. From a straw armchair in the corner a woman in a blue canteen apron got up, came forward. They were all laughing. More like a house party than a war, this . . . "I'm so glad you've come." Mrs. Scott drew Anne by the hand into the small room. "Now I can go home."

"No, we won't let you, Mrs. Scott," the officers were saying; "you must both stay. Two isn't too many! Why, there's two thousand men here. Have some tea Miss—Miss—America?"

"Thank you," said Anne . . .

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It was growing dark when Anne and Mrs. Scott walked back from supper. The rows of barracks that had been there when they walked up seemed to have melted . . . Anne could see nothing, now, but gray mist. The sounds of soldiers' voices, coming from nowhere . . . The canteen itself had vanished . . . Then, suddenly, it rose up before them, a great, dark shape . . . Somebody pushed a door open. A yellow light shone from the little kitchen. A soldier, young, rosy faced, held the door back: "Say, I been stirrin' your cocoa for you, Mis' Scott . . ."

Mrs. Scott hung her hat and coat up, put on her apron, rolled her sleeves up. She and the soldier lifted heavy trays of sandwiches to the counter, lifted the heavy marmite of cocoa and set it on a box near the window. "All right, let's go!" the soldier shouted. He opened up the window between the kitchen and the hut. Before the counter stood a soldier, grinning. Behind him, another . . . And behind him . . . And so on, till the line lost itself in the dim light. "When do we eat?" they shouted.

"Say, you got a new K.P. in here." The first man slammed



# The HARDEST COACHING JOB

*By Knute K. Rockne*

SOME years ago an ex-soldier, a member of The American Legion, came to me and said that he

had not been able to readjust himself to civilian life as he had hoped to. He had in mind going in for coaching and wondered if I could not help him get a high school coaching job. What requirements, he asked me, were necessary?

It is my opinion, frankly, that there are quite a few successful high school coaches who are better men than some of the men coaching football in some of the minor colleges. There are today, perhaps, in some of our high school circles coaches who would become Zuppkes, Staggs, Spearses, Joneses or Warners were they given the opportunity.

But there seems to be a distinct line of demarcation between high school coaching and college coaching which is very difficult for the average ambitious chap to cross. Quite a few of the people who hire college coaches are boobs, or more successful high school coaches would be moving up into college work.

To get back to the topic, I was able to get this man a high school job, but I did not tell him what he should do after he got it. As a matter of fact, I have lost entire sight of him. But since then I have run over in my mind what I would do if I were coaching a high school team. Bob Zuppke of Illinois no doubt ran the same problems through his mind some twenty-five years ago when he began his coaching career at Muskegon, Michigan. A few of our other leading college coaches began in high schools, but the number is few.

It takes courage for a man to be a good soldier. To play successfully a hard contact game such as football, a man must have some of the same qualities. To coach football, particularly in a high school, takes at least a little fortitude. Courage has been defined as being afraid to do a thing and yet doing it.

If I were called upon to coach a high school football team I would certainly be afraid. Whether I would coach the team or not would depend on economic pressure or, if I were financially independent, it would depend on how much spice I had to have in my fun in order to enjoy life.

A coach on a college team has to get along with his players, the student body, the faculty, the alumni, authorities of competing institutions, and the press. When you coach a high school team you add to this the politicians, the members of the school board and the townspeople. And when I say townspeople I mean the ones who are vitally interested in the high school team. These can be divided into three classes.

FIRST there are the parents who have a boy trying out for or playing on the team. Then we have the red hot element who know just enough football to be a nuisance. I believe it was Alexander Pope who once said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. This is particularly true of townspeople as regards high school football. And then, third, there are the rank and file, who are the greater in number but who are swayed to a large extent by the first two classes.

If I walked into a town to coach a high school team for the first time the first thing I would do would be to see the local sporting editor and have a talk with him so that we understood one another. Next, I would appear at the local luncheons of the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, and perhaps the Chamber of Commerce, in order to try and arouse their interest in their own boys. As soon as school opened I would have the principal or superintendent call a meeting of the entire student body. I would make a talk on this occasion, presenting as clearly as I could the objectives of the meeting and of the football team. I would stress particularly the right mental attitude on the part of the student body. Coaching the team would probably be the easiest job, so I would mention that last of all.

Whenever I talked with the faculty I would assure them that my interest in football was extra-curricular and that I was as inter-

ested in having the boys up in their classes as the teachers were.

I would then issue a call for candidates for the team. I would equip every good-sized boy and as many others as there was equipment for. This makes for morale and a democratic spirit.

I would then call a meeting of the team and talk to them before we even held our first practice. I would do this so as to be sure that every man was made familiar with the correct mental attitude. I would lay particular stress on the purpose of the football team.

The first purpose, I would tell the lads at this meeting, is to give each and every man in the room a fair and equal opportunity to make the team regardless of who his father is or who his father thinks he is.

It has been my observation that members of a squad can be divided into four classes. First of all, there is the man who, because he achieved some success last year, has become self-satisfied and complacent—in other words, has ceased to make a real effort. I tell these lads at this meeting that if there are any of this type among them they are in for a distinct disappointment because the chances are that someone else will play in their place.

IN THE second class is the chronic fault finder, the whiner, the disorganizer. Nothing is any good. I tell the lads that if there are any of this second class among them they are in for an unpleasant surprise, because as soon as I find out who they are some night when they come out for practice there will be no suits in their lockers.

Then, third, there is the lad who, because of a faulty environment, is suffering from an inferiority complex. He feels he isn't as good as the other boys so what chance has he got out there trying for the team? I tell these lads that if there are any among them who feel this way to forget it and get a superiority complex. I say get out there, full of enthusiasm, determined to absorb and digest the technical knowledge as it is given and then to sweat industriously while practising for perfection on the mechanical movements necessary to play their particular positions. And I tell this type of lad to keep saying to himself that he will become so proficient in his play that he will make himself the inevitable man and the coach can't keep him off the team. I say if these boys develop this mental attitude they will be in for a pleasant surprise. They will not only make the team but, as a matter of fact, they will change gradually into that fourth type, which is rather rare but which is the backbone of any football team.

This fourth class comprises the lads who have an unselfish spirit of sacrifice for the team as a whole, determined to let nothing interfere with their individual proficiency or the success of the team.

I should also tell these lads that the purpose of a football team is to develop good habits of living, eating, sleeping, and so on, to develop a fine sense of fair play, to develop a perseverance so intense that there is never even a temptation to let up before a contest is over and, last of all, to develop the will to win so keenly that they can taste it.

Of all of these, perhaps the most important is fair play, though it must not be carried to the extremes where there is any maudlin sentiment to it or any flabbiness. I mean just what the words imply—in spite of an intense desire to win the boys must bear vividly in mind the rules of the game and the rights of their opponents.

The first week on the field I would spend in merely punting, forward passing, falling on the ball, tackling the dummy and so on, just trying to get a general line on the personnel.

First of all, I must choose five men to build up a football team.





*A practical example of American citizenship in the making—sixteen boys of various racial strains on the squad of the Lincoln High School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Left to right the nationalities represented are: Greek, Swedish, Italian, French, French-Scotch, Irish-French, Austrian, German, Irish, Jewish, Negro, Slavic, Scotch, English, German-Indian, Polish*

I must pick first of all the quarterback, secondly the triple-threat man who can kick, run or pass, thirdly, the center, who must be able to pass the ball accurately at just the right time to the right man, and then my two tackles. These five men form the skeleton or backbone of the team. These men may not be easily determined this first week, but your triple-threat man and your center can be determined almost without fail. Your two tackles also should not be difficult to find, as they will be the biggest men on the team and the most aggressive.

The quarterback is the *rara avis* on any squad. One year I had in college two candidates with the following qualifications. The first candidate had personality, leadership, confidence and was an inspiration to his teammates. He also had coolness under fire. He was of just average mentality, but he had a good voice and was a good blocker, though he could not carry the ball at all. The second lad did not have much personality or voice though he was fairly cool under fire and he was a Phi Beta Kappa. Although not a leader, bubbling over with energy, he was a fine forward passer and one good carrier of the ball. To the casual reader, the second type of quarterback would naturally appear to be the man who would be preferred, and yet this was not the case. I found in our early games that the first quarterback was the touchdown getter. He took the team right down to the goal line and over. An examination of the chart of the game in which he played showed that he made errors in his choice of plays. The team gained in spite of these errors, however, due to the fact that they believed in him, were inspired by him and blocked so well that the mistakes of judgment were more or less neutralized.

The second quarterback was not a touchdown getter. He would take the team down to about the five-yard line, in what we call the zone of intense resistance, and there the team would die on his hands, unable to get across the goal line. An examination of the chart of the game showing his situations would show that his choice of plays was absolutely correct and without a flaw. What was wrong? The team did not believe in him, were



*A fumble in the game last fall between Morris and DeWitt Clinton High Schools of New York City*

not inspired by him and would not follow him as they would the first man. The first man had learned to record what he saw and hence learned how to play the defense, which is chief of the three factors in playing quarterback. Secondly, he learned by playing with his teammates their strong points and weaknesses, so he was able to use his men to their fullest efficiency. Thirdly, he learned more by experience than by any other means the rudiments of football tactics and strategy. Energy, voice, personality, daring imagination, brains and coolness under fire were the qualities that eventually made him a quarterback of national renown.

Quarterbacks of this type this past season have been Hovde of Minnesota, Cusinier of Wisconsin, Harpster of Carnegie Tech, Williams of Southern California, Nave of the Army, Maples of Oregon State, Durant of Georgia Tech, Murphy of Penn and many others. You may say to me, "But what if on this high school squad I had no young lads with (Continued on page 73)



# EDITORIAL

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

## The Battlefront of Citizenship



HE climate of Death Valley descended upon St. Louis, Chicago and New York in July, and most other cities also knew weeks of fiercely-hot and rainless days calculated to discourage the man who ordinarily finds time to read the headlines in the newspapers. Legionnaires who did not stop looking at the front pages in those heated days found in the news plenty of things to regenerate thought in drowsy minds and plenty of things to inspire new pride in The American Legion. Those summer days provided unusual evidence that the Legion, in the tenth year of its existence, has before it tasks and responsibilities every bit as important as those it faced in the critical days of 1919 which saw it come into being.

First and most insistent of the problems of the nation in which the Legion is intimately concerned is the joint problem of world peace and national defense. In the final week of July, President Hoover announced the suspension of the cruiser-building program authorized by Congress last spring and called for a study of the Army to determine ways and means of reducing the enormous expenses of this branch of the national defense.

On the eve of his sailing for Europe to attend the annual Congress of FIDAC at Belgrade, National Commander Paul V. McNutt sent to President Hoover a telegram explaining the attitude of The American Legion on the question of naval parity with Great Britain, the chief point involved in the naval construction program authorized by Congress at its last session and which the plan to suspend building of cruisers once more brings insistently to the fore. Mr. McNutt stated:

Our lost parity can be regained by only two methods, which are continued cruiser building by America or extended cruiser scrapping by Great Britain, or by a combination of these two methods . . . The Legion has uniformly stood and still stands for movements which will make permanent peace more certain and assure a better understanding between nations, but we would, however, respectfully remind the Chief Executive of the one-sided sacrifices which resulted from America's zeal for peace at the Washington Conference, when our scrapping of the most modern battle fleet in the world led to our present cruiser inferiority and the loss of our former naval parity.

In replying to National Commander McNutt, President Hoover expressed confidence that the policies determined upon "are consonant with the many declarations of The American Legion and the sentiment of the American people." He stated that parity between the naval forces of the United States and Great Britain had been accepted as a preliminary to

discussion between the two countries. He also said:

We need not disguise the fact that (aside from the capital ship limitations under the Washington treaty) competitive building has been in progress on both sides since the great war, and we have arrived only at disparity, not parity. It creates burdensome expenditure, a constant stream of suspicion, ill will and misunderstandings. Moreover, by constant expansion of naval strength we cannot fail to stimulate fear and ill will throughout the rest of the world toward both of us, and thus defeat the very purposes which you have so well expressed as being the object of the Legion, when you say, "The Legion stands uniformly for movements which make permanent peace more certain and assure better understanding between nations." . . . I feel confident that The American Legion will be sympathetic with principles of parity by negotiating and by reduction and limitation of armament instead of by competitive building, with its continuous expansion and all its train of world dangers.

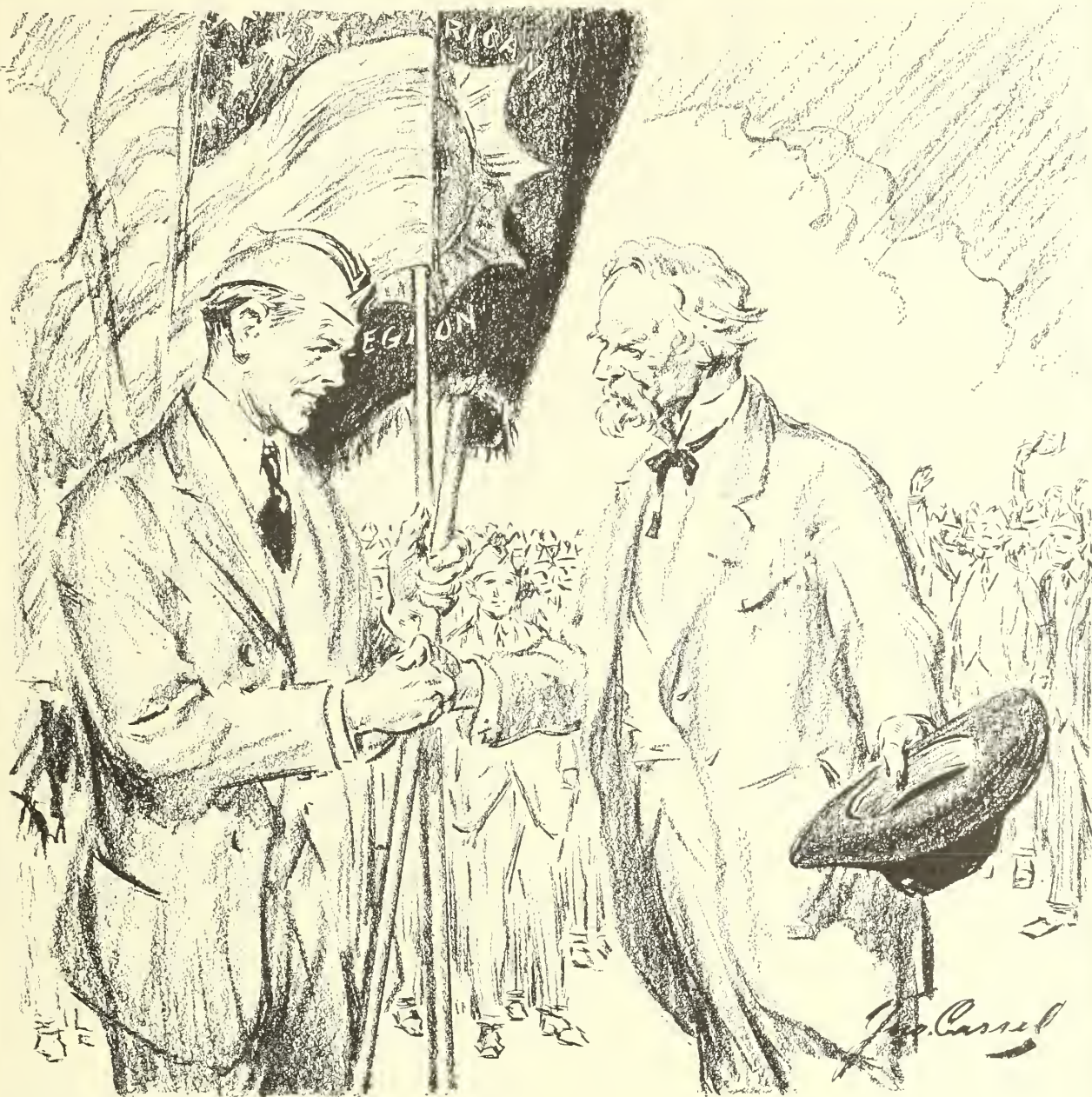
The question of national defense has not been the only urgent and important problem facing the Legion this year. When the delegates assemble at Louisville they will consider another problem which holds a claim to public attention—adequate care of the disabled service men of the World War.

Unmistakable evidence has accumulated that Congress has not made proper provision for the hospitalization of thousands of World War service men suffering from mental and nervous disabilities. Congress at its last regular session failed to enact the law which would permit a building program to provide at least 3,500 additional beds for neuro-psychiatric patients; The American Legion maintains that this hospital-construction bill must be enacted at the session of Congress which opens in December.

Throughout the year, the National Rehabilitation Committee of the Legion has been gathering the evidence to support its claim that these beds must be provided. It has revealed a sorry situation: State after State in which mentally ill veterans, urgently needing special care and treatment, are unable to find admittance to Veterans Bureau hospitals. In every Veterans Bureau regional office is a long list of mentally ill World War service men who are waiting for admittance to Bureau hospitals. The total for the country runs into the thousands. Jails and charitable institutions are being used in many places to shelter World War service men who have every legal right to governmental hospital care.

The shortage of beds for the mentally ill in governmental hospitals is paralleled by a shortage of facilities in State hospitals for mental patients, a situation that is compelling home care for some thousands of veterans whose ailments might be arrested or cured by hospitalization. Fourteen thousand patients are now crowded into the available Bureau hospitals, one half of the





### "WELCOME, SUH!"

total number of patients in all hospitals, and it is estimated there will be an increase in the number of the mentally ill each year until 1947.

The Legion's attitude on naval limitations and national defense and its activity as champion for the mentally disabled are in keeping with the public service it is rendering in its tenth year—public service which covers an extraordinarily wide range. Every Legionnaire knows what his organization has accomplished in other fields. He knows what the Legion has done to insure proper care for the orphans of service men and dependent children of veterans. He knows how the Legion this year has enlarged its junior baseball program, helping 300,000 boys on the road to better citizenship; how posts of the Legion everywhere have conducted safety campaigns to eliminate traffic perils and teach children to avoid perils which cannot be eliminated. All in all, the record of service performed in its tenth year fully justifies the hopes

entertained for the organization by its founders.

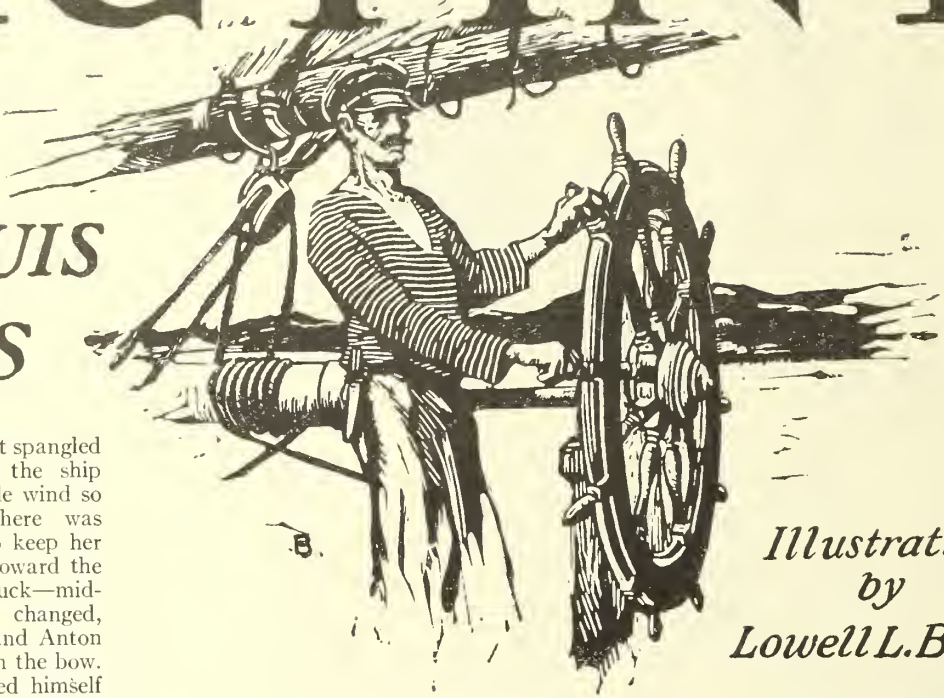
The Legion's membership growth this year matches its record of performance. In July, enrolment had passed the entire total for the preceding year of 1928, and it seems certain the Legion will have 800,000 members before the Louisville National Convention assembles. The Legion knows that many years must elapse before it will have on its rolls a majority of the surviving veterans of the World War: the G. A. R. did not reach its peak membership until a quarter century after the Civil War.

In considering the Legion's record of the past year and the problems which will face it at Louisville, one may recall the words of the late President Harding, addressing an audience of Ohio Legionnaires. "You are charged with a greater responsibility now than you were charged with on the battlefield in France," Mr. Harding declared, "because in your hands is the destiny of the next half century of America."



# MUTINY

BY  
MARQUIS  
JAMES



Illustrations  
by  
Lowell L. Balcom

THROUGH a night spangled with warm stars the ship rode with the trade wind so smoothly that there was scarcely a stay to brace to keep her on an undeviating course toward the Line. Eight bells were struck—midnight. The watch was changed, Malone taking the wheel and Anton Serein the post of lookout in the bow. Mr. Davis, the mate, seated himself on the comb of the after hatch for a pipe with Mr. Holmes, the second mate, before turning in. Almost too fine a night to go to bed.

It had been a prosperous voyage and a pleasant one. The *Frank N. Thayer*, of Boston, was a splendid new four-master of 1,592 tons burden, staunchly turned out at Newburyport, Massachusetts, where they knew how to build sailing ships. Six months previously she had made the long arc from New York to Manila, exchanged a cargo of manufactured goods for hemp and begun the return voyage. The small hours of January 3, 1886, found her sixty-four days from the Philippines, having circumnavigated half of the globe, rounded the Cape of Good Hope and fallen in with the southeast trades well off the west coast of Africa. Under a cloud of sail she raced toward the Equator—to sink the Southern Cross, raise the North Star and make a final change of course for home.

Mr. Davis knocked the ashes from his pipe and was about to say goodnight when the forms of two men were seen in the half darkness ascending the stairs from the main deck to the half deck, where the officers were. They proved to be the two East Indian seamen Captain Clarke had shipped at Manila. One seemed to be assisting the other to walk. In his limited English this sailor explained that his shipmate had taken suddenly ill. The Indians were of Mr. Davis's watch. He stepped forward to question the man.

As he did so the "sick" Indian lunged and drove two long knives repeatedly into the breast of the mate, who groaned and slumped to the deck. The other Indian dealt similarly with the second mate. This victim did not fall, however, but streaming with blood, stumbled down the forward companionway leading to the cabin.

"Captain Clarke! Captain Clarke!" he called, and collapsed. The assassins did not hear him. Like panthers they were slinking around the port side of the poop to the aft companionway, leading to the apartment of the captain, whom they meant to strike in his bed.

Captain Clarke heard Holmes's cry, and leaving his cabin started up the aft companionway. On the stairs the Indians set upon him. The captain was in his night clothes and unarmed. He grappled with one of the assailants and a rain of knife blows from the other could not induce him to relinquish his hold. But the captain's bare feet slipped on the bloody steps and he rolled to the bottom. The Indian freed himself of the captain's grasp and plunging a knife deep into his left side, left the skipper for dead and darted upon the deck.

The captain was not dead, although a doctor who ten days later dressed his wounds said that by rights he should have been. As soon as the Indians were gone he regained his feet and groped his way into the cabin. The captain's wife and little girl, who bore him company on the voyage, had been awakened by the scuffle. The captain feared that a blow of the Indians' knives had put his eyes out, but Mrs. Clarke bathed her husband's face and restored his sight. Only the blood had blinded him. Taking up a pistol, the captain cautiously ascended the steps of the aft companionway. Seeing Malone at the wheel, he ordered him to close the outer door to the companionway.

"I can't, sir," replied the seaman.

"Why not?" asked Captain Clarke.

"There's someone behind that door, sir."

"Who is it?" demanded the captain.

"I can't tell," answered Malone.

From this Captain Clarke concluded that Malone was a party to the mutiny, which seemed all the more mystifying since Malone had been a willing hand, and there had been no friction between the officers and crew that the skipper knew of. As he was losing strength rapidly the captain decided to intrench himself in the cabin until he could get the lay of the situation. Securing the inside door of the aft companionway he went to lock the door of the forward companionway. There he stumbled over the body of the second mate, dead at the bottom of the steps.

Able Seaman Malone's conversation with his captain was the last he ever held. The form crouched behind the door glided through the shadows, cut the wheelman's throat and tossed his body into the churning sea astern.

While this was taking place Mr. Davis, the first mate, rallied, and although dying, dragged himself to the forecabin to forewarn the crew. Led by a courageous young sailor named Mattias Staal, six or eight of the crew made a foray onto the main deck. Arming themselves with capstan bars, they began a search for the mutineers.

The seamen were strong and fearless men and they were at home on a ship. But these qualities were inadequate to cope with the Oriental cunning of the Indians, who struck from ambush in the dark, noiselessly retreated and struck again. The seamen pressed on the length of the main deck, however, and mounted the steps to the half deck. They attempted to rush the forward companionway in an effort to gain the cabin to place themselves at the disposal of the captain, or, if he were dead, to obtain arms.





*The two Orientals fought with desperation against their strong and fearless opponents. Olsen fell and then Smidt, in the hand-to-hand struggle at the coach house*

Posting themselves on either side of the coach house, which sheltered the door to the companionway, the Indians fought with desperation. Olsen fell, and then Smidt. A concealed hand drove a blade nearly through Neilson's jugular. Staal was wounded.

This form of attack inspired terror. Sandburgh fled into the rigging. Hendricsen gained the cabin, but only to hide himself in the bathroom. The remainder retreated. Left alone, Staal made a final effort to force his way into the cabin, but wounded again and again, he gave up the fight and staggered back to the forecabin, where he nearly bled to death. The Indians had cleared the deck.

At the start of the trouble Anton Serein, the lookout, had taken refuge in the carpenter shop, adjoining the galley on the main deck. At dawn the Indians found him there, killed him and threw his body to the sharks. The ship's carpenter, E. Booth, was dragged from his quarters and murdered. The assassins then barricaded the doors of the forecabin so that no one could get out.

The only living man on the deck, except the Indians, was Ah

Say, the terrified Chinese cook. The mutineers told Ah Say that they intended to kill everyone on board excepting him and the captain's wife. To accomplish this it remained only for them to force the cabin, defended by the wounded captain, and obtain the ship's supply of firearms with which to shoot Sandburgh out of the rigging and dispatch the imprisoned crew the same way or leave them to die of thirst.

The Indians laid siege to the cabin. With planks from the carpenter shop they erected on the poop deck a two-man fortress, commanding the fore and aft companionways, the cabin windows and the skylight, which were the only means of egress from the cabin. Armed as they were with a harpoon and several javelins improvised by lashing knives to long shafts of wood, their position seemed impregnable. If the captain did not presently die of his wounds he must succumb eventually for want of water. The bed of the carpenter was hauled into the fortress so that one Indian might rest while the other stood guard. Ah Say was obliged to kill chickens and prepare a feast for the mutineers.

Upon finding the body of his second mate, Captain Clarke had returned to the cabin barely conscious (Continued on page 12)



By Wallgren





# A PERSONAL VIEW

by  
*Frederick Palmer*

WHAT A PLACE for a convention, Louisville! Not far from the center of population, half way between North and South, with the fair blue grass region at its back. A gracious old city with warm southern hospitality in a northern autumn! What more do we want when

## *Near the Home Town*

Louisville considers nothing too good for us? This in the State of Lincoln's birth, and of pioneers Clark, Todd, Boone, Logan, Kenton and Shelby, a section which saw the fiercest of Indian fighting.

MANY A LEGIONNAIRE who goes to the convention will see the Ohio for the first time. It is a noble river of noble memories. While others came by the Wilderness Road the Ohio bore downstream from old Fort Pitt many of the early settlers before the Revolution

## *On the Great River*

with their families, their seed and corn and cattle, their rifles ready to repel the attacks of the Shawnee braves. The Ohio was threshed by the paddlewheels in the great steamboat epoch before the railroads came.

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK said, when he was candidate for President in 1880, that the tariff was a local issue. So it is. Where sheep are grown the herders want a higher rate on wool. Where the wool is made into cloth the call is for a higher rate on cloth.

## *Tariff a Local Issue*

Orange growers want it on oranges; flax growers on flax; and machinery makers on machinery. And so on.

ALL THE LOCAL issues combine to make the national in tariff-making as in other things. A new industry or one that increases its product means more people employed, more money in the locality. Many such increases form the mighty total for the whole in interlocking production and consumption. The rub is the extra tax paid by the consumer to support an industry. The danger is favors to one interest at the expense of the whole.

## *But a Very Broad Issue*

AN EXAMPLE of the tariff as a local, not to say personal, issue was that sheep grower who, when a new tariff was under way, kept bombarding his Representative, in the name of patriotism, for an increase on wool. "Hold your fire until the wool schedule is before the Committee," the Representative told him. Later he telegraphed: "It's up next week. Come on with all the ammunition you have!" And the wool-grower telegraphed back: "No further interest. Have sold my sheep."

He Sold His Sheep

Committee," the Representative told him. Later he telegraphed: "It's up next week. Come on with all the ammunition you have!" And the wool-grower telegraphed back: "No further interest. Have sold my sheep."

THERE IS LESS than a pound of radium in the world which has ten million victims of cancer, for some forms of which radium is a cure. Its price is \$150,000 an ounce and was once \$300,000. First production was in Bohemia.

## *Precious Beyond Price*

Then we found ore bodies in our country from which one third of a pound was toilsomely extracted from 1912 to 1922. Big uranium deposits since discovered in the Belgian Congo now give Belgium mastery of much cheaper production. Private interests are charged with limiting production and holding up the price when radium treatment means life or death to so many people. There is talk of international control. In humanity's name, why not? Uniting to save lives seems as much in line for the nations as uniting to prevent the dope traffic taking and ruining lives.

IN LIMITING naval armament a yardstick for measuring tonnage and guns may be found by the world's vexed naval experts. But there is another element of naval strength in which there is no possible yardstick for parity and five-five-three. It created and mans large and small fighting machines and all machines. It is the relative efficiency, spirit, and guts of the men who direct the ships and serve the guns.

## *Yardsticks Do Not Apply*

FAR DOWN on the west coast of South America is Chile. Letters, if they made good connections, took twenty-eight days to arrive there from New York by steamer through the Panama Canal. It was two months before either end received an answer back. Now, by the new air-service, the twenty-eight is cut to eight. An answer may be back almost as quickly as from Paris or Berlin. The peoples of the two American continents are brought closer together. Practical flying magic, this, and effective peace propaganda.

## *More Flying Magic*

AFTER A WAR veterans think in terms of the weapons they used at the end. These were very much "the latest improved" as developed in battle's test. We forgot that progress in killing power keeps on in peace—progress to be brought to trial in the next war.

## *Making Worse Hell*

Our army has perfected a rifle doubling the fire power of the one the doughboys shouldered in France and the training camps; a 50-calibre machine gun with nearly twice the striking power of the 38; a 75-field gun with twice the range of the one that sprayed the barrages in front of our infantry in the Meuse-Argonne; and an 8-ton tank with twice the fire power and three times the speed (Continued on page 65)



# KEEPING

**L**EGIONNAIRES from all parts of South Carolina had a wonderful time at their department convention at Anderson in June. The weather was right and the beauty of the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains appealed to everybody. The war seemed back a century or more in history. To the survivors who took part in the festivities of the convention, it was fine just to be in good health and to talk over the old days.

But in the midst of the convention, a delegate brought to everybody's mind the vision of more than 25,000 disabled men in hospitals. The convention voted unanimously to extend greetings to them. Department Commander George D. Levy prepared a message which was duplicated on 900 printed scrolls. Legionnaires Howard Anthony and Walter Bewley of Anderson climbed in an airplane and carried the scrolls to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., where the scrolls were distributed among patients representing all the States. Harlan Wood, Commander of the District of Columbia Department, escorted the South Carolina Department's air messengers on their visit to the hospital wards. The Legion airmen flew back to Anderson the same day.

## Ride and Read

**I**F YOU know your railroads, you can now figure out a Monthly-with-you-all-the-way route when you are traveling between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts or between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. Eight of the country's principal railway systems have placed The American Legion Monthly on reading tables in their club cars and observation cars. Look the list over: the Pennsylvania, the Union Pacific, the Colorado and Southern, the Burlington, the Southern Pacific, the Illinois Central, the Chicago and North Western and the Wabash. Other roads have indicated they will join the list.

## Fraternizing

**N**OW and then a post of The American Legion has drawn a little public notice by entertaining at a meeting a German veteran of the World War, but Washington Post of Cincinnati, Ohio, held what it thinks is the Legion's first truly cosmopolitan post meeting—a rally for friends and former foes.

"We had as guests of honor former soldiers of the French,

British and German armies," reports Post Commander W. J. Devine. "The affair caught the public fancy immensely and was played up in the newspapers. A newspaper photographer got a picture of a D. S. C. man, a member of our post, shaking hands with a French veteran who had won the Croix de Guerre, a British veteran who got the Belgian Croix de Guerre, and a German veteran who had received his country's Iron Cross. It happened that the photographer was a Dane—a neutral in the war. One hundred were present at the meeting."

## Nautical Boy Scouts

**I**F YOU'LL look into the work of almost any Legion post you will likely hear a record of good work done in helping along the Boy Scouts, but how many posts can exhibit proudly a record of rearing a troop of Sea Scouts? Harry Ollrich Post of Mount Clemens, Michigan, is mighty happy over the things it has done in training the boys of its community in seamanship and the fine traditions of service afloat. It is especially proud

because this training hasn't been any perfunctory and theoretical stuff, but has been given on real ships in real water.

Sea Scouts, it seems, are not much different from Boy Scouts—they are merely nautical Boy Scouts, according to W. J. Marshall, Past Commander of the post and a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve. Mr. Marshall is the man who had the enterprise to go down to Washington in 1927 and purchase for the post's Sea Scout outfit a real warship. Not a very big one, to be sure, but one to stir the adventurous blood in any boy's veins. Mr. Marshall obtained from the Navy Department the

Submarine Chaser 227, veteran of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, a 110-foot craft with a mighty engine for her size. She had cost Uncle Sam almost \$75,000, and she made 18 knots in her service days.

"The S. C. 227 left Washington, D. C., in July, 1927, manned by our Sea Scouts, and arrived in Mount Clemens on August 12th," relates Mr. Marshall. "She came under her own power. Our route was down Chesapeake Bay and Canal to the Delaware River and to Bordentown, New Jersey; thence by way of the Raritan Canal to New York City; up the Hudson River to Troy; across New York State on the barge canal and into



*Goodbye, Broadway! One of many scenes recalled by the second anniversary of the Second A. E. F. Legionnaire Harry R. Schilling of Lafayette, Indiana, snapped this view from the back porch of the Leviathan in September, 1927*



# STEP

Lake Erie; through Lake Erie to Lake St. Clair and our home port. The long inland voyage was comparatively uneventful.

"The Sea Scout program begins with boys of fifteen. It teaches leadership and develops character. If in past marine disasters one Sea Scout could have been in each lifeboat, many more lives could have been saved. Our boys handle real seagoing lifeboats under sail and with oars. The boats are of the same size as those carried on the ocean liners, holding forty to fifty persons. A boy must learn to handle himself under any circumstances in the water, as well as how to help others."

## Remembered

**T**HE death of Mrs. Bessie Rochester Edwards, wife of the wartime commander of the 26th Division, was mourned by disabled service men throughout the United States. All through Massachusetts, and here and there in almost every other State, are disabled men who have been helped on the road to economic security through Mrs. Edwards' vision and directing ability. They are the men who have made in hospitals or their own homes the large number of articles sold in the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange in Boston, an institution founded by Mrs. Edwards in 1922 and conducted since that year with the help of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary.

Today the Ex-Service Men's Exchange is a memorial to Mrs. Edwards. The Legionnaires who assisted her are raising an endowment fund which will insure the continuance of the exchange, so that disabled men may not be deprived of the market for their handiwork. Allan Forbes of the State Trust Company in Boston is treasurer of the endowment fund. Contributions are being received from all parts of the country.

## Ohio Chimes

**E**VERY night at sundown the music of bells rings out from the tower of the county court house at Circleville, Ohio, a daily reminder of the town's sons who gave their lives in the World War. And every time a World War service man's funeral is held in Circleville, the same bells toll a requiem.

The chimes are played in Circleville today because of the

public spirit of William Foresman, whose will provided for a memorial to service men. Howard Hall Post of The American Legion decided that chimes would be a memorial most in keeping with Mr. Foresman's wishes expressed in his will.

"Mr. Foresman also left a fund which provides an annual income used in paying the players of the chimes," writes Charles H. Beck, Post Adjutant.

## Watch Detroit

**K**EEP watching Detroit," advises Fred W. Lyons, Adjutant of Fred W. Beaudry Post. "We have a potential American Legion membership of 50,000 in our city, and we are expecting every post to make big gains. One reason why the Legion will grow fast here is the recent opening of the Veterans Building, a center for all the units of all service men's organizations in Detroit. The building formerly was Detroit's art museum. To adapt it for the use of service men's societies, the city spent \$150,000 in equipping and refurbishing it.

Fifty-three posts and units of the four major service men's outfits contracted for reservations in the building before it was opened. The building has five large assembly halls, two banquet rooms, a large auditorium and a ball room in addition to card rooms and lounging rooms."

## Festival, History

**D**ISABLED men, patients in the Veterans Bureau hospital at Livermore, California, were honor guests when San Leandro (California) Post conducted in June the annual San Leandro Cherry Festival, which was attended by more than fifty

thousand visitors. The post conducts the festival for an entire week each year under authority granted by the board of city trustees. Post Commander Douglas Cormack was director-general of this year's festival, the proceeds from which will be used in paying for the post's clubhouse, according to Newton W. Armstrong, Past Historian of the Department of California.

Mr. Armstrong also adds that, since 1929 is the Legion's tenth anniversary year and everybody is interested in promoting historical accuracy, now is a good time to clear up a little point on the early history of his department concerning which the Monthly has been in error.



*Hello, France! Here's the old Levi again, as she lay in the harbor at Cherbourg on the historic Legion pilgrimage just two years ago. Incidentally, a mighty fine view of the Leviathan's dummy smokestack remembered by wartime passengers*



# K E E P I N G S T E P

"I notice that the Monthly has referred to Peter B. Kyne as the first Historian of the Department of California," writes Mr. Armstrong. "In reality, the first Historian of the department was Stewart Edward White, eminent California writer who served as a major in the 'Grizzly' regiment of California field artillery, 40th Division. Mr. Kyne was elected Department Historian at the second department convention at San Diego in 1920. He also served in the Grizzlies, as a captain of field artillery. The Grizzlies grew out of a before-the-war cavalry troop in San Francisco, a society outfit, organized by Thornwall Mullaley, colonel with the Grizzlies in France, now a brigadier general."

## Work for 100,000

THE army of Government workers who will begin on April 1, 1930, the job of gathering the material for the 1930 decennial census of the United States will be composed almost entirely of World War service men and veterans of other wars. Dr. William M. Steuart, director of the census, has assured Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, that in the appointment of 570 supervisors, who will have immediate charge of the enumeration, and 100,000 enumerators, who will do the house-to-house work, preference will be accorded to war veterans, as provided by census law.

Dr. Steuart called attention to this statute:

"That hereafter in making appointments to clerical and other positions in the executive branch of the Government in the District of Columbia or elsewhere preference shall be given to honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines, and widows of such, and to the wives of injured soldiers, sailors and marines, who themselves are not qualified, but whose wives are qualified, to hold such positions. . . . All such temporary appointments shall be made in conformity with the civil service laws and rules. . . . In making any appointments under this Act to positions in the District of Columbia or elsewhere preference shall be given to persons discharged under honorable conditions from the military or naval forces of the United States who served in such forces during the time of war and were disabled in line of duty, to their widows, and to their wives if husbands are not qualified to hold such positions."



Legionnaire Harry H. Gardiner, "Human Fly," has thrilled every big city by climbing tall buildings. Here he is, going up in Washington, D. C., at a Legion benefit climb

"It should be understood, however," Dr. Steuart commented, "that a preference applicant appointed to a temporary field position should not take the job unless he is physically able to do the work and it is his intention to see it through; and he should have qualifications equal to those of other applicants."

Under the rules announced, the 570 supervisors will be responsible for the selection of the enumerators in their districts.

Each enumerator will be required to complete the work in his district within thirty days after the commencement of the enumeration, except in communities of 2,500 inhabitants or more, in which the enumeration must be completed within two weeks. Enumerators will be paid on a per capita basis, total compensation ranging from \$75 to \$125. They must be residents of the political subdivisions in which they are employed. Other qualifications are explained as follows in a government bulletin: "The census requires as enumerators active, energetic persons of good address and thorough trustworthiness. They must have at least an ordinary education and be able to write plainly and with reasonable rapidity. Each applicant will be given a practical test—consisting of the filling out of a sample schedule—to determine his fitness in the event of appointment."

Application blanks for the position of enumerator may be obtained by addressing the Director of the Census, Washington, D. C. Prospective applicants usually will find in the newspapers of their communities information helpful to them, including names of supervisors who will make local selections.

## Fore!

THE golf bug is a swifter traveler and a more devastating campaigner than the corn borer or the Mediterranean fruit fly. The completeness of his conquest of Indiana was demonstrated in August when the Indiana Grande Voiture of the Forty and Eight staged at Indianapolis its first annual golf tournament, in which appeared fifty-four near-champions representing posts in many parts of the State. Frederick C. Pain-ton of Hilton U. Brown Post of Indianapolis, formerly publicity director of National Headquarters of The American Legion and



Winter is the season for entertainments most places, but in California they're at it all the time. A front-of-the-curtain view of the escort and retinue of the Queen of San Diego Post's Mardi Gras Ball



# K E E P I N G S T E P

now a writer of fiction, won the tournament with a gross score of 82 and a net score of 70. The tournament was followed by a dinner at which many prizes were handed out.

"Next year we'll have two or three times as many players in the tournament," predicts Phil Clemens, Correspondant of the Indiana Grande Voiture. "If the Forty and Eight in other States will conduct tournaments also, we may be able to have a national tournament under Forty and Eight auspices in Boston or Los Angeles, whichever city happens to get the Legion's 1930 national convention. All those in favor of this please say aye!"

## Looking Backward

THE photograph showing the Paris Caucus of The American Legion, published as an illustration with Franklin D'Olier's article, "When We Were Very Young," in the August issue of the Monthly, awakened memories of that caucus in the minds of several Legionnaires.

"I went to the Paris caucus as a delegate from the Eighty-first Division," writes Walter B. Beals of Olympia, Washington, judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington. "I was then a lieutenant colonel and the division's judge advocate. My only participation in the proceedings of the caucus was to move an amendment to the motion to appoint a committee to wait upon General Pershing and inform him that the caucus was ready to proceed to business. The chairman had appointed three commissioned officers as the committee.

"Inasmuch as both enlisted men and officers composed the caucus, the selection seemed to me wrong, and I moved an amendment to the motion, raising the number of the committee to five. I stated in support of my motion that I made it to give the chairman an opportunity to name two enlisted men on the committee. The amendment was adopted and the chairman cheerfully followed the suggestion. It seemed to me that it was important so early in the caucus that the principle of absolute equality in ranks should be fully recognized."

J. B. Wood of St. Albans, Vermont, treasurer for the receivers of the Central Vermont Railway Company, recalls a humorous incident of the caucus.

"The question of negro troops representation in the new veterans society was being discussed," he writes. "An old lieutenant colonel from the South got up and said: 'Gentlemen, I represent the A.W.O.L.'s, the S.O.L.'s and any other O.L.'s not included in other divisions. This question, gentlemen, was never asked us in political campaigns. Why bring it up here? Each State can handle it for itself.'

"The one thing that struck me deeply was the sincerity of all the delegates to the caucus. I think everyone realized the responsibility he was shouldering in respect to veterans' welfare and the power for good veterans could exercise. I was commissioned a second lieutenant on April 3, 1917, and was discharged as a captain with the 103d Machine Gun Battalion on May 1, 1919."

## St. Charles Remembers

IF ANYBODY yet believes memories of the World War are growing dimmer he should have been here on June 22d when we dedicated a county World War memorial," writes R. B. Weber, Adjutant of St. Charles (Missouri) Post. "This is not a large town but the parade that preceded the dedication was two miles long and members of ten Legion posts marched in it by delegations. The memorial itself is somewhat unusual. Missouri has a law, passed in 1919, which specifies that the State shall contribute an equal amount, up to \$1,000, to any fund provided by a county for a World War memorial. To build our memorial—a building in Blanchette Park—the State and county appropriations of \$1,000 each were supplemented by \$2,000 donated by the Loyal Order of Moose, \$700 from our post treasury and a sizable additional amount provided by the park board.

"Portage des Sioux Post captured the prize offered for the best float exhibited in the parade. Its exhibit was called 'The First Pioneers.' Just as the dedica-



*Legionnaire Tom Eadie of Newport (Rhode Island) Post is the country's best-known deep-sea diver. The nation watched while he worked after the disasters to the submarines S-4 and S-51*



*All Minnesota knows the Flapper Drum Corps of Robert LeRoy Adamson Post of Fergus Falls, a hard-boiled aggregation which looks as if it had a lot of former top kicks and mess sergeants*



# K E E P I N G S T E P

tion ceremonies were beginning the Army dirigible C-52 from Scott Field, Illinois, appeared above the trees of the park, circled a few times and then descended to within a few feet of the top of the memorial building. Colonel John A. Paegelow, commander of the air forces at Scott Field, released a wreath of roses which gently fell from the sloping roof into the arms of a little girl. She placed the wreath before the memorial tablet upon which are engraved the names of forty-nine St. Charles County men who gave their lives in the war."

## Foursomes

WHEN National Commander Paul V. McNutt attended the initiation of twenty-seven new members at Ogden, Utah, an event conducted annually for each new National Commander by Herman Baker Post, he met all the new men individually.

"Meet Mr. Manning," said National Executive Committeeman R. L. Olsen, introducing one of the initiates. "Mr. Wallace Manning," he added. "And meet also, David Manning. James Manning and Alfred Manning."

"I wonder if the initiation of four brothers at a single post meeting doesn't constitute a record?" queries Mr. Olsen. "All four of the Mannings live at Hooper, Utah, a community eight miles from Ogden, and none of them had belonged to the American Legion in any preceding year."

Well, one has to step fast to establish a record of any sort in the Legion. In Cleveland, Ohio, Compensable Post was equaling Herman Baker Post's claim just about the time Mr. Olsen was advancing it.

"Our post has just signed up four brothers at a single shot," bulletined Frank J. O'Malley, Post Commander. "They are Clearys—Frank J., John J., Patrick W. and Robert Michael—and every one has a pretty rugged battle record. Our post, you know, is composed entirely of men who receive compensation for disability in the World War."

## Here and There in Georgia

ALMOST anywhere you happen to be in Georgia these days you can find a good example of work done by an American Legion post for the benefit of its community.

If you happen to visit Dawson, Georgia, you'll see the new clubhouse of Davis-Daniel Post which until recently was the Dawson Inn, a pretentious hotel. The post bought it not only for its own home but also as a community center. Before buying the hotel, the post had established a community swimming pool at a cost of \$4,000, and for several years past had conducted the county fair. The post has had an average membership of 90 for three years, although the number of eligibles in its county is only 68.

No one goes to Albany, Georgia, without seeing the new home of Albany Post. Up until a short time ago, it was the Kinchafony Country Club, and when the post took over the club's holdings it got, in addition to the clubhouse, forty-five acres of land, including a nine-hole golf course and a swimming pool.

There is a new stadium in Milledgeville, Georgia, and Morris-Little Post raised the funds for it and supervised its construction. The stadium is used by the students of Georgia Military College and was erected by the post as a World War memorial to the boys of the town who gave their lives in the World War, most of whom had attended the college. On the college campus also are rows of memorial trees planted by Nancy Hart Chapter of the D. A. R. in honor of World War service men.

One of the first things to attract your attention in Cordele, Georgia, is a "Protect Our Children" traffic sign, one of many erected by Crisp County Post. Anybody will tell you the post has done a lot of other things: organized the first Legion emergency relief unit in Georgia; sponsored the establishment and equipment of playgrounds; organized a rifle and pistol team; promoted interest in the National Guard by offering a medal for the best-drilled man and gave a flag to the town high school.

The busy citizen of Thomasville, Georgia, who hadn't given much thought to the character of The American Legion, who may have thought of the Legion as an organization living entirely on the memory of battle days, got a new understanding of Legion ideals when he visited the annual rose show of his city. The ten thousand visitors to the show saw the first prize exhibit at the show which was not the work of professional florists but was entirely the product of the minds and hands of the Legionnaires of T. L. Spence Post of Thomasville.

The prize exhibit was a huge bed of roses, in size and form suggesting the

Colonial beds which have been

handed down in Thomasville

from generation to generation since George

Washington's time. The

post members used

15,000 roses in making the bed. Later,

citizens of Thomasville gained added respect for their town's

Legion post when it led in the campaign for the

establishment of a county tuberculosis hospital, according to Legionnaire J. K. Harper.

This random record of what Georgia posts are doing can be matched, incidentally, by posts in almost any State.



Four brothers—Wallace, David, James and Alfred Manning—joined Herman Baker Post of Ogden, Utah, en masse on the night National Commander Paul V. McNutt (center) attended the initiation of a class of twenty-seven new Legionnaires

## Forty-Three Years

THOUSANDS of Legionnaires are members of the National Guard but David W. E. Allen Post of the Bronx, New York City, believes that

no other Legionnaire has equalled the National Guard record of the post's Senior Past Commander, William B. Love.

"Mr. Love has just completed forty-three years of active service in the New York National Guard," reports Louis G. Michael, Post Adjutant. "Is it a record? Mr. Love served in France with the 105th Field Artillery."

## Wisconsin's Way

IN THE eighties and nineties the virgin woods of northern Wisconsin rang with the endless music of logger's axe and buzzing saws. Today there are countless square miles of tree-stripped lands in that section where seedlings and saplings are struggling to regain their woodland heritage. When the Wisconsin Department of The American Legion several years ago established a forest preserve and wild game refuge of several thousand acres about Tomahawk Lake it was laying broader foundations for sane reforestation than it realized. This spring, as the result of the success of the original Legion undertaking, the Wisconsin State Legislature voted that The American Legion should be made custodian of forty square miles of state-owned land in two townships of Oneida County, in the heart of the reforestation area. The land thus bestowed adjoins the original Legion tracts which have provided a rest camp for hundreds of disabled service men this summer and a vacation center for Legionnaires of all Wisconsin Legion posts. The huge tract set aside by the Legislature's action is known as The American Legion Memorial State Park. The *Badger Legionnaire* describes the new tract this way:

"It is the park of Northern Lights, of leaping bass, of muskellunge that plunge like Hell 'n Maria, (Continued on page 66)





# THEN AND NOW



*Armistice Day Greetings—School for the  
Care of Animals—Fraternizing, Plus!—Lost Legion  
Colors—Scotland Post Makes Its Bow—Outfit Reunions*

**M**OST outfits during the World War probably crabbed as much about Company Clerks (or their equivalents in the Navy) as they did about hard-boiled Top Kicks. Often such crabbing was justified. And this present Company Clerk feels that some of the Gang are crabbing about him and with a reason. But, Gang, stop to consider that this Company Clerk is handicapped.

One of the most important services we would like to render is impossible because of an insufficient bulletin board in the form of these Then and Now columns. That service is helping vets to find their old buddies. Even the unusually fine co-operation of the Adjutant General's Office doesn't help much because the fellows move around and it's hard to keep track of them.

And to publish all such requests we receive, considering the size of our department or of the magazine itself, for that matter, is a physical impossibility.

Notwithstanding that condition, we're ready to broadcast a word or two which Department Adjutant J. M. Caldwell of the North Carolina Legion has to say about Armistice Day greetings:

"A certain lieutenant almost lost his life at St. Mihiel while saving the life of his corporal. On each Armistice Day from 1919 through 1926 that lieutenant received a letter from the corporal who tried to express his thanks and appreciation for the debt he could never repay. In September, 1927, the lieutenant died—his nerves completely shattered as a result of his wounds. If you could know how much those letters meant to that lieutenant each Armistice Day, we feel you would understand why we are now advocating the use of greeting cards and letters among Legionnaires and veterans generally on Armistice Day.

"Armistice Day is the Legion's and the service men's own holiday. It will be what we make it. Eleven years have passed since that original Armistice Day. It is no easy matter to sit down and write to an old buddy whom you promised eleven years ago you would keep in touch with.

"How better can this silence be broken than with Armistice Day greetings from one old buddy to another?

Who can estimate the number of renewed friendships, as well as the good will and fellowship which is bound to follow? Who can imagine the cheer which such greetings will bring to those disabled comrades of ours who are now lying flat on their backs in Government hospitals?

"There could be humorous or serious greetings—written in soldier language.

"Let's start right now and vitalize the Legion's tenets by the general use of Armistice Day greetings."

All of which we heartily endorse. All of which we'd like to further by locating those old buddies but we're handicapped.

**I**N LINE with the suggestion made by Ellwood J. Hoffman in *Then and Now* in the May Monthly," writes Adjutant Alex M. Stewart of Scotland Post of the Legion in Glasgow, "our post wants to tell you that some photographs are available here. Although not outfit pictures, they would probably be of

almost equal interest to buddies who survived the *Tuscania* and *Otranto* disasters, or to relatives of those who were lost.

"The pictures, taken on the island of Islay, Scotland, consist of groups of survivors, of the burial services and of the graves afterwards, parts of the coast showing wreckage, and services on Memorial Day, 1919.

"There are too many to mention them all here, but anyone can get a list from the publisher, Archibald Cameron, Douglas House, Bowmore, Islay, Scotland, or through Scotland Post.

"Enclosed is a small snapshot of the memorial to the Americans lost on the *Tuscania* and *Otranto*. The memorial stands like a lighthouse on the Mull of Oa, Islay, looking out over the Atlantic. There is also available an excellent dry point of the memorial, about eight by eleven inches in size.

"The dead from these two disasters were all buried on Islay, originally, but now only four graves remain. The other bodies have either been sent home to the States or removed to the American Cemetery at Brookwood, Surrey, England.

"There are just eleven American war veterans buried in the West of Scotland and if relatives or friends wish pictures of individual graves, we should be glad to arrange to have them made. Our address is 48 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, Scotland."

And now we'll let you in on a post-script which Adjutant Stewart labeled "For your own private ear." He says, "Times do change. *Then*, I never imagined that I would ever call a Company Clerk 'Buddy.' The Company Clerks I met in the Army were a lot of lousy bums, if you don't mind the expression. *Now*, it's different. But *you* weren't a Company Clerk in the Army, anyway, I bet. Maybe you weren't even in the Army; maybe you're one of them Navy guys."

As it happens we did serve in that lowly capacity for probably a month in the early days of our service career—and what's more, we kept friends with the company anyway.

**S**AD news for those vets of Battery E, 18th Field Artillery, who trained with that outfit in Fort Bliss, Texas. Their old Battery mascot, Captain Nuts, who was introduced to the *Then and Now* Gang in April by picture and story and who held membership card Number 2 in our Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War has "gone west."

Mrs. Ada Heger of St. Joseph, Missouri, to whom the dog was sent when Battery E sailed for overseas service, tells us that the Captain passed away on August 3d. He had been with Mrs. Heger since January, 1918, when he was placed in her care by Corporal Herbert S. Jones of Battery E and lived to the ripe old age of almost fifteen years.

According to our records, we had a total of seven members in the Association of Surviving Mascots—Mlle. Verdun, French-born mule, member Number 1, five dogs who were veterans of the Army and one monkey, the only Navy representative. Now our membership roster is reduced to only six surviving mascots.

Surely there must be more sur- (Continued on page 42)



*High on the Mull of Oa, Isle of Islay, off the west coast of Scotland, stands this memorial to the Americans lost on the *Tuscania* and *Otranto*. Adjutant Alex M. Stewart of Scotland Post sent the print*



# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

# OLD

# CONCEALED NAME

*Ask us another if we haven't answered here every question ever asked about it*

There are 48 states in the Union, but there's a touch of Missouri in each and every one. A bit of the good old "show me" spirit. Everywhere there are charter members of the Skeptics Society; and their slogan is "prove it."

And prove it we will . . . answer cheerfully, and finally, every question ever brought up about the care and fairness used in making the Concealed Name Cigarette Test.

When a cigarette scores 112 victories out of 116 public tests, with more than 100,000 people participating . . . the public is entitled to know how the tests have been conducted.

So . . . here are the questions most frequently heard . . . and the answers, never published heretofore. We think we've covered every one. If not, well, ask us another . . . or as many more as you can think of.



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



..... *about the famous*

# GOLD

## CIGARETTE TEST



*Question:* Does OLD GOLD publish the score of every public test taken?

*Answer:* Yes . . . win, lose or draw!

*Question:* Is OLD GOLD always the same number?

*Answer:* No. In the actual tests there are no numbers on the cigarette masks. The smoker, himself, tears off the masks and finds out *for himself* which brand he has chosen as best.

*Question:* Is the Concealed Name Test a "guessing contest" . . . does the smoker attempt to guess brand names?

*Answer:* Decidedly not! The smoker states only which cigarette tastes best to him, and does *not* try to guess the brand name.

*Question:* Who conducts these tests?

*Answer:* *Never* the makers of OLD GOLD, or their agents. The tests are conducted either by certified public accountants or officials of the organization or institution

under whose auspices the tests are given.

*Question:* Are all competing brands equally fresh and in the same condition?

*Answer:* All four brands are purchased before each test at the same time, in the same store, out of regular retail stock, just as the public buys them . . . and the clerk who sells them *certifies* the purchase.

*Question:* Does the official conducting the test know which cigarette is which while the smoker is making the test?

*Answer:* No! The cigarettes are arranged in sets of four . . . one each of the four leading brands. Then they are masked . . . their names completely concealed. When the official hands out these masked cigarettes it is impossible for him, or anyone, to know one from another.

*Question:* Can a smoker tell by a few puffs which cigarette his taste likes best?

*Answer:* Nature has given us keen senses of taste and smell. Need you *live* with a rose to recognize its fragrance? Need you eat *all* of an egg to know that it is fresh?

• • • • •

WHY not make this test yourself in your own home? We'll be happy to send you a set of the brand name masks and complete instructions. Write to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., New York City . . . makers of OLD GOLD Cigarettes . . . NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD.



# ❧ THEN and NOW ❧

(Continued from page 39)

vivors who would like to gain admittance to this exclusive society. How about those long-lived parrots in the Navy of which we heard?

Didn't any of the Army Nurse Corps have mascots or any of the aviation squadrons or the A.P.O.'s?

NOT so long ago we questioned in these columns why it was that goats seemed to predominate as official mascots in the Navy and why a representative of that tribe of animals rated the same honor in the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. While that question hasn't been answered, we found that dogs also served with the gobs, as well as monkeys.

To show that the Navy believed in variety in mascots, we now have on hand pictures of three bears who were service sponsors. One of these bears is pictured on this page and with her is James B. Livingstone of DeKalb, Illinois, ex-quarter-master 2cl, who tells this yarn about her and her associate:

"The enclosed snapshot I am sure will bring back memories to every gob who received his training at Great Lakes. The bunch of fur braced up against my chest is Susie Bear. She and John Bear (probably her brother) were mascots of Camp Farragut at Great Lakes.

"These two animals were presented to Ensign John Sharpe, Commanding Officer of Camp Farragut, and soon became pets of that camp. Unfortunately John Bear passed away and shortly afterward a tough variety of meat was served to the ship's company and the rumor was circulated that bear steak was in order. Many gobs will remember how that rumor spoiled the appetites of those not in the know.

"The snapshot was taken in the early summer of 1918 by one Red Grogan. Probably someone may have kept track of Susie and she may be eligible for your Surviving Mascots Association. I went from Great Lakes to Pelham Bay Station, then to the Submarine Base at New London, Connecticut, and saw service on subchasers out of that port."

Ex-gob Livingstone, who is now Business Manager of Northern Illinois State Teachers College in DeKalb, adds that he is endeavoring to make a collection of poems dealing with service life during the World War—the sort of verse that was composed by amateurs, more-or-less, and appeared in camp papers. He invites Then-and-Nowers to send him their prize service poems and intends to publish them in book form for distribution. He would like to know the names of the authors and in what service publications the verses appeared.

Pictures of the other two bears mentioned—one of the Navy, the other of the Army—will show up in these columns eventually. Our menagerie is increasing.

Since we're on the ever-recurring subject of service mascots we might tell you that we have word of some of the boy mascots who have been introduced to the Gang. We'll relay the information whenever we find space in our official bulletin board.



*James B. Livingstone posed with Susie Bear, one of the two bear mascots of Camp Farragut, Great Lakes Naval Training Station*

NOTWITHSTANDING our lack of a D. C. I. background, we can modestly admit that now and then we have done a little successful sleuthing in these columns and out of them—but only through the co-operation of members of the Then and Now Gang.

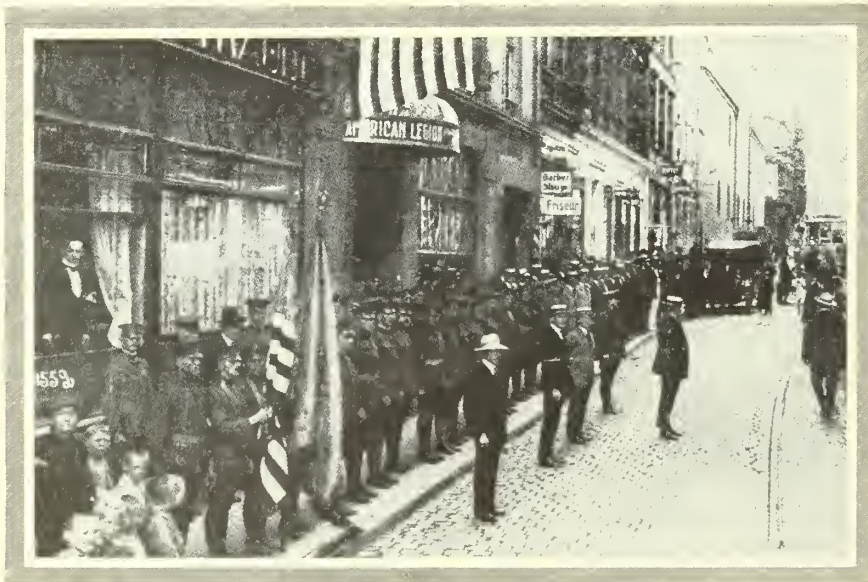
One problem brought to our attention last January is still unsolved but we're still in hopes of completing this case. It concerns the present whereabouts of the stand of colors of the original Amaroc Post of the Legion, which was chartered in May, 1920, by men still in the American Forces in Germany. This post had its headquarters in Coblenz and in its early days was presented with an American flag and a Legion banner by the Knights of Columbus.

In January last we broadcast the plea of Department Adjutant Joe M. Carr of Georgia for assistance in locating this stand of colors. This plea was made on behalf of a newly-organized Legion post in Fort Screven, Georgia, which had in its charter membership twelve men who at one time were members of the original Amaroc Post and which revived the name of this post. The first post surrendered its charter on April 12, 1923, after the American troops had been withdrawn from the Rhineland.

William A. Ashdown of Woodhaven Post, Brooklyn, New York, offered the information that he had been a member of Amaroc Post until it disbanded in January, 1923. He adds that "at the last meeting it was decided to turn in the charter and colors to National Headquarters. At the meeting one of the officers of the post, a Mr. Kingston, ex-captain of the United States Army and a member of the Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission, volunteered to return the charter and the stand of colors."

Some research disclosed the fact that the charter was surrendered to the Department of Continental Europe (now the Department of France) of the Legion on April 12, 1923, but no information regarding the fate of the colors is obtainable.

Later, Legionnaire John J. Faulkner of New York City sent to us a small booklet containing a (Continued on page 44)



*Amaroc Post, The American Legion, and the V. F. W. lined up in front of Legion headquarters, Coblenz, Germany, on Memorial Day, 1921. In the foreground, Amaroc Post's colors which a newer Amaroc Post of Fort Screven, Georgia, is trying to recover. What became of these flags?*





## Rob yourself of sleep . . .

*but you can't rob the Gillette Blade of its sure, smooth shave*

**A**FACE drawn and tight from lack of sleep, a slapdash lather and a hurry-up shave—it can't ruin the even temper of a Gillette Blade, even though it may wreck your own!

On such mornings lather extra thoroughly and treat yourself to a fresh Gillette Blade. You're sure then of the smooth, even, comfortable shave which has been honed and stropped into *every* Gillette Blade by machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Every Gillette Blade *must* be even and sure. To guarantee that,

four out of every nine of our blade department employees are inspectors and are paid a bonus for detecting every blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.



**T**HE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

No two men have identically the same kind of beard. No man gives his Gillette the same kind of job to do every morning. A dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. The Gillette Blade alone remains constant.

Eight out of ten American men count on the Gillette Blade to do its job *well* every morning. It does. Witness the smooth faces of American men today. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

# Gillette





## ❧ THEN and NOW ❧

(Continued from page 42)

history of Amaroc Post. One of the illustrations from the book is shown on page 42. This booklet showed the name of Harry L. Kingston as Finance Officer and we ascertained that Kingston gave as his address in July, 1920, the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission, Coblenz, Germany. Kingston's home town was San Francisco.

Now with the photograph before us and with all available facts spread on the table, let us hope that some former member of the Coblenz Amaroc Post can throw additional light on the disposal of the stand of colors or that Harry L. Kingston comes forward and tells us where he delivered the colors—provided he assumed charge of them.

**W**HILE I was with the Army of Occupation with Company B, 355th Infantry, 89th Division," reports Legionnaire P. David Einrem of Springfield, South Dakota, "we were stationed in Nittel, Germany, for nearly three months.

"I was billeted with an aged couple who had one girl and two boys at home, all over 25 years of age. While I was there the older son got married. His wife-to-be lived in Trier, Germany, so on the day of the wedding his mother, brother and more of his relatives went to Trier for the ceremony. The wedding dinner, however, was to be held in Nittel.

"Before leaving, 'Mother' (as we called the Mrs. of the house) came to me and asked if I would help Marie, her daughter, get dinner ready. I told her sure I would if there was anything I could do. I had plenty of time because I was in charge of an outpost with three men on my guard detail and they would relieve each other at the proper time even if I wasn't always there to supervise the relief—that is, unless they had taken on too much wine or schnapps. In the latter instance, sometimes I would have to stand guard myself.

"I actually believe I made a good K. P. because when the wedding party returned, everything was ready. I didn't want to butt in on them, so I went to my room and got my cap and blouse and was on my way out when 'Mother' spied me. There

was no getting away—I had to stay and have dinner with them. I sat at the first table beside the bridegroom and had all I wanted to eat and drink.

"After dinner, they went outside to have their picture taken while I stood back watching them get grouped. When they were all set, 'Mother' noticed me again and insisted that I get into the picture, with the others chiming in on the invitation. I told them I didn't think they would want an American soldier in their wedding picture, but it wasn't any use—I had to join them. I'll remember that wedding about as long as I will my own—if I ever have one!"

Since we suggest in the caption on Einrem's picture that his experience was a case of fraternizing, plus, it can be readily assumed that those American soldiers who brought back German brides violated that flexible Army order even more. Don't you think that there are more good stories about violations of stringent Army rules going to waste? Why not send them in to us.

**O**FFICERS who were students in "The School for the Care of Animals" in the A. E. F. will learn with regret that Roy Bellah, formerly of Ventura County Post, Ventura, California, has passed away. The Company Clerk received a letter from Roy in December last and before he could use this interesting contribution in Then and Now, word was received that he had passed away on January 1, 1929.

Now, upon request of Post Adjutant Anthony Natale, and with the permission of Mrs. Bellah, we are going to let you read our late comrade's letter:

"In Then and Now in the December Monthly you prove that American cavalry was in France. I feel positive that several score of captains and lieutenants (at that time) have a fair recollection of encountering F Troop of the Second Cavalry in the battle of 'The School for the Care of Animals' at Bar-sur-Aube in the spring of '19. This specialized training school for officers was located at First Army Headquarters.

"These officers were sent in from (Continued on page 78)



*Fraternizing with the enemy? That, plus, in this instance according to Legionnaire P. David Einrem of Springfield, South Dakota. This ex-A. E. F.-er, top center in the picture, was an honored guest at the marriage feast of the son of the house in which he was billeted in Nittel, Germany, in 1919*



# When minutes mean life itself... *ELGIN keeps the time*

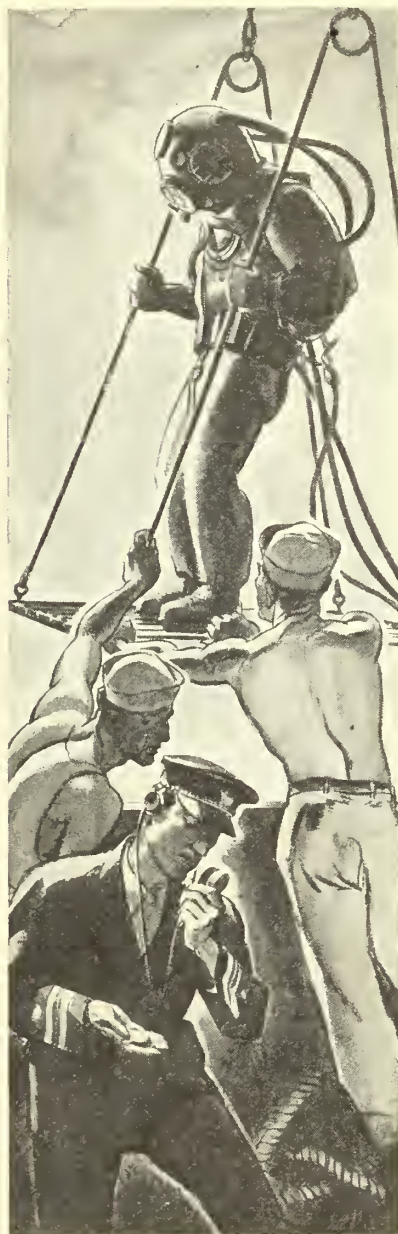


COMMANDER ELLSBERG who raised the sunken submarine S-51... Author of "On the Bottom."

Down twenty fathoms to the slither and muck of the ocean floor where death dwells in the queer green twilight, slowly sinks a diver.

On deck men stand intent at the air lines... eyes fixed to the stream of bubbles rising from the diver going down, eyes fixed to the air gauges... and to the creeping hands of an ELGIN.

For here... as the heroes of the Falcon salvaged the sunken submarine S-51... life itself was measured by time. Let time fail... let a watch deceive the man at the air-pressure controls... and the "bends" will attack the diver... that strange

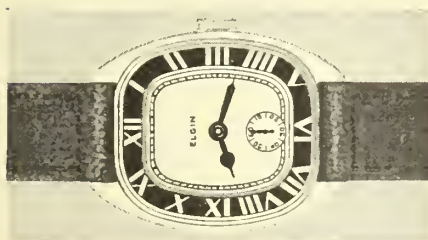


deep-sea affliction that bends men into knots, that maims and twists and paralyzes... its perils are vividly set forth in Ellsberg's book "On the Bottom."

Here was no mild and ordinary test of timekeeping. Here was the grimmest, hardest test a watch can know. For here life itself was pinned to the hands of a watch.

The odds are certain that you will never don a diving suit and explore the ocean's depths. Perhaps you'll never pilot a plane... nor run a locomotive. Never call upon your watch to share in some vast heroic service. Yet there's pride in owning such a watch that would be worth the payment of a higher price.

But there is no higher price... ELGINS meet and compete in price with every watch of comparable quality. And as for its accuracy, its timekeeping, its utter dependability... ask Ellsberg... or any admiral, general, railroad man from engineer to president, ask any aviator who has told us... and you... how finely their ELGINS have served them. And just ask your jeweler to show you his array... as for ELGIN'S style and smart good looks.



ELGIN Legionnaire worn by Commander Edward Ellsberg. No sturdier, smarter wrist watch has ever been created at this price, \$24.

© ELGIN, 1929



Another Elgin favorite, the famous B. W. Raymond 21 jewel movement, \$65



Another Legionnaire... just as sturdy, just as faithful in its ELGIN timekeeping, with stream line case, smart flexible band. \$23.

ELGIN WATCHES ARE AMERICAN MADE



# Bursts and Duds

## AWOL

Captain: "What's become of those prisoners I sent out with you to clean the stables?"

Guard: "I really couldn't say, sir. The details have escaped me."

## AMPLE PROOF

A New York man-about-town, one of those wise lads who practically invented Manhattan, was showing an outland friend the sights of the hamlet. About three in the morning they dropped in at a night club. As they were imbibing their six-dollar ginger ale the hostess paused at the table and fixed a fishy eye on the urbanite.

"Get out of here!" she commanded brusquely. "I don't like you."

"See?" said the New Yorker proudly to his friend. "See? They all know me here."

## PRE-THE-NEXT-WAR

"Have you any more of that 1873 champagne?" asked the lady customer.

"Oh, I can give you something better than that," answered the bootlegger who believed that honesty is the best policy. "This was bottled about 12:15."

## THE OLD ARMY GAME

He and she were in a night club, and the sun was on the point of going to work for the day.

"Let's go home," she suggested discontentedly.

"Why?" he remonstrated. "The party is just getting mellow."

"Well," she explained, "the hostess said we were going to be raided at three o'clock and it's after four now, and I don't like to be gypped that way."

## LOCATED

"I'm in love," chortled Jimpson, "I'm in love with a chorus girl."

"Is it the first one?" asked Simpson.

"No—last row, second from the left."

## "I REMEMBER ONE TIME—"

Mrs. A. E. F. Smith, wife of that fellow Smith who was in the war once, had moved into a new neighborhood. An old friend came to call on her.

"Are you enjoying the society around here?" she asked.

"Not yet," returned the missus. "We're still having callers who haven't heard about the time my husband was in France."

## LOVE AND WAR

The big Spite Battle of the Century was on.

"Let's stall around for a while tonight an' split the purse," suggested Dreadful Dugan in a whisper, as the pugs met in the center of the ring. "O. K.?"

"Sure," agreed Horrible Hogan, "or else we kin go out in the alley an' fight for it afterwards."

## PACKED AUDITORIUM

"I attended a conference of bank vice-presidents last night," stated the Little Napoleon of the financial world.

"How many banks were represented?" asked his friend.

"One."

## TRANSLATION

It was their first day in a military camp and the two colored recruits were sitting in the kitchen more or less industriously removing the skins from potatoes.

"Huccum," demanded the first, "huccum dat officer keeps callin' us K. P.—K. P.?"

"Hesh yo' mouf, iggorance," advised the second. "Dat am de abbreviation fo' 'Keep peelin'—keep peelin'.'"

## OUT OF BOUNDS

A certain gob who desired the reputation of being the Great Lover of the Seven Seas was trying out his stuff on a new feminine acquaintance.

"Now, now," she tittered, "I don't believe a word you say. I'll bet you've got a sweetheart in every port you ever touched."

"No ma'am," the Lothario admitted modestly. "There was two of them ports I didn't draw no pay in."

## PROVE IT!

The farmer had taken in a poetic-looking youth to help during the summer and was bitterly regretting his bargain.

"The man worth while is the man with the smile when everything goes dead wrong," quoted the lyrical assistant agriculturalist.

"Yes!" snapped his boss. "You smiled when you broke my harrow, and you smiled when my team ran away on you, and you smiled when my thrasher went to pieces, and you smiled when my tractor blew up—now let's see you smile when I tell you to look for another job!"

## ONE STEP DOWN

"Don't you think the yes-man is the lowest form of animal life?"

"Not quite. There's the yes-sir-man."

## LOST TIME

He had taken her to an expensive dinner and topped this off with a visit to the most popular of the musical comedies, where seats were at a premium. As they were climbing into a taxi the girl turned to him.

"Oh, George," she cooed, "I wonder if there's any excitement at the Gilded Lillies Supper Club as early as this. What time is it?"

For answer he extracted a small card from his wallet.

"You can tell for yourself," he said, "if you can read this pawn ticket."

## MIGHT BE TRUE

"So you want to get off this afternoon, eh?" snorted the boss sarcastically. "I suppose your grandmother died, eh?"

"No, sir," the office boy replied. "She eloped."

## CAN'T CHANGE A DOLLAR

"That's a sizable order," said the bank teller to the man who had just presented a check. "You want fifty dollars in dimes, nickels and quarters?"

"Yes," replied the sad but stubborn sap who knew whereof he spoke. "I'm going to use a few taxicabs today."

## ALIBI

"Darling," breathed the ardent suitor, "you are the most beautiful woman in all the universe!"

"But," objected the darling, for she knew her stuff, "that's exactly what you told Susie Smith."

For a moment he was non-plussed, then his wits asserted themselves.

"Oh, that's all right," he retorted easily. "Susie knows what an awful liar I am."

## VAST OPEN SPACES

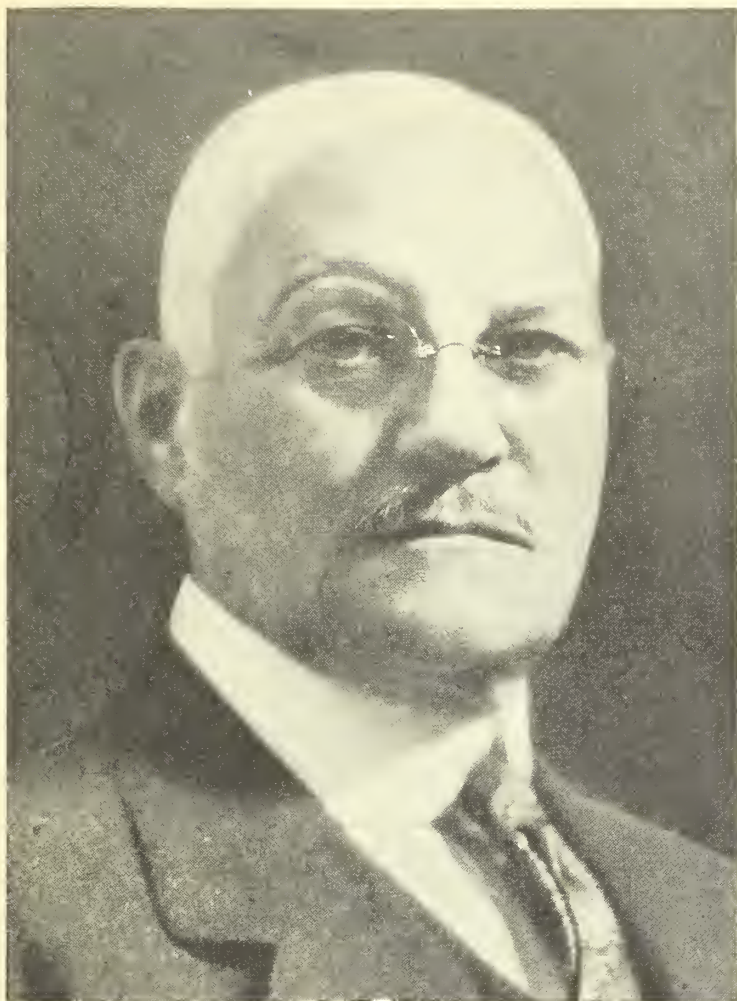
The young wife was horrified to discover her husband still serenely wearing his hat when they had almost reached their theatre seats.

"Take off your hat, honey!" she whispered. "We're inside a movie palace."

"Gosh, are we?" he returned, abashed. "I thought we were still outside."







GENERAL WILDER STEVENS METCALF, since his retirement from army service, has devoted his energies to banking, insurance and real estate.

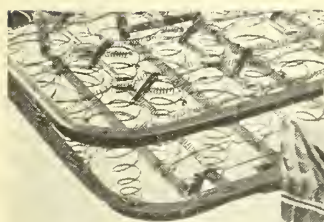
*“To start the new day with energy and confidence . . . have deep untroubled sleep”*

*advises*

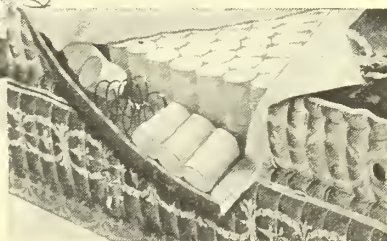
## GENERAL WILDER STEVENS METCALF

“SIMPLY spending eight hours in bed isn’t rest,” says General Metcalf, “unless those hours are given to sleep of the deep, untroubled quality that drives away fatigue and abolishes worry. Sleep *must* be restful, if it is to rebuild a man and enable him to start the new day feeling energetic and confident.

“My Simmons sleeping equipment—the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring—brings me complete rest of mind and body. Simmons has introduced me to wonderful sleep comfort!”



*Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring . . . development of helical spring type but greatly improved. More coils than most springs.*



*Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring are here shown together . . . in matching damask coverings. Inner coils in the Beautyrest come clear out to the edge.*

For years the Simmons Company, through scientists, physicians, colleges, and private individuals, has made a scientific study of sleep . . . to find out what type of sleeping equipment gave the sleeper the most actual rest per hour.

The results of these experiments and study are built right into every Beautyrest Mattress . . . and into every Ace Spring. They are different . . . entirely . . . from any other mattresses and springs.

And every difference is founded on a carefully studied reason. Perhaps that is why the Beautyrest and Ace are the most “copied” types of sleeping equipment. It is an equally good reason why you should insist upon the genuine “Simmons”.

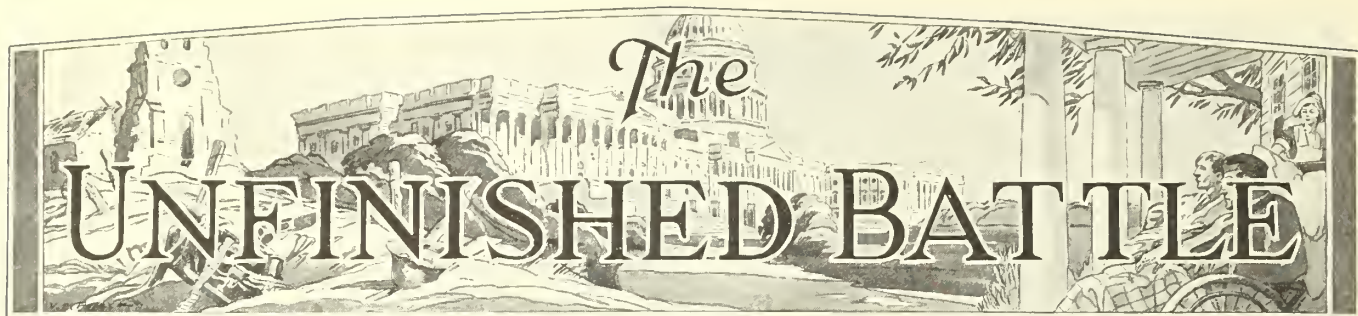
In furniture and department stores, Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Ace Box Spring, \$42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, \$19.75. Look for the name “Simmons”. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

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# SIMMONS

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**A** SCIENTIFICALLY and humanely accurate method of providing for the care of families of uncompensated hospitalized World War service men suffering from tuberculosis is being considered by the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, and Watson B. Miller, chairman of the committee, has discussed with President Hoover the plight of these veterans' families. It is expected that one of the Legion's definite recommendations in behalf of disabled men to be formulated by the national convention at Louisville will cover this subject.

In Bureau hospitals are thousands of service men suffering from tuberculosis who are not drawing compensation for the reason that they are unable to prove the existence of the disease to a disabling degree before January 1, 1925, the date marking the time limit of presumptive service connection. Several years ago when January 1, 1925, was set as the date for the establishment of presumptive service connection for men suffering with tuberculosis, mental and nervous diseases and a few other ailments, the Legion considered it had obtained a real victory for the disabled. After the rule was embodied in law, claimants needed only prove the mere existence of the disease to a degree of ten percent disability before January 1, 1925; that the disease was acquired in service or aggravated in service was then assumed. Many thousands of service men suffering from tuberculosis, as well as thousands suffering from mental disorders, benefited by the presumptive service connection rule.

The passage of time, however, has brought into prominence the plight of disabled men unable to prove they were suffering from tuberculosis to a disabling degree on January 1, 1925. The law granting free hospitalization to all service men regardless of whether or not disability is service connected has at least insured care and treatment for the men denied compensation, but the fact that most of them have families has presented a problem that has been a challenge to the Legion and to the Government.

In considering the problem of the uncompensated tuberculosis patients, the National Rehabilitation Committee has been keeping in mind the plight of a considerable number of hospitalized men suffering from other disabilities which are not affected by the presumptive service connection date of January 1, 1925. These are men, for the most part, suffering from heart disorders, kidney diseases and other ailments which, like tuberculosis, have long periods of latency or incubation. It has seemed to Legion rehabilitation workers that these men are equally entitled to the benefits of statutory presumption of service connection. In the last three sessions of Congress, the National Rehabilitation Committee has battled for this principle, without success.

**I**N AUGUST Director Frank T. Hines of the Veterans Bureau approved the establishment of a new division of appeals, designed to speed up action on appeals from decisions rendered in claims adjudicated under the World War Veterans Act as amended, the Adjusted Compensation Act and the Disabled Emergency Army Officers Retirement Act. The new division will be directly responsible to the director and will include the office of the chief, an advisory group and a board of appeals comprised of five appeal sections. The chief and advisory group will be located in the central office of the Bureau at Washington. In addition to a section at the central office, sections will be maintained in New York City, New Orleans, Chicago and San Francisco.

Interminable delays experienced

by claimants in procuring settlements of appeals made the adoption of a new system imperative, in the opinion of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, but time alone can demonstrate whether the new system will accomplish the results hoped for, according to Watson B. Miller, the committee's chairman.

**U**NDERSTANDING of the rules by which the Veterans Bureau judges disabilities from the standpoint of service connection will be helped if one bears in mind three main classifications. In the first class are acute ailments and those having a rapid onset. In the second class are those diseases commonly known as chronic constitutional diseases. The third class includes tuberculosis, mental and nervous diseases and amoebic dysentery. Ailments in the first class, such as hernia, fractures, gun shot wounds, most gastro-intestinal conditions, sinusitis, bronchitis and so forth, in order to be considered of service connection must be shown to have existed during service or at date of discharge or be the direct result of a disability shown to have been caused by service. Those disabilities in the second class, such as heart trouble, rheumatism and kidney trouble, in order to be considered due to service must be shown to have existed in chronic form and to a degree of ten percent within one year from the date of discharge. Diseases in the third class fall under the presumptive service connection date of January 1, 1925. Including tuberculosis, mental and nervous diseases and amoebic dysentery, they must be shown to have existed in definite form, and in the case of tuberculosis in active state, and to the degree of ten percent prior to this date.

**I**N ITS report to the Louisville Convention, the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion will show actual cash recoveries for disabled veterans and their dependents amounting to \$4,127,225.50 during the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1929. The committee will point out that this figure does not take into account the results of the claims work accomplished by Legion departments and posts throughout the country, many of which maintain full time service officers constantly engaged in the prosecution of veterans' claims.

**BYRON H. MEHL** Post of Leavenworth, Kansas, has prepared a comprehensive bulletin explaining the benefits offered by the branches of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers. The bulletin, prepared by William D. Reilly, an attorney of Leavenworth, former National Executive Committeeman for Kansas, is based on observations at the Western Branch of the National Home located near Leavenworth.

"The public has a vague idea of what constitutes a Soldiers' Home," Mr. Reilly has written. "They may think of it as something in the nature of a 'poor house' and the residents as 'charity patients.' This impression is entirely erroneous and should be dispelled because such an idea might keep deserving war veterans from availing themselves of the benefits of the Home when they should be receiving them. . . . The only things necessary to make a man eligible to the National Military Home are an honorable discharge and a disability in the cases of 'men who have no adequate means of support, and by reason of such disability are either temporarily or permanently incapacitated from earning a living.' On a first admission, if he is without funds, full transportation is paid to the Home. If this is not necessary, half rate fare request is furnished. The disability need not be service connected. . . . Our post will gladly furnish further information."

**SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can. Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.**



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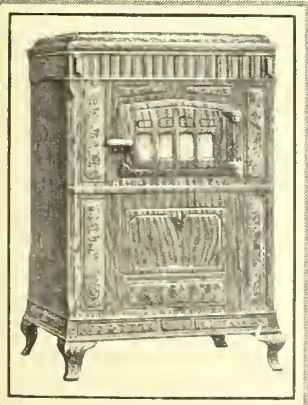
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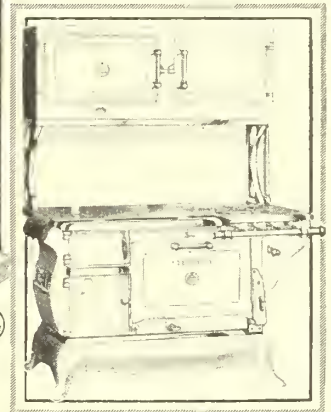
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# Headquarters for Legionnaires



## at Louisville

**VISITING** Bandsmen and Legionnaires interested in forming Post Bands are invited to make their headquarters at the new Conn factory branch, Conn Louisville Co., Breslin Bldg., Third and Broadway. Every convention visitor will find a warm welcome and much to interest him during our special convention exhibit. Factory representatives will be there. Expert organizers to tell you about Conn's Band Organizing plan. Find out how easy it is for your Post to have a band.

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BAND INSTRUMENTS

## God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 17)

the southern sky, like a flock of wild geese came the planes. They were flying high and fast. Over our heads they sailed in V formation. The first squadron was followed by a second, then another and another—fifteen squadrons in all. It must have been a combined Allied outfit, but we had heard rumors that the Marine Corps had established their own air force, so, we thought, here they are!

We watched the planes fly over the German lines. Then crash—crash—crash! They were laying down a barrage from the air. Twenty of those bombs striking the earth at one time sounded and felt like an earthquake. The ground trembled and shook. Each squadron dropped its bombs and then circled around to the right and flew back over our lines. They came again in the afternoon and gave the Germans another dose. There were no German planes in pursuit that day.

All afternoon there was great activity behind us. Battery after battery swung into the woods on our left. Soon they began to line up right out in the open. We could see khaki uniforms among them now. We could feel there was something big on foot. All this air bombing and artillery had a meaning.

At five-thirty p. m. a runner came and told me to report to Lieutenant Marco. I went with the runner. All the platoon sergeants were there, together with the lieutenants. It was a fairly large metal-covered dugout. I was told that there was a container of hot coffee for the platoon down in back of the woods on our right and to send a detail after it.

I hurried back and sent four men from Benson's squad. Then I went down the line and told the men to break out their canteen cups, that coffee was in sight, that they would come to my hole in squads, and that each squad should wait until the preceding squad was back in its holes before they came up. The Germans were shelling us and it wouldn't do to have many men standing around exposed.

It was dark before the coffee detail got back. I had two men dip out the coffee and I went back with each squad and ordered up the next. We all got coffee. Two men carried the empty container back. The coffee detail reported that the road along the wood was lined with American artillery.

At nine p. m. I received word to move the platoon up about four hundred yards to a trench running along the crest of the hill. This crowded us up some but it brought the men together so you could handle them.

At midnight I went down to the lieutenant's dugout to see if he had any orders. I hung around and got filled up on rumors. Rumors were always accepted as facts when they were favorable.

The dope was that Blanc Mont Ridge

lay ahead of us. That it was the last stronghold on the old Hindenburg Line and commanded Rheims and the surrounding Champagne district. That the position was held by the Second German Division, a division that had fought throughout the war and had never lost a battle or given ground. That the crack troops of France, the Chasseurs, had made eight different attacks on the ridge and been driven back each time. That the Second American Division had been lent to the French especially to carry these heights. That if we were successful we were to be granted a special month's leave in Paris.

I learned why the morning attack had been called off. General Lejeune, commanding the Second Division, had made a careful reconnaissance of the positions held by the Germans. He had reviewed the artillery preparation that had been made by the French to back us up in the attack. He said it was not sufficient and refused to order us forward. He specified what additional French artillery he wanted and got it. He insisted that the Second Division's own artillery be brought into action. That it was now in back of us and also another American outfit of extra heavy guns had swung into line and was now battering away at the German lines.

This all seemed confirmed from personal observation. We had seen the additional French batteries come up and we knew American artillery was behind us. We could hear them cursing.

Orders now came in from battalion headquarters that we would attack at five-thirty in the morning, that we would be in the fourth wave at an interval of two hundred yards behind the troops in front of us and that we were to keep in liaison with the French on our left, who would be attacking at the same time we were.

There were one gunnery sergeant, a line sergeant and myself with the platoon. I was the only sergeant that had seen real action. It was also Lieutenant Marco's first time under fire. Our platoon occupied the left flank of our battalion. Although the gunnery sergeant and the other sergeant were older men in service than I was, on account of my experience in actual battle I had been placed in charge of the platoon when we started for the front.

It was decided that I was to get the platoon properly started in the morning and then the other sergeants would take charge with the lieutenant. After the platoon got started I was to locate the French on our left and keep in liaison with them. This liaison business was new to me.

I went back to the trench where the platoon was, got the corporals together and told them we would go forward at five-thirty in the morning and that we would start out in formation for moving under enemy fire. In this formation



the men are arranged one behind the other at an interval of five yards. The corporal leads. Each squad is on the same line with an interval of fifteen yards between them. (I always told the men to take greater intervals but not to string out too much and get separated.) I told them the other sergeants would have charge after we got started. That they were to guide right and keep in touch with the unit on their right. I mentioned that I was detailed to get in liaison with the French troops on our left and for them not to try to follow me.

Then I passed on all the rumors I had heard and added more to them.

XXX

**T**HE night before, the hills in back of us had glowed like an ember. Tonight they burst forth like a house on fire. Artillery roared forth without letup, and all the time it seemed to be getting louder. The Germans were shelling us, too, but we could not even hear their shells explode.

I advised the corporals to have their men rest with all their equipment on. It always causes confusion in the morning to have a bunch of men fumbling around trying to get into their harness.

We were all sitting crosswise of the trench, sort of half lying, with our backs against the side of the trench. When I closed my eyes I reviewed my position and planned what to do when I first woke up. I didn't expect to sleep very much.

Four men were assigned to an hour's watch apiece. All they had to do was to sit and stay awake. It was one a. m. then and I was to be awakened at five. I dozed off and waked up again. I was in a nervous state but not confused or rattled.

At four-thirty I was wide awake. The stars were shining and it looked like a clear day ahead. Our artillery had kept up an all-night barrage. At four-thirty they seemed to double their volume. Usually the last hour they do. Everything goes. Then at zero hour they let up and the rolling barrage starts.

At five, the stars still shining, I got up and went down the trench waking the men up. Coming back I kept repeating, "Don't forget your shovels, rifles, and chauchat ammunition. Be sure you have your extra bandolier and grenades. Check up on your equipment."

Five-twenty and still dark, but you could distinguish a man at two yards. I ordered the corporals to form their men on top of the trench. They had to keep close due to the darkness.

"Stand by to move out!"

"Five-thirty—all right, men, let's go!"

Shells were dropping close and there was some confusion until we got well started. It was still too dark to go looking for the French so I stuck with the platoon.

Six o'clock. The air was fairly clear. We were on a raised plateau, so we could see a good distance. Across on an adjoining hill (Continued on page 52)



GEORGE WHITE, famous producer of "The Scandals" and other musical shows, tells Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, why he likes the new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream.

## GEORGE WHITE tells Jim Henry:

"Fine for first-night nerves, those new triple-cool

### MENTHOL-ICED SHAVES"

**P**RODUCING elaborate musical shows isn't exactly the best thing in the world for one's temper. And so I try to save my nerves as much as I can. That's why I like your new Menthol-iced. It gives me a good quick shave. The cool tingle of the menthol is like a tonic. And say, Jim, my razor blade seems keener and it certainly keeps its edge longer when I have a Mennen shave."

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Mennen is the only manufacturer who makes two kinds of shaving cream. First, Mennen without menthol—for years the smooth shave standby of millions of men. Now—Menthol-iced for those who want the extra thrill of menthol. Both creams have *dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen process of softening the beard, lubricating the blade and toning the skin. Both creams lather freely in any kind of water.

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TWO KINDS—MENTHOL-ICED AND WITHOUT MENTHOL

### Talc talk by Jim Henry



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Squibb's Dental Cream is not only soothing and refreshing... it not only keeps the teeth sparkling white... but it also gives this added protection. Squibb's guards The Danger Line by combating destructive acids.

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Squibb's contains over fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Minute particles of this effective antacid penetrate remote places, neutralizing acids of decay and protecting the teeth.

Squibb's Dental Cream is harmless even if swallowed because it contains no grit, astringents, nor abrasives... nothing to harm the delicate tissue of the mouth or stomach. Children like its pleasant flavor. 40c a large tube in all drug stores. © 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

# SQUIBB'S Dental Cream

## God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 51)

were the troops we were to keep two hundred yards behind. I pointed them out to the corporals and told them to keep these men in sight.

I now started out to the left front to locate the French. It was much easier and faster to travel alone. At six hundred yards from our lines I caught sight of the French line of blue moving forward. They were then on a line with the American outfit that was up ahead of my platoon and at least four hundred yards on the left. This left a space of one thousand yards between the French and the Americans.

There was nothing further I could do, so I started back to my own platoon. They were still behind me, as I was moving on a dog trot. I was on top of a hill, and in the valley below ran a creek. The outfit ahead of my platoon was crossing this creek at various places. The Germans had the slope of the hill and this creek under intense fire. It seemed as though they must have it under direct observation, so deadly was their fire.

There was a plank across the creek in one place and the men would gang up here to cross. Crash! A shell landed in their midst and men, water and mud went spouting up in the air. I watched two hits of this kind.

My platoon was just coming up the slope of the hill behind me. Shells were dropping around them but nothing like the way the shells were popping on the slope leading down to the creek and in the creek itself. I slipped down the hill toward the advancing men and signaled for them to halt. Then I got the corporals together and explained the situation of the next slope and the creek they would have to cross:

"When you reach the top of this hill, halt your men, then start your men out separately with instructions to run down the slope as fast as each one can and to cross the creek just where he hits it—no crossing at the plank—and go up the adjoining hill about a quarter way and wait until he is joined by the other men. Give each man a good start before starting off the next."

I went back up the hill and started down for the creek on a run. A shell had hit a bunch of men a minute before I reached the creek. About five men were torn to bits. The creek was one mad whirlpool of blood, arms, legs, mud and water. Two men were still living and trying to drag themselves out of the mire on the other side. Other men came running back to help them.

I waded through the creek. It was only about four feet wide and not very deep. Once across I started right up to get out of the range of falling shells. Half way up I stopped to rest. Looking back at the other slope I saw my men just starting to come down. The first and second men made the creek and got across in good shape. The third man

fell, hit by shrapnel. The next man stopped and looked at him, then went on.

Looking off to the left front, I tried to get traces of the French, but they were nowhere in sight. There was only one thing for me to do—go looking for them. Climbing higher on the hill, I was met by machine-gun fire. I kept low and ran along below the crest of the hill toward the French. Pretty soon I came to a French soldier lying face down. I shook him but he was dead. Further on I saw another blue form. Machine-gun bullets started peppering around me so I got further down the hill out of their range. All along here were dead Frenchmen.

Finally I saw the banks of a trench. I crawled over. Standing up against the north bank was a line of French soldiers. Some turned when I dropped in but none of them said anything.

I asked one of them where the officer was and he pointed to the left. I walked down in back of them until I came to a sergeant. I asked him if he was in charge and he said yes. He could speak pretty good English.

I said, "How far ahead are your leading troops?"

"We are the first line."

"The Americans"—pointing to the right—"have advanced," I said.

The sergeant shook his head and pointed ahead, "Boche machine guns there..."

Then I asked, "When will you advance?"

The sergeant waved his hands toward the French soldiers, "Beaucoup morts! ... Ra-ta-ta-ta—artillery. No advance."

I understood what he meant all right. A great many of his men had been killed by machine-gun fire and before making any further advance the artillery would have to smash up the German machine guns. I knew the French soldiers did not, as a rule, advance against machine guns and I understood they did not have to.

There was no use of me arguing with him as he was an oldtimer. In fact this outfit was a unit of the Chasseurs.

The machine-gun bullets were cracking over the top of the trench and I did not have much desire to get out myself. but I knew my outfit ought to be away up ahead by this time so I said goodbye to the French sergeant and started back down the trench to my right.

The trench twisted and curved, but the general direction was north and east. I passed up the French soldiers and traveled a good way without meeting anybody. Then, making a sudden turn in the trench, I came upon an American outfit. I took another good look at them and saw they were my own platoon.

"How many men did you lose, Weed?" I asked.



"Not a one so far."  
"How did the rest of the squads make out?"

"Benson lost one . . . Jenckes lost three . . . and Squire two."

"Where are the other sergeants?"

"Cronier is here but I haven't seen the gunnery sergeant."

Then I saw Sergeant Cronier sitting farther down the line so I went over to see him.

"Is this supposed to be our objective?" I asked him.

"Yes . . . I guess it is . . . Nobody has ordered us to move . . ."

"What outfit is on your right?"

"I don't know."

"We better find out . . . This position doesn't look right to me."

So I said to the fellow on my right, "Pass the word along and find out what outfit is on our right."

Each man said to the next one, "Pass the word along . . . What outfit is on the right?"

I waited and waited but no answer came back. So I tried it again:

"Find out what outfit is on the right and pass the word back."

And again no answer came back.

I was getting mad. So I shouted down the trench, "What the hell outfit is on the right?"

It was passed on. Farther down I heard, "What the hell outfit is on the right? . . . What the hell outfit is on the right?" . . . and so on down.

Still no answer came back.

It was a good-sized trench and I was standing up on a sloping side. I waited a few minutes, then hopped down to the bottom and started for the right to see what was the matter. I traveled a fair stretch and finally came to a sharp turn in the trench. Going around this turn I saw a communicating trench leading directly north. The first trench ran almost due east. I went down both trenches and the only men I could find were two dead Germans. I came back to Stone, the last man of my platoon.

I said to him, "Who's on your right?"

He said, "I don't know."

"Did you get the word to find out who was on your right?"

"Yes, and I passed it on."

"The hell you did! . . . Get up and I'll show you who's on your right."

I brought him around the bend and showed him the two Germans. He did not say anything.

Back I went to Sergeant Cronier. "There isn't a damn soul on your right . . . You're supposed to be away to hell-and-gone up ahead . . ."

Cronier: "Nobody gave us orders to move and we are going to stay here until we get orders."

I said, "You had orders starting out to guide right. What the hell more orders do you want?"

Cronier: "I'm in charge here and we are going to stay here until we get orders to move."

"You'll do no such a god-damned thing! . . . Either you move these men out of here, you yellow bastard, or I'll blow your brains out!"

He did not (Continued on page 54)

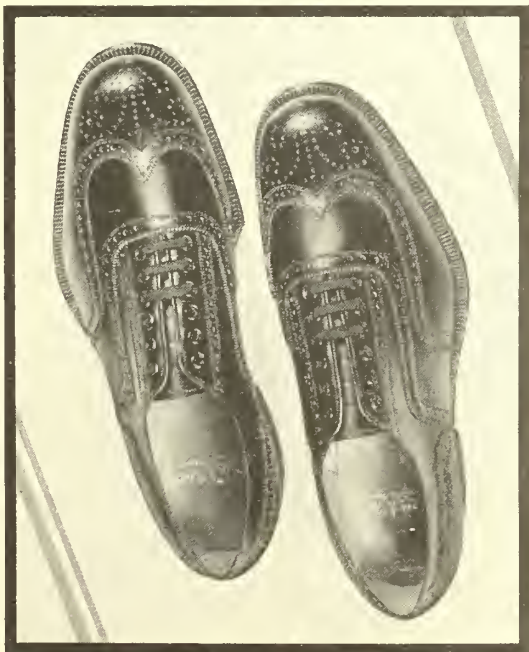


## A sporting brief for brogues

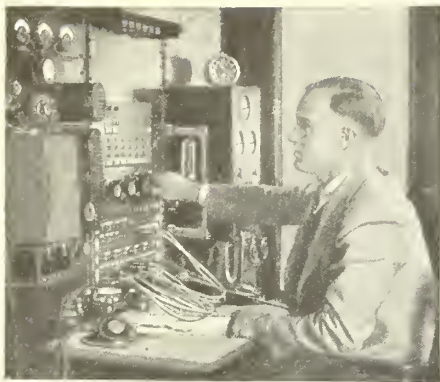
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# God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 53)

answer. Then Weed spoke up to me and said, "Why don't you take us out, Sergeant? . . . Let him stay here if he wants to . . ."

Cronier walked away but did not say anything.

I gave orders . . . "On your feet . . . We are moving out . . ."

The communicating trench with the dead Germans in it led north, so I took it. Weed was right behind me.

He said, "I know how we got lost . . . We followed you to the left and Cronier followed us . . ."

I said, "I wouldn't have said anything if he hadn't refused to move up when he found out he was separated from the company . . ."

Weed: "He's new at the game . . ."

The machine gun on the left that was keeping the French back was still popping although it was not shooting our way. I could not make out just where it was. I passed the word back:

"Keep a lookout on the left for machine guns . . ."

After a time Weed said, "I think I see where it is . . . See that mound up ahead? . . . I saw something move . . ."

The mound was about three hundred yards ahead and all of six hundred yards to the left. When we were opposite to it on the flank I halted the platoon. I was sure I saw something move too.

I said, "We'll take the first two squads and go over and see what's there."

Weed and Howell had the first two squads. I noticed Cronier at the rear of the column so I called him up.

"I'm taking two squads across the field to that mound you see sticking up . . . I think there's a machine gun hidden there . . . Keep your eye on us and send out connecting files when we are out two hundred yards . . . If you receive any signals, it will be to advance the balance of the platoon . . ."

Cronier: "How will you want us to move up?"

"There will be shooting, so move out as skirmishers and form a line on the men that are firing. If I signal, the connecting files will pass the signal back to you and they will close up to where the first two squads are."

I started the first two squads out in four different columns of four men each with instructions that we would deploy as skirmishers about two hundred yards out or sooner in case we were fired on. The chauchats were to be on the right and left flanks when we deployed. The men were trained to move under a covering fire from their own line—that is, one group would move forward while the other group was firing.

At one hundred and fifty yards two shots cracked over our heads. I expected this, as the Germans generally protect their machine guns with riflemen. The machine gun had been firing to the front and it would take it a little time to get into a position to deliver a

fire to the flank, depending, of course, on the character of its position.

The men dropped and deployed on a line, crawling on their knees. I signaled for the squad on my right to advance. They rushed forward twenty-five yards. I went with them. The other squad advanced as soon as we were down.

The mound was now a good five hundred yards away and there was now no question but what it held a machine gun, but we did not make a good target to shoot at. The ground we were moving over was very rough and full of shell holes from our barrage of the morning and the night before.

I ordered both squads to crawl steadily forward on their knees. When we had advanced about fifty yards or more a burst of machine-gun bullets went over our heads. The machine gunner had swung into position and was finding his range. I now ordered the squad on the right to open fire while the left squad went forward from shell hole to shell hole. The left squad then took up positions and opened fire while the right squad advanced.

This kept the Germans worried and they kept shooting high, both the machine gun and rifles. By this method of crawling and shooting we got within less than two hundred yards of the mound. Then all of a sudden the machine gun stopped firing and we saw two men crawl out and start running toward the left rear. We opened fire on them and one dropped. The other went on a little and dropped to his knees.

We advanced on the mound. In it was a dead German, shot through the head. Some of the men advanced beyond the mound to get the German who had dropped to his knees. He had risen and was again running. The men opened fire on him and he dropped.

I looked over the German machine gun and found that it had been damaged by a rifle bullet right where the ammunition belt feeds in.

Weed came up and said he had seen some heads popping up back in the direction the Germans had been running for. I judged the distance to be between six hundred and eight hundred yards from where we were. The ground rose in that direction to a slight elevation.

The men were all feeling tough, so I decided to take another chance. Looking back, I saw the connecting files from the platoon standing up watching us.

We started forward again, headed for the elevation. This time I sent out three feelers—one man each from the left and right flanks and one man in the middle. These feelers went forward at a dog trot to about two hundred yards ahead. The rest of us advanced in a skirmish line. The ground was much like that we had already come over.

We had traveled a little over two hundred yards when I heard a crack. The man acting as the left feeler crumpled



to the ground. There were several more shots and they struck dangerously near. We got down in a crouching position and advanced more slowly. I couldn't see anything to shoot at, but the country up ahead had a peculiar look. A man from the left had been ordered out to take the place of the feeler who had been shot. The middle feeler, Frenchy, now came crawling back to me.

He said, "It looks like a trench up ahead . . ."

I took a good look and I was sure, too, that I could trace out the outline of a trench running back toward the forest on the left. It then dawned on me that this section we were in was a part of the German original system of old trenches.

There was only one thing to do and that was to find out how strong a force was in the trench. I passed the word along to advance more slowly. Then I made my way over to the right flank and moved out straight for the German position.

In a broken country of this kind a person with a little training can move over the ground without being seen and can approach very close to a position and not be discovered. Thus, by crawling and squirming, I reached to within one hundred yards of the Germans and got a good look at their position. It was very much like the "point of resistance" that we used to occupy in the old trenches near Verdun—simply a part of a long trench that had been strengthened with sand bags and a firing step arranged so the men could stand up and sight over the top of the parapet.

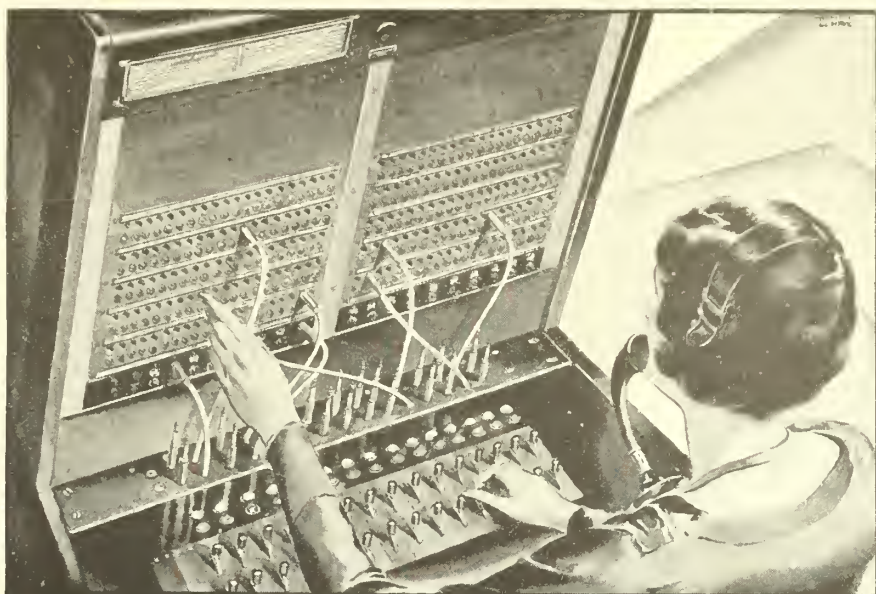
The point I was looking at in the German trench was on a sharp bend. The trench ran a zigzag course to the forest in the west. At this point it turned to the northeast. While I was looking I counted ten men moving past this bend coming from the north. It was very evident that the Germans were manning their stronghold to resist an attack. They were not doing much firing—simply a few shots now and then to coax us on. In one sense it looked as if we were walking directly into a trap.

I got back to the men as quickly as I could. They were now four hundred yards from the German trench. I ordered them to open a slow fire. There was a dark spot up in back of the trench that looked like a machine gun nest, so I had several fellows concentrate on it. I signaled back to the connecting file to bring on the rest of the platoon and watched him pass the signal back. Soon the balance of the platoon advanced and I waved for the connecting file to come up.

"Meet the advancing men," I told him, "and tell the sergeant to deploy three squads on the right and two squads on the left of the men now on the line."

I passed the word down to move over gradually to the right—the more we could flank the German position the better, and when the rest of the platoon came up, I could swing the right flank around in rear of the Germans.

All of a (Continued on page 56)



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# God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 55)

sudden a machine gun opened up directly in front of us. Then rifles began to crack. The Germans had waked up. They saw more troops advancing. The machine gun was shooting over our heads trying to check the men. We opened fire for all we were worth to cover the advance of the men in the rear, going forward slowly at the same time.

I moved over to the right flank and told Weed to move up ahead with his chauchat to the spot I had occupied. This would allow him to fire directly into a part of the German trench. Weed could do more damage with a chauchat than the average machine gunner could do with a regular gun. Weed and Luber went forward to occupy this advance position.

The German machine gun was ripping up the back area but men running and ducking are not such good targets, especially over this rough ground. One minute I could see our line, the next it would vanish. Occasionally a man would fall.

We were now two hundred yards in front of the Germans. The balance of the platoon was one hundred yards in our rear. I kept waving them over to the right.

Just then Howell crawled over from the left flank. He was out of breath. "The Germans are advancing in the open on our left!"

I looked and there was a long line of Germans coming up parallel to the trench. They must have come down the trench from the forest and then swung out into the open. It looked as though they were going to envelop us on the left.

The only thing I could see to do was to swing the platoon around behind the German stronghold. This would put one bunch of Germans in the path of the other. Besides it would be easier to attack the stronghold from the rear.

The Germans on the left were advancing rapidly. They were about six hundred yards away. I told the men to open fire on them. The fire from the German trench and the machine gun was pouring in on us and it made us stay down, but the rough ground gave us good shelter.

The whole platoon was now on the firing line. I passed the word down to the right flank to swing in the rear of the German stronghold. We were now on a line with Weed and Luber. A short way ahead I could see the remains of a barb wire entanglement that our artillery had torn up the night before.

The German rifle fire seemed to slacken down although the machine gun kept going. The men to the right of Weed had made a fifteen-yard rush. The Germans must have seen them and realized that they were trying to get in their rear and were rushing men around to that side to prevent it.

The right makes another rush . . .

Suddenly I see a line of bayonets sticking over the German trench . . . They are going to charge the right flank. The Germans in the open are now sweeping in on our left . . . Their line extends away beyond our left flank . . . The Germans nearest the trench are down and are coming toward us, firing as they come, but they are not moving as fast as the men farther out in the field . . . The machine gun is still working in the center . . .

The Germans on the right are coming out of the trench . . . They are out to stop us and to flank us on the right . . . Our men meet them with heavy fire but more Germans keep coming . . . The Germans rise to charge . . .

Just then I hear heavy firing on my left, but the right seems to be the important side to me and I order the men on the center right to move over more to the right . . . If we can meet the German advance on that side and drive them back into the trench, there is a chance that we can also capture the trench and hold it against the Germans now advancing on our left . . .

More heavy firing on the left . . . The Germans in front of us outside the trench have ceased firing . . . They start falling back . . . Some are getting down into the trench . . . The fire on the left continues . . . Now I see Germans who were closing in on our left flank running towards the rear . . .

I was facing right but I now turned my head to the left to see what was happening . . . And there, not more than five hundred yards away, was a long line of blue uniformed French soldiers and they were coming like the wind! The Germans were fleeing before them . . . Some of the Germans came crashing into our line on the left . . . They were quickly shot down . . . The men on the right flank were still hard pressed so I rushed all the men from the left over to help them out. The French could take care of the left.

The Germans had us flanked on the right but with the additional men from the left we evened things up. The Germans had got partly through their broken barb wire.

The cry went down our line: "The French are coming! . . . The French are coming! . . ."

And without waiting for any command to charge our men got up and hit straight for the Germans. The Germans had just risen. We fired as we advanced. There was a wild scramble of men in the barb wire. It was bayonets now. One German came lunging at me. He tripped and I ran him through the neck. Luckily the bayonet cut its way through the side and freed itself.

The Germans were falling back. Some turned and ran for the trench. It was a hollering, crying mass, tripping and falling, cutting and slashing. Some fought



with the bayonet only. Some smashed in with the butt. Here is a man tussling to get his bayonet out of a German who is still wriggling . . . Here's a couple staging a real thrust-and-parry contest . . . Here are two men who have their bayonets stuck in each other's breasts and each is pressing the point home. My automatic blows the top of the German's head off. The German's rifle drops to the ground. Our man falls back. The point of the bayonet had pierced his gas mask and was cutting through the ribs. I told the fellow to hold the wound shut with his fingers . . . Weed smashes a German in the face with the butt of his chauchat rifle . . . Several of our men are lying dead . . .

Over on my left the French had reached the trench . . . There were mad cries from their direction . . . Finally we forced the Germans back to the trench also. Some tried to give up but it was too late . . . The fight in the trench was short, deadly and messy. In a few minutes it was over. A few Germans were running across the field toward the woods.

The trench occupied by the Germans ran due east from the woods to the point where they had established their stronghold. At this place the trench made a sharp turn and ran straight north for a short distance and then angled off to the northeast. The trench was at least eight feet deep with wide sloping banks. The top of it was overgrown with grass.

The stronghold, or point of resistance, extended completely around the bend. Twenty feet at least commanded the southern advance and the same number the eastern. This point had been shaped out; the banks both front and rear had been sliced down, leaving vertical walls. The top of the outer bank was reinforced with sand bags and there were openings at various intervals for riflemen. It looked as if these sand bags had been there for a long time. Grass was growing in between them.

I gave orders to pick up our dead and wounded and bring them over to the trench. All together we had six dead and fifteen wounded. This left us with thirty-seven men out of the platoon of sixty-six we had started out with in the morning.

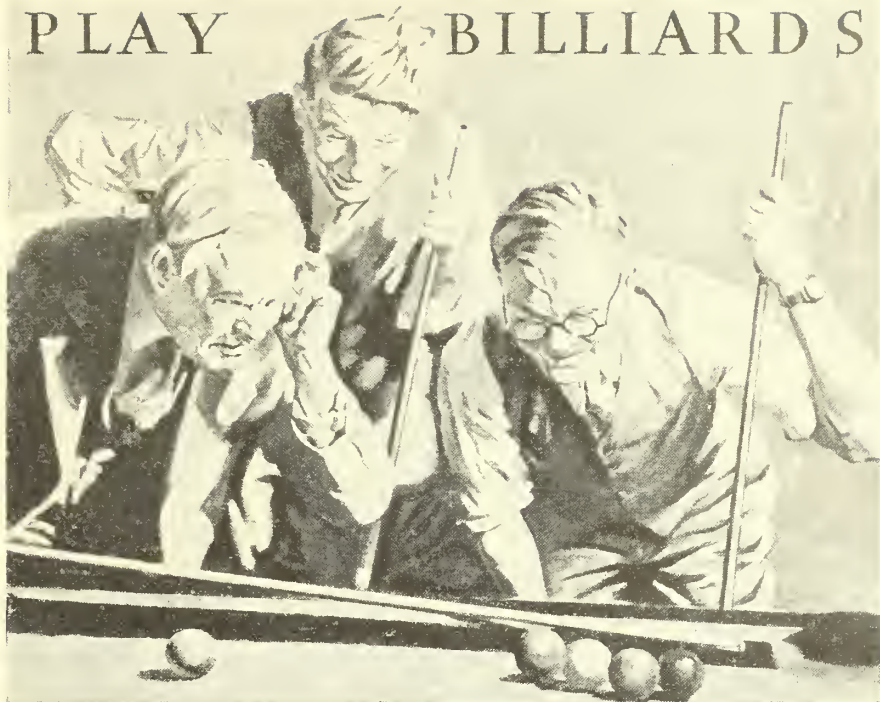
I went over to see how the French were. It was the same bunch of Chasseurs I had met farther back. I found the sergeant and shook hands.

I said, "You came at a good time."

Sergeant: "We saw you advance on machine gun . . . no good . . . no good . . . Then we saw you go beyond . . . Later I see Germans come out of trees. You not fall back . . . we must come up . . ."

I figured there must have been at least sixty Germans in the trench when we made our attack and the French sergeant estimated the number of Germans that advanced in the open to be one hundred. On the field across which the Chasseurs charged we counted ten dead Germans and in that part of the trench occupied by the Chasseurs we counted nineteen. From (Continued on page 58)

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## God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 57)

the looks of them they had all been killed by bayonets.

The French lost only one man in the attack.

In the field and in the trench that we (Americans) fought over we counted thirty-six dead Germans. Eight wounded Germans were picked up. The French had rounded up forty or fifty prisoners who were now sitting in a group outside the trench. I asked the sergeant if he would mind taking care of our wounded as I wanted to get going again. He said all right and gave an order. Soon a couple of his men had a detail

of prisoners to carry back the wounded.

I did not see any French officers but I understood from the sergeant that the French left flank, which was close to the woods, was having a hard time to advance and was holding up the center and the right flank.

When I was leaving the French sergeant, he pointed at the German machine gun and then turned and pointed back to where the line of French soldiers lay dead and said, "My comrades . . . avenged!" Then he spat toward the German dead.

(To be continued)

## Bed and Board

(Continued from page 19)

Between my cool white sheets, lying upon a high hospital bed, I take a quick inventory of my new surroundings. There is the usual hospital table at my bedside. An orderly, who is as happy as the proverbial happy-go-lucky Southern dandy, decorates this piece of furniture with the customary square tin cup holder and charges it with its collapsible cardboard cup—and then he puts an ash tray beside the cup.

An ash tray! I can hardly believe it, so I break silence to inquire of the chap sitting on the bunk across the way.

"Sure," he says, "you can have all the cigarettes you can buy." Seeing my look of incredulity, he hastens to explain. "Aw, cigarettes don't hurt you, and the doctor says that if you smoke it would do you more harm to deny you that one pleasure than to let you smoke." He generously tossed me a welcome cigarette.

I started to say, "Gee, you don't look like you have T. B.," but my eyes turned to another patient. He was a tall red-headed son of the soil, gaunt, wiry. His great cheek bones showed above his sunken yet florid cheeks. If that fellow ever filled out proportionately, I thought, he'd be a giant.

The man fully dressed pulled his lanky sockets and bones together and strolled out on the sun porch at my right. As soon as I thought him out of earshot I immediately volunteered that he "had it bad."

"Him?" snorted my companion. "He's going home this afternoon. Came up here a week ago and they can't find a sign of T. B. on him."

Other patients, all newly arrived, some fully clothed, others in bathrobes and pajamas, strolled the sun porch, peered curiously in our windows, peeped through the doorway peephole from the hallway, their faces breaking into a friendly smiling hello. Some came into the room and talked as if we were old friends. It was hard to believe that here in 1929 this temporary receiving ward was get-

ting more than twenty new cases a week—and the Oteen hospital only one of dozens of government sanatoria!

For the first few days the newcomer is a rookie in a hospital ward of casuals. Chests are thumped and listened to, blood is tested, men are weighed, x-rayed, measured and classified, and the brief one-day friendships are broken up as patients are discharged or assigned to different wards.

My first hospital meal was placed before me by still another colored orderly whose happy comment was, "Boss, if 'tain't jes' lak yo' wants it, yo' all jes' sez so—at's what us is heah fo'."

A hurried glance revealed ice cream and chicken dumplings with all necessary trimmings. "Well, Jack," says I, with a long forgotten but fast returning accent, "if that's all you are here for, then, brother, you ain't no use, 'cause it's jest like I wants it."

"Hot dawg!" he laughed aloud. "Dog-gone!" and I could hear him down the hallway as he hurried for some other fellow's tray, "Hot dawg—doggone!"

It would be nice if I could say that all the chickens I have eaten since then were as delicious, as inviting, as tender, but I am telling a true story of personal experiences, and I must admit that many Carolina moons have shone into the wrong windows since that day, and that in the interim it seems that chickens have aged a bit, for only today I looked upon what I am sure was a great grand-papa chicken, one that must have been too weak to walk through the water they use for soup, yet a tough old bird, a tough old bird to the last.

But before an irate kitchen crew rushes my ward room, let me admit that the Oteen diet has filled up a pair of sunken cheeks, brought a happy feeling of plenty to a once twenty-eight inch waist line, and promises a tinge of color to a once pale-faced patient.

Time crowds the restless days in the Receiving Ward out of existence and after a series of thumps and x-rays I am



rolled on a stretcher to my new room in the surgical ward. I am now a full fledged patient. I know that the ear-phones bring me radio programs from a central receiving station, that visiting hours are from three to five every afternoon, that the Red Cross furnishes me with all the envelopes and paper I want, with one two-cent stamp and one pack of tax free cigarettes a week.

I am on my way to the surgical ward because of an operation similar to that performed on King George, the opening of a cavity behind the lung. Were it not for this I would go to one of the other wards to be put to bed and kept there for a minimum of six weeks—six years—or till death us do part.

In my new quarters I am quickly located by a rabbi, a priest, an Episcopal rector, and a stream of chaplains representing various denominations, and having registered with one of them for a weekly Bible lesson by mail, and having worked some one else for a free Testament, I begin my career of getting better.

A huge chap with a florid face sticks his head into my new sanctum.

"Say, buddy," he asks, "are you comp or non-comp?"

A cold chill runs down my spine. I've heard of fellows going non compos mentis from too many months in bed, and I wonder if I, too, have gone nuts and don't know it.

My mouth drops open with a mute tremor just as the doctor enters. The red-faced person swung to him with the same question, and the doctor turned to me.

"You aren't drawing compensation, are you, boy?" And with relief I confess that the Government isn't that good to me.

Since I draw no compensation I am informed that as a "non-comp" I am entitled to one free haircut a month and a free shave every Wednesday and Saturday. But when I bubbled over with gratitude for such sweet charity I was informed between scissor snips that "it ain't because they love you, it's for sanitary reasons."

The underground telegraph that flourished in the Army has its counterpart here, and the same kind of latrine rumors fly from ward to ward. They are going to extend the visiting hours. There will be no more packages allowed through the gates because some fellows are getting corn liquor that way.

Experiences at Oteen? It is too bad that I cannot take you for a tour over the three hundred and eighty-five acres of this beautiful reservation.

Here is the Red Cross house where wives and mothers of patients who are seriously ill may have a room for a dollar a night, and where rates drop to fifty cents a night if the patient is twice as sick as "just very sick." Just how the Red Cross differentiates we have yet to learn.

And here are the movies that the little handful of sixty walking patients out of six hundred may attend. I have a faint suspicion that here too may be found radio, (Continued on page 60)

# Coopers

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



**AUTUMN** WINDS hint to the skin so recently caressed by summer warmth—wear *Cooper Knitsuits* for comfort. Each suit, of gratefully soft material, is fashioned to fit all contours of the body—without chafe or strain. In the locker room, Cooper style is instantly apparent in the exclusive multi-color trim—but one of the seven points of Cooper Knitwear superiority. See your Cooper dealer—now. Coopers, Inc., Kenosha, Wisconsin.

**UNDERWEAR**

**PAJAMAS**

**HOSIERY**

## FEET HURT TERRIBLY

*But in 10 minutes pain had gone*

**Costs nothing if it fails**

*Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet—all can now be quickly ended.*

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Pains stop in 10 minutes when these amazing bands, Jung Arch Braces, are worn. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently ad-

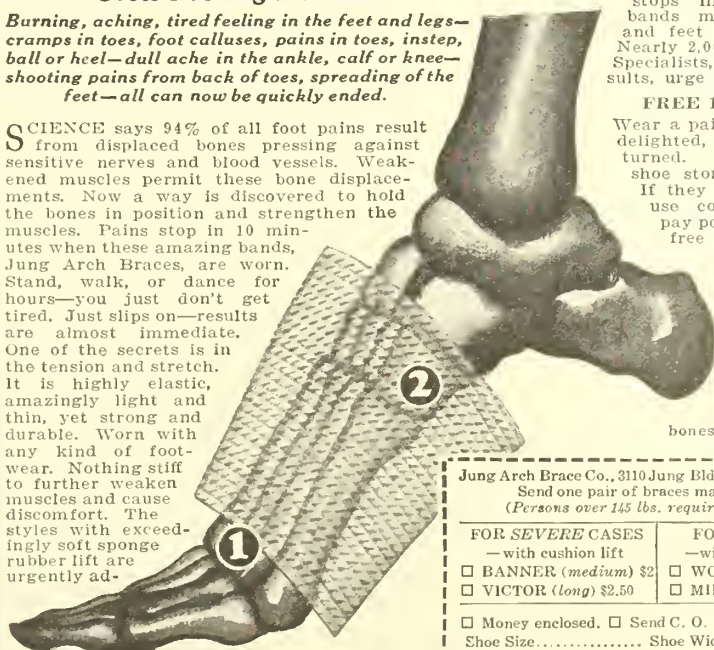
vised for severe cases. Pain stops like magic. Soon bands may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge them widely.

**FREE 10-DAY TRIAL**

Wear a pair ten days; if not delighted, your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you, use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free booklet.

**1** Trouble starts with overstrained, weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.

**2** A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.



Jung Arch Brace Co., 3110 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio  
Send one pair of braces marked below:  
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR SEVERE CASES	FOR MILD CASES
—with cushion lift	—without cushion lift
<input type="checkbox"/> BANNER (medium) \$2	<input type="checkbox"/> WONDER (medium) \$1
<input type="checkbox"/> VICTOR (long) \$2.50	<input type="checkbox"/> MIRACLE (long) \$1.50

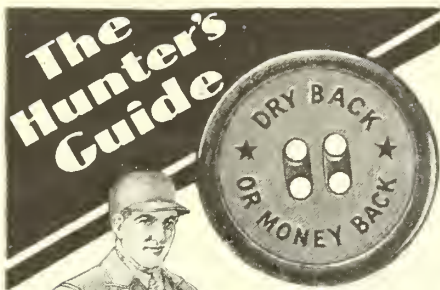
☐ Money enclosed, ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.  
Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....  
Send Free Booklet

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

**JUNG'S ARCH BRACES**

Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices





### This Button is Your Guarantee of Satisfaction

Every DRYBAK button bears this "DRY-BACK OR MONEY BACK" guarantee. If you want a hunting coat distinctly different, with features unknown to ordinary coats, and for less money—get DRYBAK.

# Drybak

No coat offers as much for \$8.50

You can't get wet in a DRYBAK. It's comfortable, easy to wear and full of conveniences. Easily washed rubberized blood proof game pockets that will not crack in cold weather; gusset sleeves for ventilation and easy quick shooting. Special inside left pocket for small thermos, license, etc. Coat built with DRYBAK thoroughness and quality. Lasts as long as you hunt. No. 87 B.P. \$8.50.

Send for catalog, fabric sample and guarantee button. Note these exclusive features, at this price, then ask your dealer for DRYBAK.

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AL2

### SERVICE RINGS

Rings from \$2 up. This Ring, similar in style to West Point Ring, with emblem of any "outfit" on sides; set with garnet, ruby or other stone at special price; hand carved; very massive. Send for folder.

C. K. GROUSE CO.,  
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## PARADE BUGLE

The new long-model Bugle, especially designed for Legion and Fraternal musical units. Long, rakish lines—stirring, full trumpet tone.

Remarkably easy to blow. 28 in. long, built in G with slide to F; chords with Military Band.

**Single Bugle, Prepaid - \$8**

Quantity prices on request

Staff Sergeant Frank Withey, 3rd Cavalry, Fort Myer, Va., using a Weymann Parade Bugle at Tomb of Unknown Soldier, Arlington.

We organize and equip complete bands, orchestras or string bands for Fraternal, School and Civic Organizations. Sole distributors for Keystone State Band Instruments. Ludwig Drums, Buescher True-Tone Band Instruments and Saxophones.

**SPECIAL OUTFIT \$116.00**

Complete musical equipment for unit of 15 men. Write for details.

**H. A. WEYMANN & SON, Inc.**  
Dept. LM-10, 10th & Filbert Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Musical Instrument Mfrs. Since 1864

## Bed and Board

(Continued from page 59)

stationery, checkers, chess, stamps and envelopes. But the building is to me a mystery, just as it is a mystery to the five hundred and forty patients who, like me, do not yet know its privileges.

From here one can see the array of hospital buildings—R-1, R-2, R-3, etc., the I, the A, and other such combinations, of which my preference is the R series, because an R-3 on the envelope looks more like a rural route than a hospital, and can still serve both purposes. The letters refer to the building, the number to the floor.

From here, too, one can point out "Hemorrhage Hill" and the fatal terminal ward where terminal cases are taken for their termination. But since there are not sufficient terminal cases to fill the huge building with their dying days, the building is also filled with a number of remonstrative patients who don't feel like doing any terminating.

There are the nurses' quarters, the administrative offices, the doctors' houses, and several newly and several nearly finished buildings for the onrush of the months to come.

But I am in a four-walled room, bounded by cheerful, cheering nurses and sympathetic yet unrevealing doctors, with occasional visitors who bring you a nation's love, worry, and thoughtfulness. As a life-long memento of one such visit I shall always treasure a dollar bill that came to me through the North Carolina Auxiliary—a real cash dollar which is delivered every month to each of the three hundred uncompensated veterans in this little tuberculous world of our own.

All this, then, is a glimpse into the life and thoughts of an Oteen patient's day. Dawn slips a coverlet of fog into the great mountain-ridged cup in which we lie. Sunlit fingers touch the clouds, the mountain tops and then the roofs. Nurses pass out thermometers. Orderlies begin their rounds of cleaning. Washcloths, soap and pans of warm water break up the minutes that come before the breakfast of fruit, cereal, eggs, coffee, milk and jam or preserves, biscuit or muffins.

A cigarette and the morning newspaper are interrupted by the arrival of a steaming foot-tub of water and an aproned nurse who manages to scrub your back, chest, arms and legs by going from corner to corner without missing and yet so hiding your skinny bones that you feel no ocean beach inferiority whatsoever.

Morning flies by with a visit from the ward doctor, an occasional inspection, a chat with the colored maid who brings paper and handkerchiefs and arranges the hurricane deck of the bedside table, which looks as if a cyclone had hit it within ten minutes after each refurbishing.

The surgeon, if you are a surgical patient, dresses your wound and squeezes

in a two or three minute chat on the height of skyscrapers, the market price of American Snuff, or the weather—he always comes in with something to laugh about, and no matter how blunt his probe or how painful the probing he leaves you smiling.

There follows an hour and a half for pinching a nap, yawning, rereading last night's paper or your choice of a thousand library books, or even a letter from home, or getting a haircut or a shave, and then it's lunch time, with the Southern habit of the heaviest meal at noon—with a diet that permits you to eat everything you wish for lunch except two things, and those two are breakfast and supper.

Then comes the sacred period for rest, when from one to three every patient on the reservation must go to bed. During these two hours you must not smoke, write or read. If you sleep, well and good, but if you cannot sleep you are supposed to erase every thought from your mind and lie there in what the Italian calls *dolce far niente*. Should you so much as forget yourself to edge in a word or two to your fellow roomer, a nurse is at your doorway with a finger signal to silence you.

This good-for-what-ails-you period ends with afternoon temperature readings. The doctors call it your "tem" and the nurses your "temp", and should it reach a dire 99.0 you are listed for a seven o'clock retake lest you break out with whooping cough or spinal meningitis without their knowledge.

Your pulse and temperature are hardly entered in the little black book before a stream of visitors pour through the gates. They have come from the lowlands and the mountains to entertain, gladden, worry, ease, upset or just visit a lonely struggler on the road to health.

Supper is served at 4:30. This is thirty minutes before the visitors are chased away by ambitious nurses. It gives the visitor a chance to see that you are getting something to eat and no doubt affords much to talk about back home.

But not all visitors have come from a great distance. Many patient wives are living in cabins adjoining the reservation. Some have waited for years. Most of them are mothers whose children hunger in vain for a sight of their daddies.

At five the visitors leave us to our mountain sunsets. A nurse gives us each a welcome alcohol rub. We watch the few who are lucky enough and well enough to stroll the campus. Nurses and hiking patients thin out toward the Red Cross building and dusk thickens.

Our radio earphones hint that the music is on. Sometimes we are listening with the great outside world or sometimes to a local station with local talent or recorded music. How frequently the program is interspersed with



such an announcement as this: "This music is coming to you with the compliments of the Blank Store, which takes this occasion to call your attention to the lovely new colors in pajamas and bathrobes. To the lonely shut-in these bring a most pleasant relief from a hum-drum bedroom existence. You will find beach robes of flash and sunburst and pajamas in every known color under the sun—there are beautiful garments in soisette, moire, cheesecloth, crêpe de chine, nainsook, burlap and velvet brocade, in all new flavors from lemon to pink, lavender to oriole; rich greens, gay yellows, happy reds and laughing purples."

To our four bare walls they follow us with the only things they can sell us. And though we grit our teeth and snarl at the announcement, we soon observe sunbursting bathrobes in the hallways and pajamas of deep hyena pink on the sun porch.

Twice a week the library cart is pushed into the room with an assortment of two hundred books and fifty magazines, and if your choice isn't present it can be delivered from the eight thousand assortment in the library or ordered for you from a generous appropriation.

But it is night and the day is gone. In the morning we had said, "If we but live till sundown there'll be another day gone." And now we are saying, "Well, that's one day less to live." One day less for you as well as for us.

Tomorrow brings us closer to the day when we will sit up to let the nurse make our bed. Now she makes a half at a time by rolling us back and forth. After that we shall put our meals upon the bed or bedside table and enjoy them in a chair. Strengthening limbs and itching feet will bring us the privilege of paddling to the bathroom in over-large slippers.

A few more weeks will bring us to one daily meal in a mess hall, to be followed later by full table privileges, and in the end assignment to some ward where we go through all the motions of real work, so that Uncle Sam will be sure we are well before we pass out of those gates.

The radio has just been snapped off in the middle of some favorite selection. The Carolina moon is rising full in the East. Some poor devil coughs. And another, and another.

But that is only at night time. Tomorrow is another day, with more warm, soothing Southern sunshine.

Tomorrow is another day—and I hope soon to see those kids again, know who is the new Legion Commander, pay house rent if they collect it in advance, have watermelons at a nickel each down here or a dollar a slice in New York and maybe see one of those talking pictures that have put the movie business on such a sound basis.

Would you know T. B. if you had it? No, you wouldn't. But your doctor would. Why don't you see him—and ask him—now?

But before you come in here, let's hope that I'm going out.

# Win \$1000 CASH

## This Offer Is Open to Every Reader of This Announcement

It makes no difference who you are or where you live we want you to send us a name for our toothpaste. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win—nothing more is necessary to gain this cash prize of \$1000.00.

## Nothing to Buy—Nothing to Sell

You can use a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Snow-White," "Gum-Strength," etc., or any other name you might think would fit the high quality of this dental cream. There is nothing to buy or sell—simply the person sending the best and neatest suggestion for a name will receive \$1000 cash prize, or, if prompt, \$1100 in all.

## ANY NAME MAY WIN

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win.

**NAME THIS**

Win this \$1000 cash prize by a few moments' thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the \$1000 and the extra \$100, if prompt. In choosing a name bear in mind this dental cream is marvelous for teeth and gums. It is designed to sweeten the breath, beautify the teeth, cleanse cavities and promote teeth and gum health. The only thing necessary to win is to send the name we choose as the neatest and best suited for this dental cream. Only one name will be accepted from each contestant. This unusual offer is only one of a number of offers embraced in our novel distribution plan, whereby those taking part may win any one of twenty-odd prizes, the highest of which is \$3500 cash. By participating in our distribution plan the winner of the \$1100 cash prize may win an additional \$3500, making a total of \$4600. Everyone sending a name regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given the same opportunity to win the \$3500 or one of the other cash prizes. Get busy with your suggestion at once—do not delay! Neglect may cost you thousands of dollars.



## \$100 Extra for Promptness

To get quick action I am going to pay the winner an extra \$100 for promptness, or \$1,100 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE!

## CONTEST RULES

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes November 30, 1929. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of \$100 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

**MR. H. E. RAY, Contest Manager.**  
730 McCune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read.....

Date my suggestion is mailed.....

Name.....

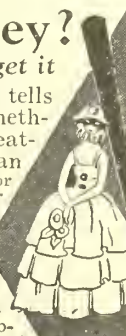
Address.....

NOTE: Being prompt qualifies you for the extra \$100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

## Want Some Money?

Here's a wonderful way to get it

Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell. You can make good money and this book is **FREE**. Our system is amazingly easy to learn and the profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce beautiful finished art objects almost from the beginning. You don't have to know how to draw or have any experience. Begin making money now. All supplies are sent by us with the instructions and many have made \$25 the first week. Some society women have taken up this work for their own amusement.—Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write Now for your copy of this valuable book; it's **FREE**.



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you without extra charge!

All new Fireside members will be given a magnificent assortment of 24 beautiful giftwares. This is included with membership.

Write for **FREE** book and money making plan. A postcard will do.

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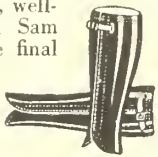




## LEATHER PUTTEES and SAM BROWNE Belts GIVE THEM SWANK

**N**O OTHER part of the uniform equipment of your post band or drum and bugle corps lends so much class to your turnout as neat, well-fitting leather puttees and Sam Browne belts. They are the final touch.

WILLIAMS leather puttees and belts are carefully made by experts to insure perfect fit and absolute comfort. They are available in many kinds of leather—honest bark-tanned leather that holds its shape and finish.



Most good uniform houses carry WILLIAMS puttees, WILLIAMS Sam Browne belts, and garrison belts. If your uniform house does not carry WILLIAMS puttees and belts, send us their name when you write for our illustrated folder.



The Williams Manufacturing Company  
Portsmouth, Ohio.  
**WILLIAMS**  
LEATHER PRODUCTS

**YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN Christmas Cards AT HOME**  
A NEW-DELIGHTFUL-INTERESTING WAY to realize profit from spare moments - requires no talent or experience. Also enables each of the family to have individual Greeting Cards - Cheerful clean fun - The complete working kit costs no more than one usually pays for Christmas cards. FOR PARTICULARS, FOR WHAT ENGRAVING COMPANY, SEND YOUR FRIENDS WRITE TODAY TO THE COMPLETE OUTLET 1121 1/2 CALIFORNIA ST. DENVER, COLO. THEIR XMAS CARDS

**Now You Can Own Diamonds 60% of Market Prices**

Have you wondered how people you know, with large or small incomes no different than yours, seem to have so much more than you? Take diamonds for example. Here's some vital information for you: a Century Old House has diamond offers, 60% of market prices.

A reason you rarely think of, makes possible **RADICALLY LOW PRICES**, even for **FINEST QUALITY DIAMONDS**. Offers backed by thoroughly responsible guarantees. Examination Free. Send now, use blank below.

**Why Pay Full Prices?**

10 large loan firms combined, world's oldest, largest diamond banking institution of 75 years, rated over \$1,000,000.00, must sell the **DIAMONDS** on WHICH MONEY was LOANED BUT NOT REPAYED. Diamonds, too, from many advantageous sources. Send NOW. Lists limited free—all details—Exact descriptions—Guaranteed amounts you can borrow. Examine Diamonds free, at our risk.

**Unpaid Loans—Low as \$60 per Carat**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
For Free List clip this now, fill in and mail to—  
Jos. DeRoy & Sons, Opp. P.O. 8755 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

# National Origins and Horse Sense

(Continued from page 11)

was Dr. Joseph A. Hill, the Assistant Director of the Census, for many years a government employee, and recognized as one of the foremost authorities on population. Dr. Hill is a man of scientific mind, as impartial as the multiplication table or the calendar, and utterly without bias one way or the other on the national origins issue. When the Assistant Secretary of State, Wilbur J. Carr, was before the Senate Committee on Immigration, he said, speaking of Dr. Hill and the committee of experts associated with him:

"I think all of us are prepared to say that we have absolute confidence in him and his colleagues, and are prepared to take their statement as to the accuracy of their conclusions and the sufficiency of the information upon which those conclusions are reached."

I shall refer again a little later to the accuracy of the national origins percentages as compared with those on which the 1890 quotas were based. It will be more helpful at this point to summarize the procedure by which the new percentages were reached.

First of all, let me say emphatically that the national origins quotas are not "based on the census of 1790," or "based on the census of 1920," nor do they represent the guesswork of uninformed individuals. Authorities in this field have been studying the makeup of our population for many years. There are several books on the subject which may be accepted as authoritative. We have immigration statistics of our own which go back to 1820. Our first census enumeration was taken in 1790, and there has been a Federal census each decade since. American, German, English and Irish historians have studied the subject from special angles, and reached conclusions whose accuracy cannot be questioned. All of this material was available to Dr. Hill and his colleagues. Of course they did not try to trace back the ancestors of particular individuals. They took all of the material at hand, all of our immigration records, our census records, the works of acknowledged authorities; they studied the makeup of our population in the Colonial period, and even the foreign statistics of emigration from many foreign lands, and conducted their study in the cold light of scientific analysis, and in co-operation with the Council of Learned Societies.

Finally, after five years, they announced their conclusions as to our racial makeup, giving us the results of what was probably the most exhaustive study of population ever made for any purpose. And when we have their assurance that the figures are accurate, and can see for ourselves that other authorities, approaching the subject from different angles and at different times, arrive at substantially the same results, we may surely accept them without question.

There has been little contention with respect to the figures themselves. The whole controversy over the National Origins Law has revolved around the plan to apportion the quotas in conformity with our present population, resulting in a loss of the undue advantage enjoyed heretofore by certain groups. But if the study itself were protracted and difficult, the principle involved is simplicity itself. It can be compressed into a single sentence: The National Origins Law is built around the theory that we can more readily assimilate people similar to ourselves than those who are dissimilar, and that we shall reach the maximum of assimilability if we can bring in each year a counterpart in miniature of our present population.

That is what the National Origins Law does, and all it does. It apportions to each European nation a share of our annual immigration equal to its proportionate representation in our population. It says to the Germans: "You and your predecessors and their descendants account for seventeen percent of our entire white population; therefore you shall have seventeen percent of our annual immigration." To the inhabitants of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, it says: "You shall have forty-two percent of our immigration because forty-two percent of our own people are of the same stock." Similarly with the Irish Free State, which will have twelve percent, and with the Scandinavian countries, and Russia, and Poland, and Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia and Italy and all the countries of Southeastern Europe—each will be represented in exact proportion to its representation in our present population. What could be fairer than that?

And do not forget that the National Origins Law gives representation also to native-born Americans as well as those of foreign birth. All of the earlier enactments based the quotas on the number of persons of alien birth counted in the census of 1910 or 1890. Most of the alternative proposals are constructed around the same idea. No other plan has ever come to my attention which gives the same recognition to native-born Americans and those who made this country possible, developed its resources, fought its wars and brought it to its present position in world affairs. All other plans place the whole emphasis on the alien, to the exclusion of those of us who think we have at least as great a stake in our country as the newly-arrived immigrant, and who carry in our blood something of the vigor which has made our nation great. I think we Americans are entitled to that much consideration, at least. There is nothing snobbish in that. It is just horse sense.

Now let us consider the objections to the national origins plan as advanced by its critics.

"It is guesswork," they say. "How



can you determine the national origins of a population so large and so heterogeneous in character?"

That assertion has been answered in part in the preceding paragraphs of this article. The real question, of course, is whether the national origins basis is more or less accurate than any alternative basis. I have told of the time consumed in the study of our national origins, the scientific spirit in which it was made, and the reasons why the conclusions of the experts may be accepted as accurate. In the hearings before the Senate Committee on Immigration on March 15, 1928, we find this in the testimony of Dr. Hill:

Q. If the question be raised of uncertainty due to changes in political boundaries in Europe, it is true, is it not, that the element of uncertainty pertains as much to the 1890 basis as to national origins?

Dr. Hill: Quite true.

Q. There is a necessary factor of guesswork there?

Dr. Hill: Or of estimates; yes.

Q. In the effort to determine what portion of German immigration, let us say, came from German Poland?

Dr. Hill: Yes. I think there is perhaps a somewhat erroneous impression about that. Most people, I believe, have the impression that the 1890 basis rests upon exact figures, but that is rather far from being the case, because the 1890 census does not show how many people there were in the United States in 1890 who were born in that portion of Europe which is now Czechoslovakia. That had to be estimated. It does not show how many people there were in the United States in 1890 who were born in that portion of Europe which is now Yugoslavia. That had to be estimated. It does not show how many people there were from that portion of Europe which constitutes the present Germany or the present France or the present Irish Free State. All through, that had to be estimated. The law contemplates that. It provides that where there have been transfers of territory, the number of people born in the transferred territory shall be estimated. So there is a pretty large element of estimate in the 1890 basis.

Dr. Hill might have gone on to say that the 1890 census did not show how many people there were in this country then who came from the present territory of Russia, or Italy, or the several small states which were separated from or added to the territory of these and other European countries as an aftermath of the World War. The fact is that the whole map of Europe was changed by the war, and that there is more of an element of guesswork in arriving at the quotas used prior to July 1st of this year than in those which have governed our immigration since. I remember distinctly that in the debate which preceded the passage of the Act of 1924, quota estimates based on the 1890 census were given which bore little resemblance to the actual figures used when the law was put into effect.

Yet we hear it said that national origins is inaccurate! From my own study of the subject, I am convinced that it is substantially more accurate than the 1890 basis which we have now discarded.

Now what of the results, and what of the objection that although the National Origins Law greatly increases the quotas

of Great Britain, it also increases the number of immigrants from the Latin and Slavic countries and at the same time cuts down the admissions from Germany and the Scandinavian countries? First let us have the figures. Here are the principal changes—the old and new quotas of the countries chiefly affected:

#### NORTHERN AND WESTERN EUROPE:

	1890 Foreign Born Basis	National Origins Basis
Belgium .....	512	1,304
Denmark .....	2,789	1,181
France .....	3,954	3,086
Germany .....	51,227	25,957
England, Scotland, Wales and North Ireland .....	34,007	65,721
Irish Free State .....	28,567	17,853
Netherlands .....	1,648	3,153
Norway .....	6,453	2,377
Sweden .....	9,561	3,314
Switzerland .....	2,081	1,707

#### SOUTHERN AND EASTERN EUROPE:

Austria .....	785	1,413
Czechoslovakia .....	3,973	2,874
Finland .....	471	569
Greece .....	100	307
Hungary .....	473	869
Italy .....	3,845	5,802
Lithuania .....	344	386
Poland .....	5,982	6,524
Portugal .....	593	440
Rumania .....	603	205
Russia .....	2,248	2,784
Yugoslavia .....	671	845
Other Countries .....		4,943

Total ..... 153,714

It is apparent at once, of course, that England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland gain more than Germany loses; that as an incidental result of the readjustment the Scandinavian countries are greatly reduced; that the Irish Free State is cut about one-third, and that there are less important changes elsewhere. Ethnic studies have shown, however, that the balance between the north and south of Europe remains essentially the same under both systems, so that we get, actually, about the same proportions of northern and southern Europeans, but with a different distribution. If that issue is important at all, that is the thing to be remembered, as the actual apportionment among the several European nations is by no means a guide to the racial characteristics of their immigrants, especially since the war. We get Germans from France and Poland, for example, as well as from Germany.

On the question of assimilability alone, it will hardly be contended that it is easier to assimilate thirty thousand Germans or Scandinavians who do not speak our language than thirty thousand British who do. I refuse to become involved, however, in any argument over the relative merits of the different groups in our own population or in the population of Europe.

When we remember that the architecture of the world still pays its tribute to the genius of Greece, and that the sculpture of the world has never known anything so fine as that which came from Greece, we can- (Continued on page 64)



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## National Origins and Horse Sense

(Continued from page 63)

not speak slightly of the Greek race. When we remember that brush never touched canvas with such genius as in Italy, we cannot speak slightly of that nation, whose art so far surpasses our own. When we remember that the great music of the world comes from Germany, no man in America has a right to speak slightly of them. When we remember that the literature that marks the world's high point in human thought was written in the tongue which we jointly own with the British, we have no reason to speak slightly of that race.

In considering this question, let us not get into the morass of national antipathies, and undertake to say that the Dane is better than the Swede, or the German better than the Briton, or the Italian better than the Greek, or make any other such contrast which can only lead us into a maze of contradictions and disagreements. Let us rather consider the subject as if these nationalities were all, in some way, desirable stocks. We have them all, and we want them all, and he would be rash indeed who claimed for any one group a superiority so marked as to warrant the exclusion of the others.

We can neither set up an arbitrary standard of judgment with respect to racial or national stocks, as a chart for our guidance in admitting immigrants to the United States, nor can we justly divide our annual immigration according to the foreign-born of any particular census. To do so is to invite endless confusion and controversy. In the one case we could never agree on an arbitrary apportionment, and in the other it must be obvious that as any census necessarily favors one group over another, depending on the movement of aliens to the United States in the separate periods of our history, there would be an unending fight to adopt some other census than the one in use at the moment. It would be a perennial issue in political campaigns, and national legislators would always be subject to pressure from special groups to vote for a change in the basis. We should never hear the last of it.

As it is, we can say to all alike: "You are getting exactly what you are entitled to in the new quotas, if what you seek is justice. Your people represent a definitely ascertained percentage of our population. You have the same percentage of our annual immigration. That arrangement is equally fair to everyone."

So long as we adhere to that principle, our position will be unassailable. We shall have a strong bulwark against changes in our population through immigration, and permanent protection likewise against the admission of disproportionate numbers of unassimilable types.

May I sound a word of warning in this connection to those well-intentioned persons who constantly urge a wider ap-

plication of the principle of selection to our immigration? The present law, of course, is both restrictive and selective—restrictive as to numbers, and selective in the discretion given to our consuls abroad to grant visas to the more desirable types of individuals who submit themselves for examination. We also give preference to immigrants skilled in agriculture, in an effort to build up our farms and counteract the tendency of newly-arrived immigrants to flock to the cities. But beyond that we cannot go. We could never agree, for example, on a basis of selection. Some of us might think it better to admit a scientist than a cobbler, an artist than a clerk, an engineer than a laborer. But that would not please those of us who needed cobblers or clerks or labor to work in the mills. Do we need brains or brawn in our immigration? And how could we be sure, knowing as little of biology and human backgrounds as we do, that in excluding a laborer and his family we were not excluding some unborn child who might prove a genius? There are no answers to such questions, nor is there any possibility of accord with respect to any system of selection, considering the diversity of ideas on the subject. All we can do, and what we propose to do under the National Origins Law, is to get the best we can of the stocks which have made us what we are, and to that extent preserve our racial balance and keep our immigration on a high plane.

Both in the Senate and elsewhere I have heard the question asked: "Will the countries which benefit by increased quotas—England, for example—send us desirable types, or will we get immigrants who are inferior mentally and physically—the idlers and inefficient?" The best answer to that is to be found in the character of the immigration we are getting from the British Isles, and the discovery that the idle workers in the industrial districts would rather stay there and receive their doles than come to the United States and hunt a job. Moreover, those who have been out of work for a protracted period seldom possess the resources necessary to come. They can neither finance their passage nor show that they are sufficiently fortified against the possibility of becoming public charges in this country. They are public charges there. How can they show they would not become the same here? That alone excludes them from consideration in most instances.

It might be remarked in passing that in the early months of 1929 there were more persons receiving doles in Germany than there were in England, so that if it were to be assumed that we should get the industrial overflow from one country, we should have to assume it of both. As a matter of fact, we do not get it from either. Rather we get the better class of mechanics and ar-



tisans who, possessing the energy and the means to come to this country, yield to the lure of higher wages and do so if they can. So far as competition from the British colonies is concerned, the best evidence of the stronger attraction of the United States is found in the circumstance that whereas the British government constantly endeavors by advertising and otherwise to encourage emigration to Canada and Australia, there is always a long waiting list of those who want to come to this country.

All of us, I think, recognize that the immigration we get from Germany is of excellent quality, and I am sure we do not want to discriminate against them. But there could be no justification for continuing in their favor a system which gave such disproportionate results, and was justly subject to the charge of unfairness by other nations. I am confident that the average American of German descent accepts this viewpoint unhesitatingly. It was not from Americans that the strongest pressure came. It had its source in alien influences, alien sym-

pathies and alien interests. If it were not for political expediency and the assumed necessity of catering to hyphenate groups, there would have been no thought of repealing the National Origins Law. That is something that every American should understand and remember.

Besides The American Legion, which stood steadfast for the law and waged a valiant and effective fight through its authorized spokesmen and by means of resolutions against its repeal, almost one hundred patriotic organizations throughout the United States rushed to its support. In the end it became a patriotic issue, and was so recognized by those who fought side by side to preserve it. And that, in my judgment, plus the merit of the law itself and the principle of impartiality around which it is built, is the best guarantee of its permanency.

Millions of Americans see in it the hope of the future. Under the old systems we traveled far on the road of our destiny. With the immigration issue settled, we shall travel farther.

## A Personal View

(Continued from page 33)

of the 6-ton World War tank. There is no money provided, or likely to be, for making these to arm our army. We have only the models which have been proved by experiment. If the other side had them in numbers and we did not in a big war we should be shooting less hell than would be shot at us. Nothing better proves that war is hell, and invention in perfecting hell's weapons does not cease.

THERE IS NO more human institution than a baseball team. A pennant winning nine is built, its players become the heroes of victory with victory's prestige. The bleachers want their old favorites and will not take young second line men in their place. Then comes the slipping that ends in the second division, even at the bottom. New blood is brought in, building begins again. Two years ago there was talk that the Yankees had become too strong, there was no competition enough in the American League. Not so this year. Old champion Connie Mack, after taking the dust so long, after his waiting and building, settled that. Age will be served when its managing head is young in the great young man's game.

### Connie Came Back

TIME'S KALEIDOSCOPIC CHANGES! Eleven years ago a public demand raged for the trial and punishment of the ex-Kaiser.

### Stewing in His Own Juice

Now Germany permits the exile to return to Germany if he wishes, and no one objects. No welcome would await

him in the land in which it was once against the law to criticize him. He would be utterly disregarded. But Germany allowed the Kaiser to keep his estates. He is enormously rich; and other out-of-job kings and princes who were his henchmen are mostly on their uppers. But he spares nothing for them as he hugs his gold and not a squad of his old army would follow him. With no chance to play the martyr he is a repudiated, miserly, pompous old man left to stew in his own juice.

WHILE GERMANS SEE the ex-Kaiser as a fool the "war-guilt" issue is very live in their minds. They do not like, as a people, being charged with responsibility for the War. There was the Russian mobilization, the conflicting national interests primed for a clash. Deep down the average German feels that he, the same as his enemies, fought at his country's call. He would like the world in a fresh start to make that allowance for him.

### Who Was Guilty?

FIGURES ARE A census business. We take a national census every ten years. That of 1930 will have more figures than were ever put together in the world. It will not contain one line of "human interest stuff" as the newspaper men call it, or editorial opinions or colorful descriptions—and yet it will be plugged with the human interest of every angle analyzed and indexed and added up. Advisory committees have been long busy thinking up new questions. Every detail about Americans' origins, occupa-

### We'll Know It All

(Continued on page 66)

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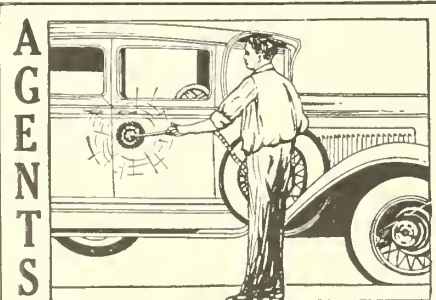
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## A Personal View

(Continued from page 65)

tions, and about their children, will be classified, as well as unemployment and its causes, and how goods are made and sold and where, and how we all earn or try to earn our livings—not to mention those who do not earn theirs and live off what other people earn. Never such a national stock-taking as a guide for the next ten years' progress. We cannot have too much useful information about ourselves. Even the foolish data that creeps in will be something to talk about.

REBELLION OVER, THE church difficulty adjusted, Mexican leaders are considering how to Mexicanize the Mexicans. It is a happy thought.

### Mexicanizing The Mexicans

This is the way to national unity and progress which no other nation has as good a reason to desire on our southern border as ourselves. Not one out of five Mexicans being able to read and write, only two million of the fourteen million people in Mexico are of Spanish blood. Eight million are mixed Spanish and Indian blood. The four million pure blooded Indians, half of whom speak no Spanish, are divided into fifty-four tribal groups in that land of such irregular topography in which the central dry mountainous plateau abruptly drops down into the moist tropic jungle of the

coasts. Mexican leaders have a big job in education which can afford no waste of time in revolutions. Nationalized, Mexicanized, the groups will feel the bond of a common interest and learn the folly of fighting one another. They will make more things to sell to us Gringos, have more money to buy things from us and gather around the radio in the evening and go to fiestas in their cars instead of going on the war-path. Our Ambassador Morrow has been showing them the American gospel which they are beginning to accept.

THE GAMBLE OF farming, of pests and weather! A Mediterranean fly salutes the boll weevil as he drops Florida oranges worthless on the ground. I was in the Northwest wheat region this summer when the cry was

for just one good rain to save the crop. Then leaping prices in the wheat-pits would have dropped. There was a war veteran who had ten thousand dollars in sight if he had a decent crop—and also mortgage interest, instalments on farm machinery, to meet. "Well," he said, "the crop is not worth harvesting. I'll plough it in, and maybe my turn will come next year." Still a soldier and a philosopher.

## Keeping Step

(Continued from page 38)

of delicate arbutus, of crystal lakes, of woods where wintergreen makes beds of emerald about the trunks of pines and where the second growth is almost of voting age. It is a place where the loon calls, where the heron stretches across the sky at evening, where the air is sweet with the smell of balsam and Indian sweet fern and musical with the sighing of the pines."

### When the Legion Leads

WHEN Palm Beach Post of West Palm Beach, Florida, started its Junior baseball program for 1929 it discovered that it couldn't find enough baseball diamonds in its city for the three hundred boys who signed up for the season. The post did the best it could this season, letting the teams play in relays on the few existing diamonds, but next season it will be a different story. Next season the boys will play on a playground established by the post on a strip of land covering fourteen acres and fronting on a lake. Development of this tract is being carried out by a Legion Junior Playground Commission. The field will contain six baseball diamonds, a football field, Boy Scout and Girl Scout clubhouses, a swimming pool and wading pool and tennis courts.

"The Legion commission is composed of an engineer, an attorney, a city commissioner, a lumber dealer and a real estate developer," reports Guy M. Powers, Post Adjutant. "The project will cost from \$15,000 to \$20,000, of which sum approximately one-third will come from the post's own budget."

"We expect to dedicate the playground next year when the annual convention of the Florida Department is held in our city. The St. Louis Browns will be training here at that time and we shall invite them to take part in the ceremonies."

### Is It a Record?

WHEN National Adjutant James F. Barton reached Arkansas on his round of visits to department conventions, he was decorated by Joseph Morrison, Past Commander of the Arkansas Department.

"What's the idea of this orange ribbon?" asked Mr. Barton, inspecting his decoration which bore the modest legend, "World's Champion Post."

"Look at the other end of the ribbon," replied Mr. Morrison, "and then tell me if Daniel Harder Post of Stuttgart hasn't a right to do a little strutting. Can any other post boast that it



has had an increase in membership in every year of its history?"

Here's the post's membership record, as shown on its ribbon: 1919, 48; 1920, 98; 1921, 122; 1922, 164; 1923, 218; 1924, 246; 1925, 257; 1926, 265; 1927, 275; 1928, 280; 1929, 284.

### Doughboy's Dream

IT IS a close race between the American Legion post in Nice, France, and the post at San Diego, California. At last reports, San Diego was ahead a few admirals and one or two generals, although Nice was said to be gaining. Both posts were running strong on retired Regular Army colonels and majors. The rosters of the two posts read like a section of a Who's Who of the World War, including as they do large numbers of high-ranking officers of the Army and Navy who have retired since the war because of disability or the completion of full service periods. San Diego has been for many years a favorite home for retired officers and their families. Nice has won popularity since the war.

There are, however, plenty of former buck privates among the members of the posts in San Diego and Nice. That fact was proved recently when the privates of San Diego Post ordered the generals on K. P. duty while the privates enjoyed a feed of hot dogs, coffee and other forms of chow. Those on the serving line included Major General Joseph H. Pendleton, U. S. M. C., retired, a Past Commander of the post; Major General Joseph E. Kuhn, U. S. A., retired, and Major General Frederick Strong, U. S. A., retired, former commander of the 40th Division. They had plenty of help from colonels and majors and such like.

### Bowling by Telegraph

UP IN Alaska where winter isn't what it is in Florida and California, The American Legion posts of Juneau, Ketchikan and Anchorage did some mutual long-distance bowling with the help of the telegraph and cable. Although their towns are widely separated on the map, the bowling teams of the three posts were able to take part in a tournament that was held on three days in February. In each town, players and spectators got plenty of excitement as

the scores made by the teams of the other towns came in over the wires.

### After the Idle Hour

THE Idle Hour motion picture theater gave up the ghost in Rossville, Illinois, in the middle of last winter, creating a civic amusement problem of the first magnitude in the little community.

The problem was solved when the theater re-opened in two weeks with this new sign above its entrance: "The American Legion Theater."

"We made a success of our shows from the time we took the place over," reports Post Adjutant C. O. Hennessy. "We have tried to show only the best pictures, including those distributed by

The American Legion Film Service."

### When to Plant

MORE and more Legion posts are planting rows of maples, walnuts or pines along highways and designating them as roads of remembrance, each tree dedicated to the memory of a single man who gave his life during the war. Uncle Sam will help any Legion post select the kind of trees best suited for planting in its locality. A revised edition of Farmer's Bulletin No. 1482, called "Trees for Roadside Planting," may be obtained by sending ten cents to the Superintendent

of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

### The Roll Call

REED G. LANDIS is an active member of Advertising Men's Post of Chicago. As a member of the Legion's national committee on aeronautics, he has helped determine the organization's air policies. Mr. Landis's father, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, recently received from National Commander Paul V. McNutt the Distinguished Service Medal of The American Legion in recognition of his efforts making possible the Legion's Junior baseball program . . . United States Senator David A. Reed is a member of East Liberty Post of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania . . . William T. Scanlon belongs to Marines Post of Chicago . . . John Palmer Cumming and Marquis James are members of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City.

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## It's a Great War

(Continued from page 25)

the shelf in the corner were yours. Put 'em on if you heard a gun go, Mrs. Scott said . . . Not that steady boom, boom. That was only the guns along the front. This one would be nearer . . . Men waiting for food, and no more food to give them . . . Frazzled paper money . . . Tired . . . "There are smiles that make you . . . Tired . . . Tired . . . "Happy . . ."

\*\*\*

The Y. M. C. A. man stood warming his hands at the stove waiting for breakfast.

"Don't you think we might clean the floor up in the hut and make it look a little bit neat?" Anne asked, as she made toast.

"It isn't any use," said Mr. Simpson. "I've swep' it up time and again," he added, sadly. "The boys just throw things down, and after a while it looks just the same way . . ."

"But if we put scrap baskets—" Anne stopped. A short, stout man in a Y uniform came in smiling, rubbing his hands. So there were two of them . . .

"Er, shake hands with Mr. Carberry," said Mr. Simpson. "He's our educational director." Mr. Carberry's hand was small and dry and hard to get hold of. "And what State are you from?" he was chirping . . .

"You hold classes?" Anne asked.  
 "Ahem. Well, er, not yet," said the educational director. "Ain't got any books yet. But I've sent for 'em."  
 "Come on! Come on!" Mrs. Scott was setting corn meal mush and a steaming pot of coffee on the table in the little back room. "Our Father," said the Y. M. C. A. man, bowing his head. Anne bowed hers. It was Mrs. Scott who ought to be thanked . . .

\*\*\*

Before the counter the line stretched away into the smoky darkness. Strange faces in the line tonight. "Doughboys," an aviation mechanic told her. "They're campin', now, in the towns all round here." The doughboys wanted two sandwiches apiece. "Let's let them have 'em," Anne said. "If you do our own fellers 'll get sore." The mechanic was solemn. "And if I don't the doughboys 'll get sore." Anne laughed. "They'll curse the Y either way. Let's let 'em have two!"

One by one the doughboys came on, silent. First honest-to-God women they'd seen in three months . . . Hoped she'd talk to 'em . . . But when she did you were afraid to answer . . . No place for a woman, out here . . . Yet this girl didn't seem to know it . . . Looked as happy as if she'd been raised here . . .

Anne watched them as she pushed out sandwiches and made change. Not full of talk, like aviation mechanics, this

bunch. They came, silent and awkward. Face after face, husky, bronzed, tough . . .

\*\*\*

"Will you conduct a funeral?" The doctor stood behind Anne, his trench coat dripping. "What, me?" She looked at the pleasant, pink face, streaked with rain. "Two boys died yesterday of flu down at the camp hospital. There are no chaplains in the Air Service, and I don't know how to get these fellers buried. You're an uplifter, I thought perhaps you—"

"The Y. M. C. A. man can do it. I'll bring him," said Anne.

\*\*\*

"But I ain't a minister, any more than you are," Dad Gaskell complained. "I didn't come out here to—"

"That's what war is, isn't it, Mr. Gaskell?" Anne said, "doing something you didn't expect to. I'm sure nobody could read the service better—" Dad Gaskell buttoned up the collar of his blouse, puffed his thick chest out. Marched a couple of times up and down the kitchen.

"Well, say!" he said. "I'll have a try at it."

\*\*\*

They rode out on the front seat of a truck. Rain dampening their knees, stinging their faces . . . The oak trees on the ridge beyond the road rose up and lost themselves in trailing white mist. On Anne's right sat Gaskell, his face squinched up, eyes half closed. The beating rain, running down the wrinkles . . . On her left the soldier at the wheel lowered his head against the storm, his eyes intent on the truck ahead, its wheels flinging mud back . . . Behind them a pine box rattled against the bouncing floorboards . . . They turned off into a little field. The forward truck stopped moving, wheels whirling, sending up clots of brown mud. A young lieutenant jumped down, signaled to stop. Across the field there someone had dug two holes and thrown the dirt up in a great pile between them. Into the empty holes the rain poured . . .

\*\*\*

The soldiers struggled with the heavy box. "God damn!" breathed one of them, as the thing slipped . . . Lugging it, they lurched forward, mud sucking their boots. The men slid, clutched at the slippery wood, trod on . . . After them ploughed Anne and Mr. Gaskell. Behind the hole the soldiers laid the box down. They shook their reddened fingers . . . Six men with rifles lined up in the mud, and stood, red faces gleaming . . . A sergeant gave a sharp command. The rifles clattered. The lieutenant looked at Gaskell, looked at Anne.



Anne fumbled in her pocket for a book that she had borrowed from a lieutenant at mess. She handed it to Gaskell, opened at a place where she had put a ribbon. He burrowed for his glasses, put them on, eyes blinking, mouth set, like some ugly toad, gazing upward. Rain pattered on the book's small, thin pages. Gaskell smacked his lips and gave an odd gasp.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," he began . . . The soldiers gazed down at the mud that ran from the loose pile into the black hole. The lieutenant gazed down. Gaskell stumbled on, gasping, spluttering over unfamiliar words. Anne gazed at the long box. Mud, staining the white boards . . . Somewhere were this man's family, his friends . . . Lump rising in her throat . . . She swallowed, hard. To die alone, of flu, in a camp hospital . . . You didn't come to war to do that . . . To be planted in a wheat field by people who didn't know you, didn't care . . . Mud, staining the white boards . . . They lowered the thing somehow, clumsily, with a rope. It slipped and jolted. One end, too far down. His head would be bumped . . . Or his feet . . . The young lieutenant giving orders, blinking . . . The soldiers, red faced, breathing hard, letting the rope slip through hands wet, red with cold. The thing splashed when it reached the bottom. Somewhere this man's mother—Anne swallowed, blinking. She felt for her handkerchief . . . Her nose—It was his mother she was weeping for, not for the soldier . . . She didn't know him. Nobody here did . . . A sharp command. Rifles, pointing toward the gray sky . . . Rifles crackling . . . Crackling again . . . Again . . . Silence . . . The patter of rain . . . Little Levinson, raising his bugle, puffing his cheeks out.

\*\*\*

Anne walked along the straight road to the westward. She must find out whether the war was over. Nobody seemed really to believe it. After mess, they had all gone back to their work. The noises of the camp were all about her, donkey engines chugging, trucks snorting, airplanes soaring, singing. But from the hill top yonder, away from the noises of the camp, you could hear the big guns. She would go up, and listen. Toward her trudged a French peasant, leading a cow. His wooden shoes going plop, plop on the hard road. Narrow shoulders bent forward under the blue smock, tugging against the rope. Bleary, blue eyes looked up at Anne from among a thousand wrinkles.

"B'jour, madame!" He touched the vizor of his black cap.

"La guerre est finie?" Anne asked.

"On le dit!" The old man shrugged his shoulders. "C'est c'qu'on dit! Mais," he tossed his palms up, "c'est pas possible!" He trudged on, mumbling. The cow followed, slowly. "Pas possible, ça!"

On the hill, shining drops fell from the oak twigs. The smell of dead leaves . . . There was a clear, blue look about the

air now, heavy clouds, rising. Anne stood still looking out toward the northeast. The noises of the camp were little, far away, below her. She stood there, silent, waiting. The guns . . . The guns, that had become a part of life, now . . . The noise, that was there, behind the nearer noises of the daytime . . . That filled the night's dark . . . She held her breath, and listened.

The air, still. No sound but the drip, drip, dripping from the oak trees . . .

\*\*\*

COBLENZ. Crowds hurrying about the station. A German porter standing over Anne and talking in a guttural, unknown language. Across his shoulder an American M. P. speaking: "The Heinie's askin' you if you want a cab. You don't want no cab. We got a truck outside." He turned and gave directions to the man in German.

\*\*\*

Anne walked out past houses made of heavy red stone, ugly with wide plate-glass windows. Everywhere she met Americans, and they saluted, gaily. They seemed strangely at home here among these ugly houses with their porches. The street ended at a broad promenade—a balustrade with an American soldier leaning on it, against a broad space. The Rhine . . . She saw it suddenly, its broad stream flowing, majestic, northward. Above the river, high on a rock, a fortress. The kind of fort you used to make in sand when you were children . . . And now, the last rays of the winter sun that slanted up and touched it. From a high pole a flag untwisted, billowed. Anne stood still, looking. Why, it was your flag . . . Silly tears rising . . . What was it, this feeling that rose in your throat and choked you? The flag shone in the slanting, winter sunlight.

"That there is Ehrenbreitstein," said the soldier . . .

\*\*\*

A town lay in a river valley, deep among hills. Above her head Anne saw the ruined stone walls of a castle. "They say a robber baron used to live there."

The driver turned the truck into the town street. On a pond children skated, rozy cheeked, arms waving. A row of houses, their backs against a white hill. The red triangle of the Y. M. C. A. hung outside a doorway: "Divisional Headquarters." The truck stopped. Anne stood alone on the snowy sidewalk. Through a door to the hallway, and through another to a low, hot room. Four men in Y. M. C. A. uniforms sat round a stove. One of them tipped his chair down, came forward: "Tompkins is my name," he began. "From Little Rock." "Is Mr. Roberts here?" Anne asked. She shook hands with Brother Brown of Idaho, Brother Lewis of Milwaukee, Brother Todd of San Francisco. "Not here today," they said. "He may be back tomor- (Continued on page 70)

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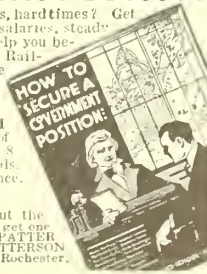
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# It's a Great War

(Continued from page 69)

row. Tompkins'll get you a billet in the next house—you can set here with us."

\*\*\*

Anne stood in the window of the German forester's house above the town. Outside, against a blank, white snow field, the Y truck snorted, backed, filled, lurched forward, plunging over the white hill. Gone . . . She turned. Here she was . . .

The room was papered with dark blue. A bed, with a huge puff of eiderdown, a washstand, a white china stove, a fox skin on the bare floor. The face of Bismarck, glowering from a helmet, over the bed . . . A tall man with a long moustache, his face pasty, sullen, stood in the doorway, looking at Anne. "N'abend, fräulein!"

A sullen face, eyes that didn't trust you. The forester's wife, standing on her tip-toes, looked across his shoulder. Behind her, children, whispering, pulling at one another. Trying to peek round their mother's skirts and see the wicked woman. Had they not heard the mother weeping? Complaining to the father that women who went with armies were always wicked?

"Hey! Outa the way, there!" An American soldier came in, dumped Anne's bags down. He flushed. "Anything you want?" he said. No place for a girl, this . . . "Get outa here! 'Raus! 'Raus-mit!" he shouted at the Germans. He slammed Anne's door behind him as he went out. Whad' they wanta send a girl up to a God damn dump like this for?

Anne stood, alone, in the dark room. Outside the snow field, rolling upward, cut across tall spruce trees that pointed, black, toward the gray sky. Silence. Darkness, growing deeper. She turned. Standing on the edge of the bed, she took down Bismarck.

\*\*\*

The soldiers came into the canteen, and sat down. They pushed their caps back, stretching out their feet. Kinder good to have a nice warm place to come and set in . . . A girl to talk to . . . Girl talked just as easy as if you'd been to home—z'if you was still the same kinder boy you was when you left home . . . She didn't know nothin', this girl . . .

"What have you been doing today?" Anne handed cocoa. A new face in the line. A big man . . . Green eyes, that could be evil, or that could be merry . . .

"Been out teachin' the looeyes to drill," the man said. The others laughed. "Say, how much are them cakes?" He looked toward the pile of small oiled-paper packages.

"One mark," said Anne. "Want some?"

"Say, Cleary, you just got back from the

horsepital, you'd oughta have cash . . ." The others, watching the big man . . .

"Cash? Boy, d'you suppose they pay you in them horsepitals?" Cleary laughed. "Gawd, no! 'Your service record's lost,' they tell you. My service record ain't showed up since I got knocked acrost that ditch back in the Argonne. All the money I had in six months I got sellin' buttons and watches and stuff I took off the Fritzies."

"Have a roll of cakes free!" said Anne.

"No, ma'am." He slammed a mark down. "Cleaned up on a crap game down to Muhlauer. Say, buddy," Cleary walked toward the arm chair. "That there girl in the Y. M. C. A. down to Muhlauer, she must be makin' money. Sells these same cakes for two marks. This Y ain't tryin' to make nothin' outa the soldiers! Oh, no!"

"What did you say?" Anne came round the table, sat down. Better get this thing straight . . . This new man's spirit, filling the whole place . . .

"I said, ma'am, that the Y girl down to Muhlauer, she charges two marks for them same cakes." His green eyes narrow . . .

"Look." Anne drew a green piece of paper from her pocket, unfolded it. "This is the invoice," she pointed. "They bill all this stuff to us in francs, see? Cakes of chocolate, packages of crackers, fifty centimes apiece. We sell in German money. Fifty centimes is about one mark fifty. How many fifty pfennig pieces have you seen? None. There aren't any. We have to sell everything for either one mark or for two marks. I make on the chocolate and lose on the crackers. Miss Hobhouse sells her crackers for two marks and her chocolate for one mark. She loses less because there isn't so much chocolate. If I'd sold you chocolate, you'd have said I was—"

"Say, if you sold me chocolate," the man's eyes twinkling, "I'd say you was the only Y girl in the A. E. F. had any."

"Come down here after chow," said Anne, "I'm putting it out then."

\*\*\*

Anne turned seven chairs toward the piano, put out seven hymn books. That would be about the number that would come to church out of two hundred . . . A motor-cycle snorting, stopping. The Division Chaplain came in, suave, good-looking. "Ah, Miss Wentworth." From outside, the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of soldiers, marching—good Heavens, so they were marching off somewhere—they wouldn't be here . . . What? Through the door? Clatter, clatter, the column came in. The soldiers spread themselves on chairs, on tables, on the floor. The captain, looking at her. What the girl wanted, she should have as long as he was— She fled into the kitchen.



The top sergeant marched in after her, holding his arm up.

"Anything the matter with your arm, Sergeant?" Anne laughed.

"Been in this man's Army fifteen years," the sergeant, spluttering, "an' this is the first time I ever been marched to church. Whyn't he blow church call? He blows assembly, an' then he lines us up, an': 'There's goin' ter be church at the Y. M. C. A.' He says, 'everyone who don't wanten go raise his right hand-left-face-forward-march!' An' down we come. I'm goin' ter keep my damn hand up till this here preacher gets through." Y. M. C. A. girl, laughing . . . "Near-rer, my God, to Thee," the soldiers' voices, droning . . .

"Oh," said Anne, "I see."

\*\*\*

"A very impressive service, Miss Wentworth. Wonderful attendance!" The Division Chaplain pressed Anne's hand. "I can see your influence has—"

"Listen," said Anne, "give the general a message for me, will you?" (Have to do something to undo this day's work.) "Ask him if I can have his Mary Pickford movie for tomorrow?"

\*\*\*

Overhead an airplane, snorting, banking, close above them. From the observer's seat a man was waving. Above the town square he leaned out, dropped a bundle. Soldiers running, picking it up, tearing it open, handing out newspapers. "Germans Sign Peace at Three," Anne saw a headline. So it was over, over . . . She walked toward the billet in the schoolhouse. Knees, feeling shaky . . . Peace . . . The beginning of a new age . . . Along the dusty path great rain-drops spattered. Earth smelling ominous, smelling gunpowdery. After the Armistice the sun had come out. Now it was raining. Rain didn't matter. She put her face up, felt the rain against it . . .

\*\*\*

A hollow square of soldiers on a drill field. Gentle rain falling, glistening on helmets, dripping from them . . . Soldiers, under the helmets, immovable, unheeding . . . In the middle of the hollow square some officers, a major, and four girls in gray uniforms, red triangles on their hats, standing, waiting. A limousine stopped by the roadside. Commands, rifles clinking forward. A general walked into the square—tall, straight, sunburned, the general that you never saw at dances. The one the men were always saying was a soldier. A command. Eight rows of soldiers melting into men, who stood there. The general's keen eyes looking at them from under deep brows.

He wanted to look into their faces once more, he said, as he had done so many times these two years—this time in the cause of peace and not of war. Wanted to tell them that they had gained more ground than any other brigade in the American Army. That they

had taken more prisoners. That they had lost more men. Wanted to tell them that they stood farther north in Germany tonight than any other regiment. "Men!" The general turned suddenly, stood, stiff. "I am proud of you," Anne heard him saying, "and I am proud to tell you so. Usually it is you who salute me. Tonight I am going to salute you." The general saluted, stiffly. Turning, he saluted again, again, again. A command. Rifles clattering to present arms. "Would like to shake hands with every one of you," the general saying. "I can't do that, so I will shake hands with your commanding officer." The general shaking hands with the major, shaking hands with the three girls beside Anne, shaking hands with Anne. Tears in the man's eyes . . . "Thank you!" he was saying, "Thank you! Thank you!"

\*\*\*

Morning. A flat wheel going ker-plunk, ker-plunk, giving you a little jolt with each sound: this was a French train. Shabby, gray cushions . . . "Il est dangereux de se pencher en dehors." Dangerous—to lean out a window. Good God. Dangerous living, ended. The future: middle aged people, guarding themselves in safety—for what? "Taisez-vous, menez-vous. Les oreilles ennemies . . ." That tang of mystery . . . Gone, now, those enemy ears. War . . . The world safe. Safe. Most dangerous thing you could do, now, was to lean out the window. Anne yawned. The infinite boredom of peace . . .

\*\*\*

A great ship, quivering onward, her stern deck hanging high above blue water . . . Below, white foam sizzling, falling away, leaving a trail of whiteness . . . A trail into the sunlight. And at the trail's end, green fields, castles on a white cliff. France . . . Anne clung to the ship's rail, looking out along that white way that led backward. To plunge over, into that white foam . . . To drift back . . . Back, to that life that had been burning, vivid . . . A life of tears and laughter. Life that called out the savage that was hidden under all youth. Youth of the world, who'd all been there, together. Life with one single purpose: to win the damn war. A primitive thing. You fed men, and they loved you. Easy. Simple. France—a symbol of that concentrated, pulsing life of war time. Anne stretched her hand out toward the green shore that was shrinking. No use . . . Youth wouldn't be there. Youth, leaving France to old people and to children . . . Youth, going westward. The shore a tiny strip now, across the blue sea, growing smaller, smaller. To go back . . . Go back . . . Climb this rail, fling yourself into the white foam, sizzling backward . . . France disappearing. A minute more, and the world would be a great, blue, empty circle . . .

And Life, as empty as the circle . . . One world dead . . . The other, not yet born.

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## Mutiny

(Continued from page 31)

from loss of blood. His scalp had been cut into strips. One ear was nearly sliced off. Starting below the left eye there was a gash across the face, cutting through the nose and both cheeks. Another slash across the right temple had laid bare the skull and severed an artery. From a stab wound on his left side the lower lobe of the lung protruded for several inches.

The medicine chest was in the bathroom and no one dared venture out. Mrs. Clarke tore up bed clothing and bandaged her husband's wounds.

The captain's hope was that loyal members of the crew should reach the cabin, but until he received some manner of reinforcements there appeared to be little chance of a successful counter-offensive against the mutineers. From the cabin windows he heard the fight on deck led by Staal, and the ominous silence that followed it. Then came the thumping overhead as the Indians prepared their fort on the poop deck, which formed the roof of the cabin.

Thus dawned Sunday, January 3d. The captain was too weak to stand, and surgeons who eventually treated him said that only Mrs. Clarke's ministrations and an almost superhuman power of will had enabled him to retain consciousness. Had the captain lost his grip it is probable that no white man would have lived to tell the tale of the mutiny on the *Frank N. Thayer*. Propped on a bunk in the corner of the cabin, so as to command the door and the three windows, Captain Clarke spent thirty hours without food or medicines, but with a pistol in his hand. His use of the pistol saved him. Not content with siege tactics, the Indians made a reconnaissance of the cabin windows, but were driven back by the whistle of bullets from the captain's revolver.

Had the Chinese steward, Ah Lam, been a man of pluck Captain Clarke's situation would not have been so desperate. Ah Lam slept near the apartment of the captain and his family, but at the first sign of an affray he had locked his door, declining to respond to any summons until late on Sunday afternoon. The captain then forced a revolver into his hands and under threat of death obliged him to fire a few shots through the windows. The captain also fired a shot or two through the skylight, and through the opening in the opaque glass discerned Sandburgh in the rigging. This appeared to stamp Sandburgh as a loyal man, but the captain was as yet without knowledge of the extent of the mutiny. The mysterious silence on deck left him to reckon with the fear that, excepting Sandburgh, who was in no position to assist, only he stood between the assassins and the safety of his wife and child.

On Monday morning the water in the cabin was exhausted and the fever that follows severe wounds had begun to tax

the ebbing vitality of the captain. He must act now or never. With pistol in hand he ventured from the cabin, and by supporting himself against the wall made his way to the bathroom, where there were medicines and water. The bathroom was locked from within. Hendricsen, who was hiding there, recognized the captain's voice and opened up. He was armed with a broadaxe. From Hendricsen Captain Clarke learned that the Indians were the only culprits, but this information shed no light on the fate of the remainder of the crew. Refreshed by stimulants and a little food, the captain resolved upon a desperate course to regain control of his ship.

In an effort to dislodge the mutineers from the poop Captain Clarke and Hendricsen began to fire through the roof of the cabin. The seaman was uninjured and could get about. He located the barricade and by dexterous aiming managed to hit one of the Indians.

The wound apparently was not severe, but the Indian did one of those things that is explicable only to the Eastern mind. The mutineers' perch on the poop deck had been rendered insecure, but they had already met and overcome greater difficulties. Nevertheless the wounded Indian wrenched one of the planks from the barricade and running down upon the main deck cast the board into the sea and without an instant's hesitation leaped after it.

Neither Captain Clarke nor Hendricsen saw this unexpected triumph of their strategy, but Sandburgh saw it from aloft, and it gave him courage. He started to climb down. While Hendricsen continued to fire through the cabin roof the captain broke the upper door of the aft companionway with the broadaxe and emerged on the half deck. The steward handed Sandburgh a pistol through the skylight, and Ah Say, the cook, seeing the tide running against the mutineers, slipped an axe through a port to the crew immured in the fore-castle. A few minutes later the crew was on deck.

In the confusion the second Indian was nowhere seen. A search for him was interrupted by smoke issuing from the after hatch. Captain Clarke armed several seamen and ordered them down to search for the assassin, who it was feared had fired the ship. They fired several shots and came up choking, saying they supposed they had killed the Indian but that the fire was making headway in the hemp.

The pumps were manned and a hose taken through the port from the main deck to fight the fire. The seamen worked bravely, but only eight of their number were unwounded, and all were weak. The hold and the half deck were soon roaring furnaces of flame. The inflammable cargo had been fired in twenty places. Smoke poured from the vessel as from a volcano, and in the



midst of the tumult the steward ran to the captain to say that Mrs. Clarke and the little girl were locked in the cabin and could not get out. The captain broke the door with an axe and brought his wife and daughter on deck, to learn that the second Indian had just come from the after hatch and dived into the sea.

But he had done his incendiary work well, and the ship was fast being consumed by flames. Two boats stocked with provisions and water were lowered. One boat, containing much of the water, foundered and all hands were crammed into a single boat. Thus overloaded, skilful handling was necessary to keep her from swamping in a calm sea. Given bad weather nothing could save the shipwrecks.

For twenty-four hours Captain Clarke lingered in the vicinity of the burning ship, in the hope that a passing vessel, seeing the fire, might pick him up. No vessel came and there was nothing to do but to run for the island of St. Helena, six hundred miles away.

St. Helena is a landfall difficult to

make. Large sailing vessels bound from the Hope often miss it altogether, being carried off of the track by currents or going by at night in a fog. Once past the island beating back is difficult, owing to the southeast trades that blow perpetually.

A sail made of blankets was rigged and a course laid for the island. Exposed to the sun and the salt spray that drenched the occupants of the open boat, Mrs. Clarke, her little girl and the wounded suffered torture. As there was no other navigator on board the lives of all depended upon the captain's survival as well as on the seamanship of the crew. They were equal to their tasks, and at three o'clock in the morning of the seventh day after abandoning ship they made Jamestown harbor on the tropical rock where Napoleon Bonaparte spent the last five and a half years of his life. Captain Clarke's stay was of much briefer duration, and two months later he landed at his home in Jamaica, Long Island, New York, in search of employment.

## The Hardest Coaching Job

(Continued from page 27)

these potentialities?" Well, I would just do the best I could, using the man who was a natural leader.

The center I would pick entirely on his ability to pass the ball. I have already mentioned the tackles as being the biggest men and it is absolutely essential that they have powerful forearms and be tall and irrepressible in aggressive fight.

As I intend to put the best eleven players on the team, I would fill in the other six good players where they would fit in the best. The other halfback, working with my triple-threat man, must be a blocker. He should be fast enough to catch forward passes, but his primary job is blocking for the triple-threat man. Whenever you hear of some star halfback making a reputation as a ball carrier you can put it in your hat that associated with him, though more or less unknown, has been some star blocking halfback. This back was the man who knocked the opponents out of the way in a manner that was not only beautiful to watch but effective to the *nth* degree.

Let's look over some of the star halfbacks of history and see who were their blockers. Eddie Mahan of Harvard was made to a large extent by Tacks Hardwick and Bradley. George Gipp of Notre Dame was aided in his scampers by Johnny Mohardt and Norman Barry, blockers extraordinary. All four of the "Four Horsemen" were good ball carriers, but the two blockers that made the backfield successful were Stuhldreher and Layden. Red Grange had a fine line in front of him, plus McElwain and Britton. When they took away McElwain and Britton, Grange was unable to reach the line of scrimmage. Kipke was a great ball-carrying back also when

he had Cappon. Cagle's runs for the Army last year were due very largely to the effective blocking of an unknown back by the name of Allen. Aubrey Devine at Iowa got all the notoriety but his way was paved to a large extent by his brother, Glenn Devine. Spiegel of Washington and Jefferson had his Red Fleming and Drury of Southern California had his Thomas. Strupper and Red Barron had their paths cleaned by a lad named Harlan. The only halfback in football history who ran with the ball effectively with or without interference was that old Sac and Fox Indian from Carlisle, Jim Thorpe. But then Jim was the exception who proved the rule.

If I had a fast, big man who loved to tackle I think I would try him out at fullback. If he proved here that he was also effective for short line plunges through the line he would cinch the position.

I would try to pick out for the guards some short, stocky men great on absorbing punishment but fast enough to run interference. As a rule the best guards are men of the oppressed races, because if there ever was a martyr's position, guard is it. I would pick the guards very largely on their ability to pull out of the line and get into the interference effectively. Mobility would be a *sine qua non*.

For ends I would pick one short, heavy-set chap for blocking and one tall end for forward pass catching—that is, if I had the personnel to permit this.

As soon as the personnel of my team was fairly well determined I would immediately begin scrimmaging them and going through what we call "group work" preparing them for the first game.

The first game should be a fairly easy practice game. (Continued on page 75)

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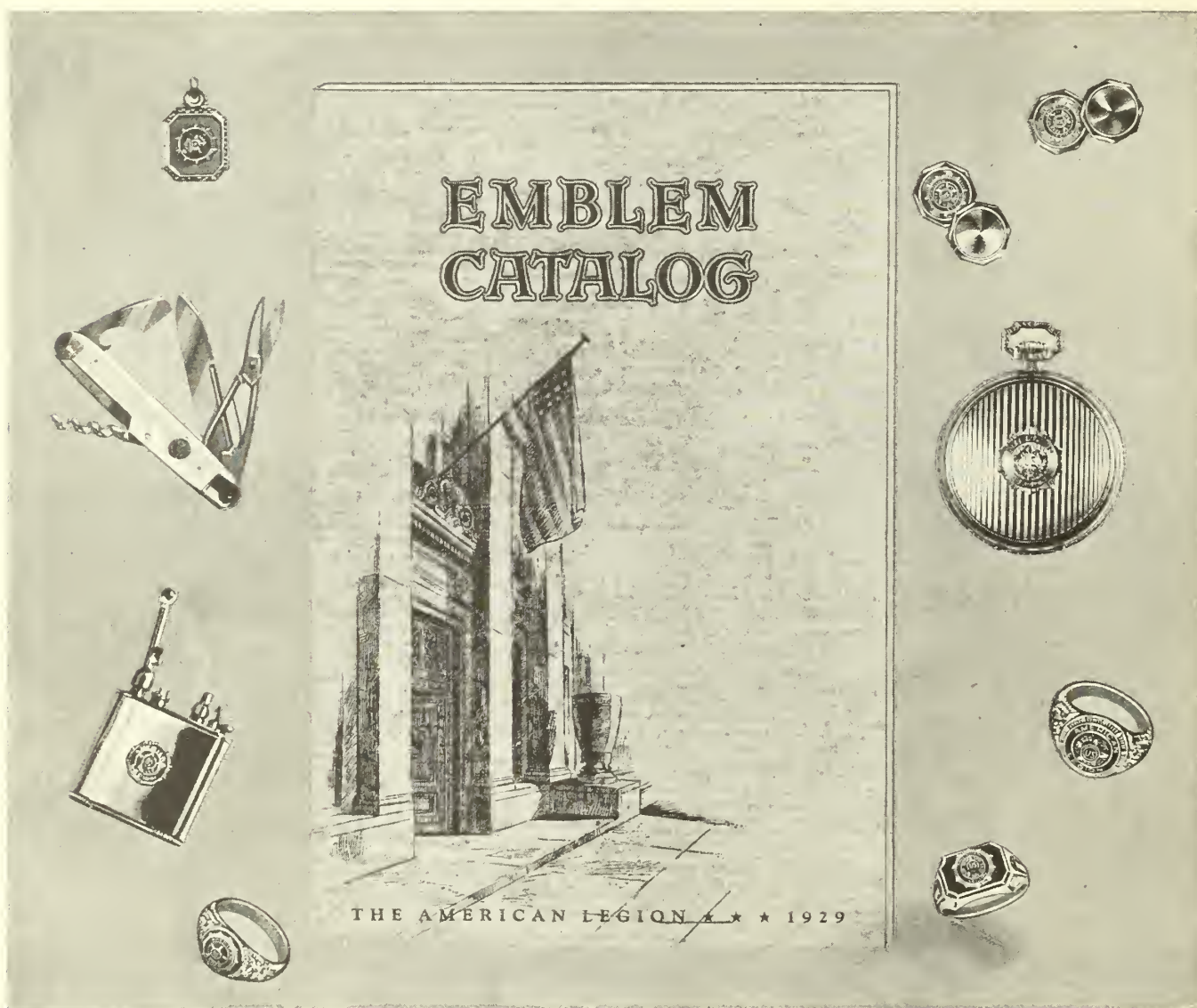




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(10-29)



# The Hardest Coaching Job

(Continued from page 73)

If the game turns out to be fairly tough so much the better, because there is nothing like pressure to bring out the best that is in a man, and the same thing is true for a team. If the first game is too easy that is bad. As soon as I could I would make a change out on the field, because it would be very harmful to run up a big score. First of all a big score would give the boys on the team a wrong sense of values. They would get their touch-downs without any particular effort. Secondly, you wouldn't have much to talk to them about on Monday. Over-confidence is a thing to be avoided at any cost. Thirdly, the team would not develop as it would not have got any practice. So if the first game proves very easy I would send a new quarterback out with instructions to play just the one or two tough spots that the opponents have shown, with just one or two plays.

I would give my football team not more than twelve plays, which I would drill to perfection. I know of one high-school coach who gave his team one hundred and thirty plays, but I know very well that he didn't know them himself, let alone the immature lads who were trying to execute them. In other words, the coach lost because the offense stopped itself.

I would pick from my schedule the one or two games I absolutely felt I had to win in order to hold my job. I would let nothing interfere with having my team in the best possible shape physically and mentally for these two contests.

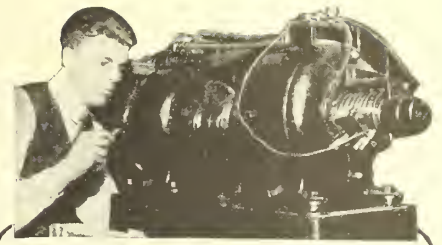
In order to get along well with the boys I would be a strict disciplinarian on the field but very human and accessible off the field. If the lads got into trouble at all I would want them to come and see me. But on the field every man must be punctual and snap to it with a dash that bespeaks morale and discipline and one-hundred percent efficiency. I would lean backward in being fair in every particular. As regards the parents who have boys on the team, sometime in the fall no doubt some of these will come around to see me and want to know why I am not playing their boy. Perhaps one of the members of the school board may have a boy on the squad and he may be an over-enthusiastic parent and convey to me the hint that it might be well for me to play his boy on the team. But neither from the point of view of self-respect nor fairness to the team would I even consider this. If I am going to lose my job on account of this member of the school board I might just as well lose it like a man.

Then there are the chaps in town who know a little football and who pick you to pieces. The thing to do is never to take these chaps seriously. I would josh them whenever I had a chance and make

a joke of the whole matter. Whenever I walked into the barber shop or the lobby of a hotel or Rotary or Kiwanis meeting I would greet the group as follows: "Good day, and how are all the other coaches?" I would pick a strategy board, so called, of Sunday morning field generals. I would be sure to include all the unusual characters in its makeup. This would make a joke of this downtown criticism, as it should be. I wouldn't expect to go into the clothing store and tell the merchant how to display his merchandise, or go into a dentist's office and tell him how to fill teeth, nor would I walk into a bank and tell them how to run their loans. Then why should these men know all about your business on the football field and take it upon themselves to advise you? But you can't tell these men that seriously. The more effective method is to josh them.

As regards the training of my team I would absolutely drill them to the nth degree in tackling and blocking and in learning how to catch the ball. If my team did these things well the schedule would take care of itself. I would also educate the team in all the phases of football so that when the team is out on the field the boys could think for themselves. There seems to be a suspicion in a lot of fans' minds that coaches signal from the side lines. Nothing can be further from the truth. The boys on the team are trained to a certain point of physical fitness and in perfecting mechanical movements, but they are also educated to play the game smartly, above the neck, because, everything else being fairly equal, a football contest of today is more or less a contest of wits.

Several years ago I was unable to accompany the Notre Dame team to Pittsburgh and they were beaten by Carnegie Tech in a manner that was more or less unexpected. The next week, when I was talking to one of our South Bend citizens he said, "Well, I see the boys couldn't do their stuff so well when the trainer wasn't present." He intended this as a compliment, but I did not take it as such. I was immediately reminded of an animal act in a circus. In this kind of an act, of course, the animals will not do their stunts unless the trainer is present to crack the whip or to dole out lumps of sugar. I certainly can see no analogy between an animal act and a football team. If this man had wanted to compliment me he should have said, "I see the boys played the game just as well as if you had been present." In that case he would have shown his belief that the boys had been educated. The test of education is, will the boys continue to do the right thing after the coach is gone? So in teaching football to a high-school team I would try to educate them to use their own initiative, their own powers of observation and analysis, their own resource- (Continued on page 76)



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Swift as lightning, Ve-Po-Ad, my amazing new vest pocket adding machine, solves all figuring problems! **AND YOUR MONEY PROBLEMS, TOO!** Men all over the country are making **BIG MONEY** selling this little wizard on figures for only \$2.95. Ve-Po-Ad duplicates work of \$300 adding machines. Adds, subtracts, multiplies any numbers with absolute accuracy. Million dollar capacity, yet weighs only 4 ounces and is only 5 inches long and 3 1/4 inches wide. Made of metal—lasts a lifetime—fully guaranteed.

### EXCEPTIONAL PROFITS FOR YOU

At \$2.95, Ve-Po-Ad sells like magic! Your profit over 100 per cent on every sale. \$65 a week is easy just showing it in your spare time. Less than 10 sales a day pays full-time workers over \$100 a week. No experience necessary. Harry Fuller, new man, made \$26 first day. Shapiro, California, made \$475 in one week.



### FREE Sample Machine

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New York

## The Hardest Coaching Job

(Continued from page 75)

fulness, thereby meeting the various situations that might arise on the field on their own hook, intelligently and with correct mental and physical reactions. I would like to feel that one of the by-products of playing a hard contest game like football is character. Character is a rather complex thing, but it is a mixture of temperament, habits and fiber. Temperament the boy inherits from his family, habits are the result of environment. Fiber, or the other extreme, flabbiness, is the result of experience. If the experience is of the toughening kind we get fiber; if it is softening we get flabbiness. If football is properly controlled and supervised the habits will be of the right kind and will be useful in the lad's later life.

I would also figure that I had helped to safeguard the best interests of the country from a military point of view because every man would be physically fit and used to obeying orders.

There is, of course, an analogy between football and warfare. Football is a complex game with all the complexities of modern war. Basketball is a simple affair and is nothing but a skirmish at a crossroads between two small patrols. But football is a whole war in itself. We can consider the line on offense as either artillery smashing holes in the defense, or infantry protecting the backfield which in its maneuvering may either be the cavalry for end runs, tanks for line plunges or airplanes in the case of a forward pass. The quarterback is the chief of staff.

On the defense the line may be either artillery to break up the offensive team's formations or individual bayonet men when they are able to spear the ball carrier by themselves. The backfield would be likened to cavalry against running plays, although they can be changed to anti-aircraft gunmen in case the enemy launches a forward-pass attack. The quarterback on the offensive, of course, is the chief of staff who decides whether or not the play will be a flank movement, a thrust, a feint thrust hiding the real thrust, which will be aimed at some other point, or an airplane attack aimed at the defensive team's base of supplies by means of a forward pass, or whether he will change the scene of battle by

means of a punt. The coaches on the side lines can be likened to the generals of the armies. The commissary department are the boys with the water buckets. Sitting in the stands are the various strategy boards, who can be likened to Congress. They will fire the generals as their whims and the forces of war may indicate. There is a similarity between football and warfare.

The common sense rules of the I. D. R. will hold pretty well in football. As Stonewall Jackson once said, "The object in warfare is to get there 'fust with the mustest men'." The same holds true in football. However, there is one big difference. In warfare men are playing a serious game. It is a matter of life and death; the safety of our country and our homes may be jeopardized. When a man is killed he is killed. Human lives are in danger. Under these conditions the chief of staff and the general can take no unnecessary chances. The game must be played very safe and it is certainly anything but fun.

Football should be fun. If you are knocked down you can get up again. If the enemy scores a touchdown against us we still have a chance to come back and score two touchdowns. But, most of all, it is good, clean, serious fun. Whereas the boys go out and give the best of themselves in their desire to win, yet in the proper environment they learn to show those forms of generosity we know as sportsmanship. Sportsmanship combines dignity and humility.

It is all in fun with this high-school team. There will be no alibis when they lose and no gloating when they win. While the game is on they will be bending every effort to win because winning or losing will be a vital thing. But after the game is over it will be just a pleasant memory. If we have won and won fairly it will still be a kind memory, but if we have lost and have lost to a superior foe while giving absolutely the best that is in us we have no regrets—just a hope that we may do better next time.

If I win all of my games for a couple of seasons as a high-school coach perhaps I may be called to a bigger college job. This will be easier work—not so hard as coaching in a high-school.

## Flying Without a Bankroll

(Continued from page 6)

establishing a world's record for endurance. Then, quite suddenly, the ground rose up to meet me. I slid along for a few feet after a smooth landing and waited for the spectators to rush up and congratulate me.

"What was my time?" I called.

"Fourteen seconds," was the reply.

I am continuing my glider education. If luck is with me, I expect to win, first, a third-class glider license (thirty

seconds straight down hill); second, a second-class license (one minute with a full right and a full left turn), and, if I live long enough, an F. A. I. first-class license (five full minutes over the starting place).

But is that all there is to gliding? Here are the world's records, all held in Germany: Duration: Fourteen hours. Distance: Forty-three miles. Altitude: 6,800 feet above the starting point.



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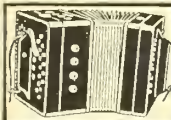


Dog Feed. Remedies. Collars. Hunting, Fishing, Camping Equipment.

**AGENTS WANTED**

CATALOG

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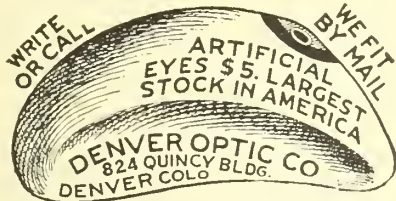
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**Free Clothes to Producers  
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Complete Giant Outfit, 1 1/2 yard samples FREE. Write Today. Dept. A110

**OLYMPIC TAILORS**

5th Ave. at 19th St., New York

I went up the first time in a glider that can be bought for \$550. It can be built by experienced persons from material costing a fifth of that figure. A secondary ship with an enclosed fuselage costs between \$800 and \$900, and a soarer, if you are skilled sufficiently in design and construction, can be built for from \$1,000 to \$2,000.

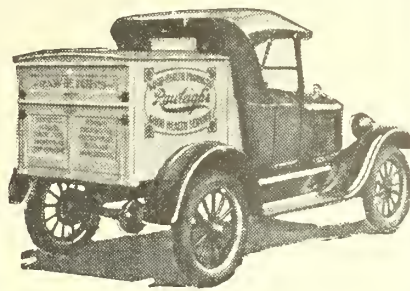
The world's record for the primary training glider is eight hours and is held by a German schoolmaster named Schultz who won it in a ship which Anthony H. G. Fokker says was built of tin cans and junk. We have plenty of schoolmasters, tin cans and junk in America—and plenty of pep, so keep an eye open for a new world's record any time.

Gliding is cheap. Gliding is safe, if properly done. Only four persons have been killed at it in the history of the entire sport. Gliding offers an admirable means of training airplane pilots. And it presents many opportunities for advanced experimental work in aircraft design and construction.

While others have made valuable contributions to the introduction of gliding in America, the honor of taking the lead in the new sport here goes to Legionnaire Edward S. Evans, millionaire sportsman, auto-loading expert and aviation enthusiast, of Detroit. Early in 1928, as chairman of the Aircraft Bureau of the Detroit Board of Commerce, he recommended that steps be taken to introduce motorless flying to the people of the United States. Funds were low, so he agreed to finance the movement until such time as it could become self-supporting, and it would appear that that happy hour is rapidly approaching, because recently other founders have come forward in the persons and firms of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation; Anthony H. G. Fokker, who built and flew the first two-seated glider, and Fred Crawford of the Thompson Products Corporation of Detroit. Other support has been pledged from equally well-known sources.

Mr. Evans, who is president of The National Glider Association, is a member of Charles A. Learned Post of The American Legion in Detroit, as is Donald F. Walker, manager of the association. Edward V. Rickenbacker, secretary of the association, was until a few months ago chairman of the Special Aeronautics Committee of The American Legion. Directors of the association include many Legionnaires.

Mr. Evans has offered a beautiful trophy for the annual winners of the national contests, the first of which will be held in 1930, and has announced a prize of \$2,000 for the first American pilot to keep an American-built soarer in the air for ten hours, with additional prizes of \$100 an hour up to a limit of twenty hours. The Wright Aeronautical Corporation has announced a prize of \$1,000 a year for three consecutive years for glider competition, the terms of the contest not having yet been announced. Mr. Fokker has also announced that he is considering offering a prize or trophy or both.



## WANTED!

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Introduce and supply demand for Rawleigh's Good Health products—175 necessities used daily every home. Sales have increased each and every year for 40 years—37 million Products sold last year.

Many ex-service men make big income. Last year R. A. Adams, Colo., a disabled veteran, sold \$10,500 worth Rawleigh Products; J. B. Lake, who served with the Marines, sold \$9,000 worth; R. B. Wright, Calif., \$10,000; H. C. McDonald, N. C., \$6,000; A. M. Stoddard, Vt., \$6,500. If you have only average industry and intelligence and will follow the same old time-tested Rawleigh Methods these men used, you should do as well. We supply the best sales and service methods which secure the most business everywhere. Quick service—10 great factories and branches—one near you. No experience. But little capital needed to start your own business. You are sole owner and manager. Write quick for choice 5 big lines.



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Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 288-page cloth bound book on "Stammering, Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering and stuttering 20 years.

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CASH IN WITH SHARE TABLE CLOTH  
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\$10,000,000 a year market  
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Estab. 1869

Numerous Legionnaire References

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( ) File Clerk	( ) Immigrant Insp.
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( ) General Clerk	( ) Border Patrol
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never before equalled. Beautiful in appearance. Fully guaranteed, including motor. Ideal for homes, outings and radio amplification.

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## Then and Now

(Continued from page 44)

various divisions, such as the Sixth, 29th, 36th, 78th, 80th and 81st, for instruction for ten-day periods in all that the name of the school implied—from waking their horses of a morning to tucking them in bed at night.

"I can quite vividly recall their 'enjoyment' and 'interest' in learning which way the 'fur' should be brushed, how a cinch cinches and in knowing a bridle from a crouper. All this under the kind and thoughtful instruction of Colonel Foster, Majors Erwin, Chamberlain, Clayton, Power, Captains McLaughlin, Brown, Hampton, Harmon and Lieutenant Belmont.

"And the gentle little cross-country canters for the novice under Chamberlain or Belmont! Yes, indeed, I can recall Chamberlain's report at evening mess, how he expected the students all back by morning, mostly unmounted. There were very few ditches or hurdles.

"Yes, many a score of one-time officers should recall cavalry in the A. E. F."

**G**OBBS who served on her and Then-and-Nowers who read about her in the May Monthly will be interested to know that the U. S. Destroyer *Paul Jones* is still going strong and living up to her wartime reputation. You will recall that H. E. Dobson told how the *Paul Jones* rendered valiant service in transferring service passengers from the burning transport *Henderson* to the *Von Steuben* in July, 1918.

A press dispatch dated Washington, July 18th, in one of the daily newspapers caught our eye. Here is what it reported:

"Excellent seamanship on the part of the crew of the U. S. S. *Paul Jones*, destroyer, was responsible for the rescue of thirty-four passengers, fifty-five members of the crew, large quantities of baggage, records and cargo, and considerable money from the German steamer *Derflinger*, which ran aground in heavy fog Tuesday off Tsing Tao, according to dispatches received today by the Navy Department."

By a strange stroke of fate, this wartime veteran rendered first-aid to a ship of the former enemy.

There is an opportunity here for other

gobs, veterans of the Great War, to give us some idea of what other veteran ships are now doing.

**R**ALPH W. ROBERTS, Service Officer of O'Leary Quirk Post, Eaton, Indiana, offers himself as the latest member of our Unofficially Alive Veterans Club—those vets who can claim, as Mark Twain once did, that the reports of their deaths were greatly exaggerated.

Roberts gives his eligibility qualifications in a letter to the Company Clerk:

"I appreciate particularly the occasional items in Then and Now regarding the Unofficially Alive Veterans Club.

"Let me join that select group, as I am still cheating the Devil myself. I served with Company B, Second Engineers, Second Division, and was wounded by machine-gun bullets and high explosive at Soissons on July 10, 1918. Just a week later I was reported killed in action.

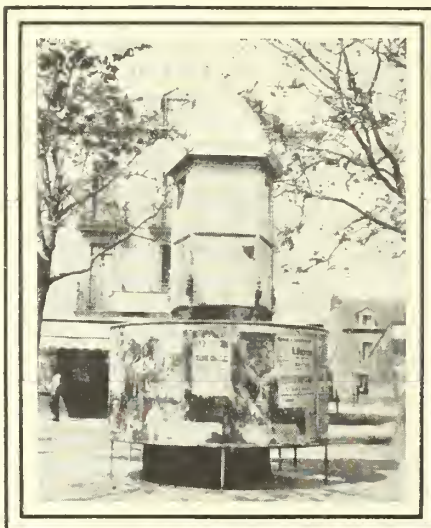
"My parents were notified in August of my death and later received a death

certificate and a description of my grave on a lovely hillside, shaded by nice trees and guarded by soldiers—and all that boloney.

"Sixty days after my discharge from service, they were informed of the error. My 'death certificate' I have framed and hanging in a place of honor."

**L**AST call for Legionnaires and Legionnaires who expect to attend outfit reunions in Louisville during the Legion National Convention September 30th, October 1st, 2d and 3d, was sounded in this column in the September Monthly. Twenty-one wartime outfits had announced intentions of holding such get-togethers.

As usual there are a few last-minute notices of this nature and as this October issue will be in the hands of subscribers by September 25th, we will publish these additional announcements, but instead of directing former members to communicate with the movers of such meetings, we suggest that they look up these men in Louisville. It is understood that an effort will be made to register all visitors to the convention



D. McG. Matthews of Los Angeles, ex-350th Machine Gun Battalion, suggests that this picture tells its own story. It was snapped in Bordeaux during 1918



# 10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days

"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

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Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

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WANT a new business profession of your own, without the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot correctionist, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Address

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**ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Mgr. Employment Dept.**  
2338 Monmouth Ave., CINCINNATI, OHIO

and hotel addresses of the men should be available at the registration booths. Here are the additional Louisville meetings:

22d ENGINEERS—Reunion during Legion convention. Look up "Happy" Thompson, care of K. and I. Bridge Company, Louisville.

42d, 43d, 44th, 51st, 52d and 53d REGTS., C. A. C.—General reunion of all Coast Artillery Corps men at Louisville. Look up J. A. Donnelly, and other C. A. C. officers who live in Louisville.

FIFTH CO., FIRST O. T. C., FT. BENJ. HARRISON, Col. L. R. Gignilliat, Comdg.—Reunion in Brown Hotel, Louisville, Sept. 30th. Palmore promises refreshments. Long Boy will sing.

Following are listed briefly the previously-announced reunions scheduled to be held during the national convention in Louisville, with the names of the "contact men"—and women:

38TH DIV., F. J. Helm; 21ST RY. ENGRS., William Bruckman; 113TH SAN. TRAIN, 38TH DIV., James D. Lewers; 309TH SAN. TRAIN, 84TH DIV., John J. O'Brien; 483d AERO SQDRN., Al G. Bloom; CAMP HOSP. No. 91, LA BAULE, FRANCE, Paul H. Waldow; BASE HOSP. No. 57, Lillian McElwain Callaway; EVAC. HOSP. No. 22, George D. Liebel; A. P. O. 762, Cornelius Desmond; NAVAL RY. BATTERIES, A. E. F., H. H. Gawthrop; EIGHTH ARMY CORPS VETS. Assoc. (Philippines and China), George S. Geis; U. S. S. *Wilhelmina*, Milo M. Sorenson; 327TH M. G. BN., 84TH DIV., Fulton Mandeville; 312TH F. S. BN., J. C. Locke; 31ST RY. ENGRS., D. E. Benjamin; 73d SPRUCE SQDRN., Clarence Kellerman; FIELD HOSP. and AMB. Co. No. 10, Urban B. Jones; Co. A, 37TH ENGRS., Harry L. Mathews; Co. L, THIRD BN., EDGEWOOD ARSENAL, Md., Marcus C. Redwine; CAMP HOSP. No. 30, ST. MAXIENT, FRANCE, Betty Fetzman Hallgren, and LA SOCIETE DES VERNEUIL SOLDATS (Base Spare Parts 1, 2 and 3, M. T. C. 327), Elmer W. Roetter.

Additional reunion and general notices of interest to veterans follow:

SECOND DIV.—Former members residing in North Carolina interested in joining state chapter, Second Div. Assoc., address A. G. Brumbelee, Arden, N. C.

THIRD DIV.—Greater New York Branch No. 5, Society of the Third Div., A. E. F., has been reorganized. Former members in Metropolitan District are requested to write to Ed Boivin, adjt., 230 Schenectady ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

27TH DIV.—Reunion of "New York's Own," better known as "O'Ryan's Roughnecks" at Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 27-29. The division will hold a convention in London, England, in May, 1930, followed by tour of Belgian and French battlefields. For particulars address C. Pemberton Lenart, secy.-treas., 100 State st., Albany, N. Y.

78TH DIV.—All former members are requested to file names and addresses, stating unit, with Lt. John Kennedy, secy., 78th Div. Assoc., 208 W. 19th st., New York City.

313TH INF.—11th annual reunion at Baltimore, Md., Nov. 9th. Address Benjamin Kann, adjt., Montaucon Post, A. L., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

79TH F. A.—Reunion to be held in 1930. Former members address Peter Murdock, 16 Hoyt st., Spring Valley, N. Y., for particulars.

314TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Second annual reunion at St. Louis, Mo., in October. For particulars address H. C. Woods, cor. secy., 2665 Morgan st., St. Louis.

BASE HOSP. No. 116.—Eleventh annual reunion at Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 9th. Address Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

SUPPLY Co. 318, Q. M. C.—Annual reunion in New York City, Oct. 5th. Address William A. (Speed) Leckie, 1809 Beverly rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Co. B, 104TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Eleventh annual reunion, Hotel Walt Whitman, Camden, N. J., Nov. 9th. Address Clifford J. Shemley, 926 Spruce st., Camden.

11TH and 148TH AIR SQDRNS.—Reunion of officers and men on Nov. 11th, in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago. Former members are requested to write to S. B. Eckert, 1608 Walnut st., Philadelphia, stating preference of meeting place.

GEN. HOSP. No. 14, WARD 31—Former men and women connected with School of Ophthalmology, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., interested in reunion, address Dr. H. H. Rosenthal, 326 Greer hldg., New Castle, Pa.

104TH F. H., 26TH DIV.—Reunion in Manchester, N. H., Sept. 28-29. Those men not able to attend reunion are requested to send correct addresses to John W. Dunlap, Comdr., Manchester (N. H.) Post of the Legion.

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FROM the host of letters inspired by the publication of the early parts of William T. Scanlon's "God Have Mercy on Us" the Message Center would like to select two as typical of as many viewpoints. It happens that they reached the Message Center together and were read in the order in which they are here printed.

FROM Reader A: "I consider it a moral obligation as an ex-service man and a Legionnaire to tell you after reading the first installment of 'God Have Mercy on Us' that I consider it the most vivid, realistic, unvarnished account of the part played by a soldier in a combat regiment that has yet appeared in the literature of the late war. The American Legion Monthly and Houghton Mifflin Company are to be congratulated on selecting as their prize novel a narrative that is so true to fact, so full of action and so complete in detail in depicting the activity of one of our fighting men. The author's trenchant wit, combined with his thorough portrayal of the pathos of war, is assisted by his ability to present such events as came within his sight or hearing regardless of how harrowing, how important or how trivial. Soldiers who saw service at the front will find in 'God Have Mercy on Us' many parallel incidents that will recall to memory strenuous days and nights of conflict. Those who stayed at home and those of the present generation will be thrilled by this truthful and lively story. In congratulating the author upon his masterful presentation of the subject, I trust his book will be accepted by the world as the most outstanding volume on the Great War. I am sure that all Legionnaires will join me in wishing Comrade Scanlon his full measure of success and recognition."

FROM Reader B: "Just a word to express my appreciation of the act of Mr. Richard Henry Little in refusing to consider literature of the kind of 'God Have Mercy on Us,' by Mr. William T. Scanlon, the first installment of which appeared in the August issue of The American Legion Monthly, and by the way, an installment of stuff that went such a long way with me that I am in hopes that you will forget to put the rest of the trash further into print. When a novel becomes great and worthy of praise and prizes by reason of being seasoned throughout by silly and unbecoming cursewords and other phrases, I cannot help but think that the judgment of some folks could stand some improvement in a literary sense—at least that is the way this prize-winning novel strikes us here. And it also strikes us that literature of this kind, when presented in Mr. Scanlon's way of doing it, cannot be anything else than a misuse of our good American language in print, unfit to be read by young America, and distasteful to the older folks of the brand that do not believe in the mixing of holy and sacred names with our everyday brag and boasting of bravery. I was through the late war myself, am a member of The American Legion of long and good standing and in consequence a constant reader of The American Legion Monthly, but when I am now made to believe that the management of the paper pays prize money for stuff of the 'God Have Mercy on Us' kind, which I consider unfit reading for my children, as well as unfit literature for an American home, on account of its unbecoming language, I have to ask you to kindly strike my name from your mailing list at once."

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THROUGH no fault of William T. Scanlon, author of "God Have Mercy on Us", it was stated in the August Message Center that Scanlon, as a passenger on the transport *Von Steuben* in November, 1917, was a sort of witness to the midocean collision between the *Von Steuben* and the *Agamemnon*. That is true, but the August issue said that the *Agamemnon* rammed the *Von Steuben*, which wasn't so. As Sigurd U. Bergh of Omaha Post and the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company tells us: "The *Agamemnon* did not hit the *Von Steuben*. The *Von Steuben* hit the *Agamemnon*. Yes, you're right—I was on the *Agamemnon*, sitting on deck just where the *Von Steuben* buried her nose in our side." Which, it seems to us, acquainted though we are with Mr. Bergh and knowing him for a cool, calm, collected and modest person, was no place to be at the time for the good of one's peace of mind. The Message Center happened to be on the transport *America*, a mile or so away, and the ugly gouge in the *Agamemnon*'s hind-quarters that resulted from the collision was easily visible next morning.

SENATOR DAVID A. REED is a native of Pittsburgh, where he still lives, and a graduate of Princeton. He was appointed a member of the United States Senate in 1922 to succeed the late Senator William E. Crow, and in the following November was elected to the Senate for the regular six-year term. Last fall he was reelected for a second full term. During the World War he

served as a major in the 311th Field Artillery of the 70th Division . . . Reed G. Landis was America's second ace of aces in the World War. He is a Chicagoan. . . . John Palmer Cumming is a native of Alabama and a former second lieutenant in the 77th Division. Before his departure for Oteen, North Carolina, as described in "Bed and Board," he was in the advertising business in New York City . . . Knute Rockne, football coach at the University of Notre Dame, is a frequent contributor to The American Legion Monthly.

WHEN Richard Seelye Jones's article on the civil service, "Veterans Preferred," appeared in the July number the Message Center intended to print a paragraph from President Coolidge's message to Congress of December 4, 1928, which Mr. Jones sent us. Space prevented at the time, but the paragraph is such a concise summary of the status of Uncle Sam's payroll that it is worth using even though divorced by three months from Mr. Jones's article: "The most marked change made in the civil service of the Government in the past eight years relates to the increase in salaries. The Board of Actuaries on the retirement act shows by its report that July 1, 1921, the average salary of the 330,047 employees subject to the act was \$1,307, while on June 30, 1927, the average salary of the corresponding 405,263 was \$1,916. This was an increase in six years of nearly 53 percent. On top of this was the generous increase made at the last session of the Congress generally applicable to Federal employees and another bill increasing the pay in certain branches of the postal service beyond the large increase which was made three years ago. This raised the average level from \$1,069 to \$2,092, making an increase in seven years of over 63 percent. While it is well known that in the upper brackets the pay in the Federal service is much smaller than in private employment, in the lower brackets, ranging well up over \$3,000, it is much higher. It is higher not only in actual money paid, but in privileges granted, a vacation of thirty actual working days, or five weeks each year, with additional time running in some departments as high as thirty days for sick leave and the generous provisions of the Retirement Act. No other body of public servants ever occupied such a fortunate position."

*The Editor*

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly





The *darker*  
the street  
The *louder*  
the whistle

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